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SPLENDID DEEDS ON SEA & LAND.



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BOOK I

SPLENDID DEEDS

OF

AMERICAN HEROES ON SEA AND LAND

EMBRACING

**A COMPREHENSIVE SUMMARY OF THE GLORIOUS NAVAL AND
MILITARY EVENTS FROM WASHINGTON TO DEWEY**

BY

BISHOP SAMUEL FALLOWS, D. D., LL. D.

AUTHOR OF "SYNONYMS AND ANTONYMS," "PROGRESSIVE DICTIONARY," "LIFE OF SAMUEL
ADAMS," EDITOR "AMERICAN CHARACTER SKETCHES," ETC., ETC.

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AUTHOR OF HINDU LITERATURE; PERSIAN LITERATURE, ETC.**

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BOOK II

LIVING ISSUES

BY

SAMUEL FALLOWS, LL.D.

**WILLIAM MCKINLEY
W. J. BRYAN
ARCHBISHOP IRELAND
W. BOURKE COCKRAN
GEORGE DEWEY**

**STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS
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**GEO. F. HOAR
H. M. TELLER
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INTRODUCTION.

In the portion of this work which treats of "Splendid Deeds" we are brought face to face with the question: "Is war ever justifiable?" And, connected with this Interrogatory, is the further question: "Should the deeds of war be enlarged upon and even glorified?"

The admirable words of the Rev. F. A. Noble, D. D., which follow this introduction, uttered in the presence of many of the brave heroes of our great civil war, will answer fully the first question.

We may say in reply to the second interrogation, that no nation which is worthy to live can sever itself from its past history and disparage the deeds of the men who have helped give it life, continuance, progress and glory. God has put the martial spirit in the breasts of men. It is not a mere survival of a savage ancestry. It is to be a constant force. The youthful spirit must be ever ready to do and dare. Woe to that people when the fires of a generous, self-sacrificing enthusiasm among them shall have died out.

Until the better day shall come, as come it surely will, when nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more, we must have a well disciplined army and a formidable navy. We must be ready to maintain our providential position among the nations of the earth. By the very possession of the warlike means of self-preservation, and by the unquestioned ability to use them, we shall be able to secure ultimately the peace of mankind.

In the unfolding years the martial spirit will not be displayed in the maiming and killing of men. It will find its expression in fighting the great moral battles which will be constantly imminent, until the millennial glory shall flood the globe.

In "Splendid Deeds" we have narrated the conflicts with England, with Mexico, with our brethren of the South, with Spain and with the Filipinos. The wars are all over, thank God, except the contest with the guerrilla bands in our island possessions.

It is one of the most gratifying signs of the times that our relations

with England are of such a friendly nature. She rendered us signal service during the Spanish-American war by steadily refusing to join the concert of Europe in making that war one of continental complications. She showed her cordiality by the earnest sympathy manifested by the English men-of-war during the engagement at Manila.

General Thomas M. Anderson said: "If there could have been any possible doubt as to sympathy at the bombardment of Manila, it was removed when on the day of bombardment the English flagship, with steam up and decks cleared, took up a position that would have enabled it to slip in between our squadron and the foreign vessels. I do not think there was occasion for apprehension, yet it was pleasant to see that blood was thicker than salt water."

Admiral Sampson said, on Queen Victoria's eightieth birthday, May 24, 1899: "This year's experiences have made us realize as we could not perhaps twelve months ago, that we of England and America are members of one great world-wide family with interests and sympathies in common.

"Of this I have had practical proof many times repeated during these last months, when the ships of England and America have met in southern waters, and the fact has made me glad, for it promises to continue through all time."

When Admiral Dewey was at Colombo, Ceylon, on his way to the United States, he was royally received by the English governor, the Right. Hon. Sir Joseph West Ridgeway.

The Admiral said: "That cheer raised on the jetty when I landed went to the hearts of all of us. We are 14,000 miles from home, but that cheer will be heard in America, although the way in which it has touched me I shall never be able to fully express. The two nations were never so closely allied by mutual sympathy and appreciation as now. The American people realized this during the late war, and you can imagine that all those who were at Manila and met Sir Edward Chichester, commander of the British first-class cruiser *Immortalite*, and his gallant comrades, hold that feeling very deeply."

We are becoming more and more closely identified in common interests with our sister republic of Mexico.

North and South in our own beloved land were never so closely bound together as at the present moment. And we are hoping that Spain will enter upon a new life, becoming purified and strong, through the severe affliction which she has suffered, and with America will strive to enlarge and protect the liberties of man.

“Living Issues,” treated of in this volume, are germane to “Splendid Deeds,” particularly that portion relating to Expansion and Anti-Expansion.

The war with Spain changed the map of the globe and brought our country out of its comparatively insular condition into the relationship of a world-wide power.

As Kipling sings:

“We are out of the swaddling clout, thank God,
We’ve entered the shining mail,
We’ve taken our place at the van of the race,
We’ve found new seas to sail.”

The advocates against as well as for this sudden and unexpected emerging from our previous national position are fairly and adequately treated in its pages.

Incidentally, “Trusts” are related to the question of Expansion, as will be seen by a perusal of many of the opinions given on that subject.

With the hope of inspiring a profounder love of the land of our birth and adoption by the narration of the Splendid Deeds of its heroes on sea and land, and with the desire of furnishing the material for an intelligent judgment on some of the greatest Living Issues which demand the earnest consideration of the American people, this book is respectfully given to the public.

Chicago, January 25, 1900.

SAMUEL FALLOWS.

IS WAR EVER JUSTIFIABLE?

REV. F. A. NOBLE, D. D.

Is war ever justifiable? Or if war was once justifiable, is it justifiable still? Under our modern civilization, has war any proper part to play, any real contribution to make, to the development and progress

of mankind? With all the advancement which has been registered, and with all the light of these closing years of the nineteenth century pouring in upon them, may peoples, now as of old, resort to the drastic and terrible means of the battlefield and the navy engagement to gain their ends? Are there any ends so imperative and sacred that before God and the universe peoples are warranted in turning to sword and gun to secure them?

There are those whose response to this question, in whatever form it may be put, is in the negative. They take the ground that under any and all circumstances war is contrary to the moral laws under which we live, and that at the bar of a true ethical conception of duty it must stand condemned. Even were this not so, they insist that war is in itself a greater evil than any evil it may ever be invoked to redress. It is better to endure burdens, so it is claimed—burdens of limitation and injustice and oppression—until they can be remedied by peaceable methods than to fight to get rid of them.

Sidney Smith said: "In war, God is forgotten and every principle of Christianity is trampled upon." Adam Clark said: "War is as contrary to the spirit of Christianity as murder." Franklin said: "There never has been and never will be such a thing as a good war, or a bad peace." Sumner said: "There is no war that is honorable, and no peace that is dishonorable." John Bright said: "If we adhere to the heathen practice of warfare we should abandon our pretensions and no longer claim to be Christians. Take down at any rate your Ten Commandments from inside the churches, and say no longer that you read and believe in the Sermon on the Mount."

It would be a strange person who could see nothing to admire in the spirit of words like these. But true in part, they are true only in part. There have been righteous wars, and there may be again. In a righteous war God is not forgotten; nor are the principles of Christianity overridden and trampled into the dust. Franklin to the contrary notwithstanding, history shows that there may be a good war and a bad peace. In spite of Sumner's assertion, there have been wars that were honorable, and terms of surrender and amity which were dishonorable. We may still keep the Ten Commandments inscribed on tablets in our

church edifices, and still read and accept the Sermon on the Mount, and yet fight in a holy cause—fight to throw off oppression and secure liberty and maintain inalienable rights—without in any wise forfeiting the name of Christian, or doing violence to the genius of our faith.

Were not Cromwell and Hampden and Pym and Eliot right in their protests against the usurpations and crimes of the Stuarts, and in punctuating their protests, when the hour struck for heroic action, with Marston Moor and Naseby? Does not the revolt of the Thirteen Colonies against the tyranny of English toryism commend itself to the sober second thought of the whole liberty-loving world? Can anybody persuade his own mind that Washington and Warren, that Adams and Jefferson, that Hancock and Henry, that Franklin and Lee, were only the conspirators and agents in a great murder-plot when they conceived, and, with the help of their co-patriots and the hardy and resolute yeomanry of the country, prosecuted to a triumphal issue the long-fought American Revolution?

The Hon. Galusha A. Grow, of Pennsylvania, so long and so creditably before the public, in an address delivered at the unveiling of the statue erected in commemoration of the character and public services of John P. Hale, at Concord, New Hampshire, a half-dozen years ago, used these significant words: "It seems to be a part of the plan of Divine Providence that every marked advance in civilization must begin in mighty convulsions. The moral law was first proclaimed in the thunders of Sinai, and the earthly mission of the Savior of mankind closed amidst the rending of mountains and the throes of the earthquake. The Goddess of Liberty herself was born in the shock of battle, and amid its carnage has carved out some of her grandest victories, while over its crimson fields the race marches on to higher and nobler destinies. As the lightnings of heaven rend and destroy only to purify and reinvigorate, so freedom's cannon furrows the fields of decaying empires, and seeds them anew with human gore, from which springs a more vigorous race, to cherish the hopes and guard the rights of mankind." This is history. In this way have many sorrows come to men, but superb and enduring benefits as well.

Lincoln and Grant left the Great Republic better than they found it.

The British Empire is far in advance of what it was when Gladstone and Salisbury were born. The oppressions and crimes possible to Rome and the governments of the petty and discordant principalities of Italy a century ago were made things of the past by Garibaldi and Cavour. Germany has come into her self-consciousness and her resplendent position by means not always commendable, but her millions are further on than when William and Bismarck began their mighty work.

It is not easy to define France, nor wise to attempt to forecast its future; but when comparisons are made between the France of Louis Fourteenth, or the France of Napoleon the First, or the France of Napoleon the Third, with the France of Felix Faure, it is evident that Gambetta and his associates in revolution and reconstruction labored to some good purpose. Austria and Russia are feeling the upward pressure of the times. The Dark Continent is not so dark as it was; and India and China are not so hopeless.

God is in His world. God is in humanity, helping it into a realization of its high dignity and its sublime possibilities. God is in His church. Step by step, stage by stage, He is working His way into the laws and customs and institutions of society; and this is what takes the laws and customs and institutions of society forward. He uses sunshine and He uses storms to accomplish His purposes. He is over all and behind all. Princes get mad and rulers set themselves in opposition to Him, but He turns their wrath and folly to His own account. He acts through good men and through homes and States. He employs Peace Societies and He employs Armies to hasten in His Kingdom. His Kingdom is coming. In spite of all and against all God will win; for "God is love," and "love will conquer at the last."

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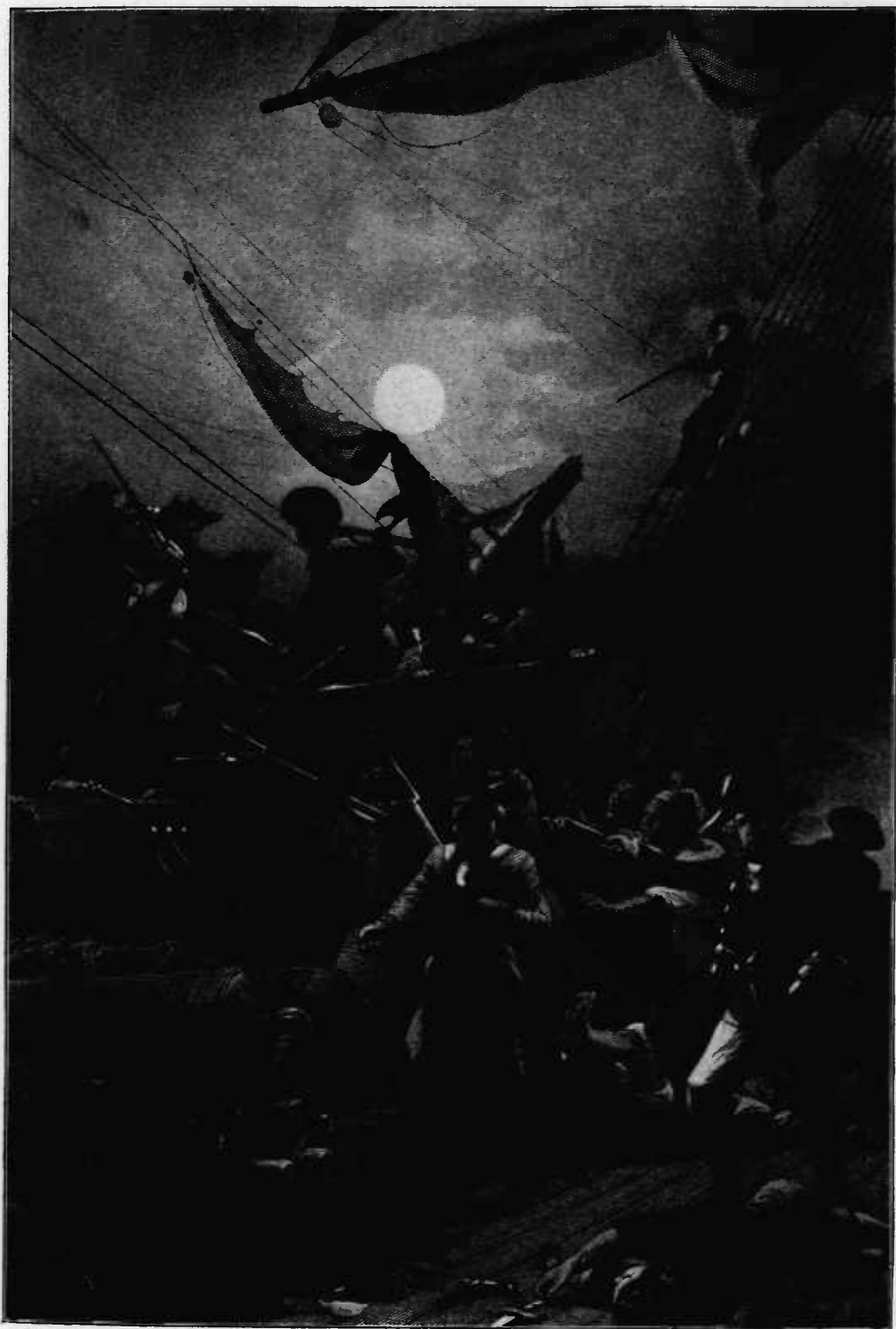
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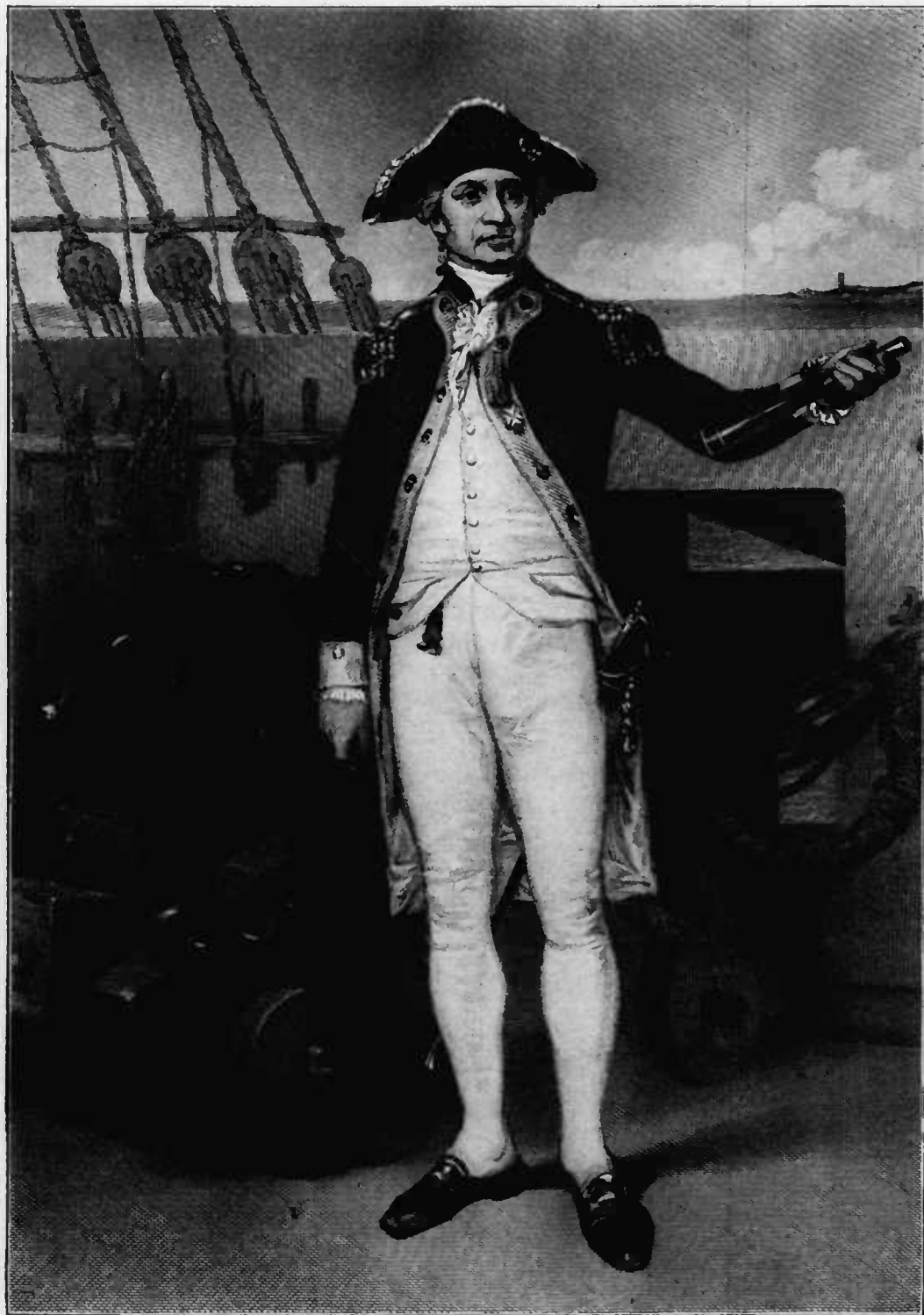
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COMMODORE JONES CAPTURING THE SERAPIS



COMMODORE PAUL JONES

SPLENDID DEEDS OF AMERICAN HEROES.

CHAPTER I.

PAUL JONES, THE BON HOMME RICHARD AND THE SERAPIS.

The American people are justly proud of the historic deeds of their navy. Since their first great sea fight between the *Bon Homme Richard*, under the command of John Paul Jones, and the English frigate, *Serapis*, off Flamborough Head, England, the naval history of this western nation has been an almost unbroken line of brilliant exploits.

This memorable naval duel was fought on September 23, 1779, under a full harvest moon, which lent an added weirdness to the scene. On the English shore were gathered thousands of spectators, who watched the engagement with an eagerness and anxiety corresponding to the desperate chances of the game.

Nothing more thrilling is to be found in naval chronicles. As a close and deadly fight, hand to hand, and attended by all the gallant exhibitions of human courage, it has no parallel in history.

John Paul Jones was a Scotchman by birth, but some years before the Revolutionary war he had become a citizen of the colonies. His officers were Americans, but the crew was a motley crowd, representing more than a score of nationalities, half of whom, however, were hardy, well trained American seamen. The *Bon Homme Richard* was an old vessel and her timbers were soft and rotten, while her poorly cast guns were more dangerous to the crew than to the enemy.

With Jones sailed two other ships, the *Pallas* and the *Alliance*; the latter commanded by a Frenchman named Landais, a jealous, despicable poltroon and traitor.

Commodore Jones had sighted a fleet of English merchantmen convoyed by the *Serapis* and the *Countess of Scarborough*, and at once signaled for the rest of the squadron to begin a general chase. The *Alliance* being the fastest sailer took the lead in the pursuit. As she moved ahead, Captain Landais spoke the *Pallas*, and told her commander that, if the enemy proved to be a fifty-gun ship, there was nothing left but to

try to keep out of the way. Landais took his own advice; for he no sooner discovered the size of the *Serapis*, than he hauled off, under full sail.

The *Pallas* bravely engaged the Countess of Scarborough, and, after a bloody conflict of an hour, Captain Cottineau compelled the white cross of St. George to bow to the Stars and Stripes of an almost nameless republic.

Thus the *Bon Homme Richard* and the *Serapis* were left alone to fight in single combat.

Half the afternoon, on that memorable 23d of September, the *Richard*, under crowded sail, had determinedly chased the *Serapis*. At seven o'clock, just as the dusk of evening was gathering, Jones came within pistol shot of the English ship.

As the Yankee boat slowly drew near, Captain Pearson hailed her: "What ship is that?"

"Come a little nearer and I'll tell you," was Paul Jones' answer.

"What are you laden with?" again came from the Englishman.

"Round, grape and double headed shot!" was the ready-witted reply.

And almost at the same instant the *Richard* let go a broadside in rebuke to the contemptuous demand of the *Serapis* upon a man-of-war.

The *Richard* carried forty guns, and the whole weight of iron missiles she could throw with them all at one discharge was four hundred and seventy-four pounds; while the *Serapis*, with forty-one guns, could throw six hundred pounds.

At the very first discharge two of the eighteen pounders of the *Richard* burst, killing almost every man of the gun crews that served them, and, tearing up the deck, created such havoc as to render the four other large guns useless. The inequality of the contest was in this way greatly increased, for it reduced the armament of the *Richard* to nearly a third less than that of her antagonist.

Almost simultaneously the *Serapis* responded to the *Richard's* fire with a heavy broadside. Flash answered flash. The lightning of artillery glared upon the scene and the thunder of cannonading was a continuous roar.

The hail of iron tore through both ships. Timbers crashed and death-dealing splinters flew in all directions. The decks were strewn with the mangled bodies of the dead and dying.

The sand that had been sprinkled on the floors to keep the men from slipping became soaked with blood and refused to hold their hurrying footsteps.

Very slowly the two vessels moved along, each trying to cross the other's track and with a broadside rake the enemy from stern to bow. The Richard had received several shots at the water line and seemed to be sinking.

Any other captain than Paul Jones would have struck his colors.

Several of the braces of the Richard had been shot away. She would not readily respond to the helm, and the bowsprit of the Serapis was thrust across the stern of the Richard. This Captain Jones grasped with his grappling irons, and with his own hands made the two ships fast.

Side by side, with yards entangled, so that the sailors of the Richard could pass from her maintop to the foretop of the Serapis, they exchanged broadside after broadside. Finding themselves securely locked in a fatal embrace that could not be shaken off, the enemy tried to board the Richard, but were driven back.

Officer Stacy, as brave a man as was to be found aboard, but, like many sailors given to profanity, began to swear furiously. Jones said to him:

"Don't swear, Mr. Stacy, don't swear; in another minute we may all be in eternity, but let us do our duty."

The fight now raged furiously. The lower portholes of the Serapis, which had been shut to prevent the Americans from boarding, were blown off, as there was not room between the closely lashed hulls to raise them.

The gunners, in ramming down the charges, often ran their ramrods into the portholes of the other vessel, so closely were they interlocked.

The superior armament of the Englishman told upon the Richard; her sides were rent by the eighteen pound guns of the Serapis, which, with their muzzles thrust into the very portholes of the American boat, cleared everything before them.

The gunners were forced to abandon their pieces on the main deck and go above, some to the upper deck and forecastle, others into the yards and tops, whence they kept up a constant fire of musketry and hand grenades.

Captain Jones presently realized that with his rotten vessel he would soon get the worst of such fighting, and therefore gave the order:

"Stand by, men, and board her."

A hundred men made a rush over the gunwales into the Serapis.

They were met by an equal number of Englishmen, with pistols, swords and pikes, who drove them back with many killed on either side.

In the darkness the flags could not be seen and Captain Pearson, of the *Serapis*, shouted:

“Have you struck your flag?”

Back was thundered the historic reply from John Paul Jones:

“No; I have not yet begun to fight.”

With his own hands the undaunted captain served the guns. Though he was blackened with powder-smoke and wounded by a flying splinter he kept calm and watchful, and tried to compensate for the superiority of the guns of the enemy by the rapidity of fire of his own.

The *Richard* was on fire in several places. The flames were so near the powder magazine that her commander ordered the powder kegs to be thrown into the sea.

The sailors and marines, perched above in the mainyard of the *Richard*, had driven almost every man of the *Serapis* below. Nor were they safe here. One dauntless fellow had crawled out on the extreme end of the *Richard*'s yard, from whence he could drop hand grenades down the enemy's main hatchway with absolute precision.

One of these hand grenades probably turned the day in favor of the *Bon Homme Richard*, for it ignited a row of cartridges that the powder-boys of the *Serapis* had carelessly left, in their dismay, on the gun deck.

The flash reached from main to mizzen mast, and the explosion was terrific.

Nearly twenty men were blown to pieces or scorched beyond recognition. The clothing was torn from their bodies so that nothing was left but the collars and wristbands of their shirts, or the waistbands of their trousers.

Thirty-eight men were wounded, many beyond hope of recovery, thus making a total of nearly sixty who were either killed or disabled.

At this time the *Alliance* came alongside and Captain Jones thought the battle was at an end. But, to the horror of the *Bon Homme Richard*, *Landais*, by mistake or crazy intent, poured a broadside into the very face of the men on the boat he was supposed to be helping.

The *Alliance* did great damage to the *Richard* by this broadside, and though she drew off and seemingly tried to aid her consort, the two contestants were so inextricably interlocked that her fire took effect on friend and foe alike.

Some of the men of the *Richard* became discouraged, and leaving their guns declared that the Englishmen had possession of the ship. The water came in freely through the shot holes, and the vessel began to settle.

The doctor, running from the cockpit below, said: "The water is gaining so fast that the wounded are floating in it. We must surrender."

"What, Doctor," cried Jones, smiling grimly, "would you have me strike to a drop of water? Here, quick, help me get this gun over there." Down far more rapidly than he came up the good doctor went, concluding that it was a safer place below than by the side of the man who did not know how to surrender. But the vessel was lurching fearfully. The conviction deepened every moment among the young officers that the ship was doomed.

The crew were in a panic.

Some one called:

"Quarter, quarter, for God's sake, quarter! our ship is sinking!"

Hearing the cry, Jones shouted fiercely:

"Shoot the rascals, shoot the rascals who were asking for quarter."

The guilty sailors no sooner heard that terrible voice than they started to skulk below, but the Commodore hurled his pistol at the leader's head, which knocked him down at the foot of the gangway, where he lay senseless till the end of the battle.

The officers and men of the Richard entreated Jones to strike his colors, but he would not give up the fight. Captain Pearson had also heard the cry for quarter and hailed the Richard, crying:

"Why don't you haul down your colors?"

"Haul down our colors!" cried Jones, "we are waiting for yours to come down first."

The conflict, which had momentarily ceased, was again renewed, but both sides were forced to cease firing after a few rounds, as the ships were on fire. In the course of the combat the Serapis had been set on fire a dozen times, while in the latter part of the engagement the Richard was in a constant blaze.

In addition to the condition of his ship Captain Jones had two hundred English prisoners, confined below, who momentarily threatened to overpower the American crew.

But the shrewd Scotchman turned this threatening body of men to rare account. There was six feet of water in the hold and he sent an officer below to tell the prisoners that the ship was sinking and if they did not man the pumps Englishmen and Americans would go down together. In a frenzy of terror they rushed to the pumps and worked with a will, while the crew on deck continued to fight the Serapis.

This cunning device no doubt saved the day for the Richard, for it kept the disabled boat afloat and quieted the panic-stricken men, who

had begun to fear the prisoners in the hold quite as much as the enemy's guns or a watery grave.

As soon as order was restored on board the *Richard*, her chances of success began to increase greatly, while the enemy appeared to have lost the hope of victory. The fire from the tops of the *Richard* had shot down every man on the quarterdeck of the *Serapis*, while her mast was so cut by shot that it fell with a crash and left the deck a perfect wreck.

Nearly a hundred and fifty men had perished on each side.

Captain Pearson now saw that all was lost, and with his own hands hauled down his flag, the men refusing to expose themselves to the fire of the *Richard*'s tops. Lieutenant Richard Dale and Midshipman Mayrant boarded the *Englishman*, followed by a large party of sailors. The confusion was so great that it was not generally known, at that moment, that the *Serapis* had surrendered, and Mayrant was run through the thigh with a boarding-pike.

Lieutenant Dale found Captain Pearson on the quarterdeck. Saluting respectfully, he said:

"I have orders to send you on the ship alongside."

The first lieutenant of the *Serapis* coming up at that moment, asked: "Has the enemy struck her flag?"

Dale replied:

"No, you have struck to us."

Captain Pearson admitted that it was true, and he and his first lieutenant accompanied Mr. Dale on board the *Richard*, where Commodore Jones received the sword of his worthy foe.

It is recorded that Pearson in handing his sword made some reference to surrendering to a man with a halter hanging over his neck. If he did so Jones paid no attention to it, but with true magnanimity said:

"Sir, you have fought like a hero; and I have no doubt that your sovereign will reward you in the most ample manner." The words of Jones were prophetic, for Pearson was knighted for his gallant conduct. When Commodore Jones heard of it he significantly remarked:

"He deserves it, and if he shall get another ship and I fall in with him, I will make a duke of him."

Captain Heddart, who was a midshipman on board the *Serapis*, wrote a letter in 1824 to his grandson giving an account of the battle. Referring to the condition of the *Richard* after the surrender of the *Serapis* he says: "I suppose Paul Jones was himself astonished when daylight showed the condition of his ship. I am sure we were.

"His ship was still on fire. Ours had been a dozen times, but was



COMMODORE WILLIAM BAINBRIDGE



COMMODORE JOHN BARRY

out. Wherever our main battery could hit him we had torn his ship to pieces—knocked in and knocked out the sides.

“There was a complete breach from the mainmast to the stern. You could see the sky and sea through the old hulk anywhere. Indeed, the wonder was that the quarterdeck did not fall in. The ship was sinking fast and the pumps would not free her.”

In the National Museum at Washington has been recently placed the historical flag which flew from the masthead of the *Richard* during this remarkable conflict. It was the first American emblem which was ever saluted on the sea by a foreign nation. It has only twelve stars in the blue field, and was evidently made before Rhode Island ratified the Constitution.

It is a priceless relic. The hero who fought beneath it with the intrepid American seamen who then gave to the world the assurance that the American spirit was unconquerable, deserves the lasting gratitude of the nation. His enemies have called him a pirate and in other ways have striven to blight his fame. But in the light of all the facts which are now accessible to us he is revealed as one of the most devoted, courageous, resourceful commanders the American navy has ever known, as full of patriotism to the Revolutionary cause as any name however distinguished.

The English government considered Jones a pirate and offered a reward of 10,000 pounds sterling for his head, dead or alive, a sum equal to nearly \$100,000 of our present money. But no one ever received it.

Commodore Jones died in Paris in the year 1792. His grave has been very recently discovered.

COMMODORE JOHN BARRY.

Commodore John Barry may be justly termed one of the fathers of the American navy. He was a man of high-toned magnanimity and ingenuousness of spirit which was so characteristic of many of our great seamen. He was an Irishman by birth and a Catholic in religion. He was born in the County of Wexford, in the year 1745. Having shown an early inclination for the sea he was placed on board a merchantman by his father when a mere lad, but in the intervals of his voyages acquired a good practical education.

When about fourteen years of age he reached America and determined to make this country his home. He made several voyages to Europe for some of the merchants of Philadelphia, and finally was given

the command of the *Black Prince*, a fine ship which was afterwards purchased by Congress as a vessel of war. He was assigned a place in the navy at the breaking out of the war of the Revolution and given the command of the brig *Lexington*, the second Continental vessel that sailed from Philadelphia. This vessel carried seventy men and sixteen guns. On the 17th of April, 1776, while cruising off the capes of Virginia, he sighted the British vessel, *Edward*, a tender of the Liverpool, and engaged it in conflict. The action was a very close one and lasted for an hour. On both sides there was desperate fighting. The *Lexington* had four of her crew killed and wounded, while the enemy suffered a much greater loss. Commodore Barry had the signal honor of capturing the first vessel of war ever taken by a regular American cruiser in battle.

He was then given the command of the *Effingham*, a new vessel which was being built at Philadelphia, and which was afterwards removed up the river, when the British fleet occupied that city. Barry planned a bold attack upon the enemy further down the stream, which he carried out with great determination and bravery.

Having manned four boats at Burlington, in New Jersey, he rowed down the Delaware with muffled oars and surprised two British transports and an armed schooner that were on their way from Rhode Island to Philadelphia. The transports were laden with forage and the schooner was well mounted with eight double four-pounders and twelve four-pound howitzers, and manned with thirty-three men. The transports had one six-pounder, and fourteen men each. Barry had a force of only twenty-eight men. He boarded the schooner and after a short contest forced it to capitulate and the transports with it.

Barry was compelled, greatly to his disgust, to burn his prizes and escape by land, on account of the unexpected arrival of two British cruisers. The victory, however, was very cheering to Washington at this disheartening period of the war. He wrote Barry on March 12, 1778, saying: "I congratulate you on the success which has crowned your gallantry and address in the late attack upon the enemy's ships, and although circumstances have prevented you from reaping the full benefit of your conquest, yet there is ample compensation in the degree of glory which you have acquired." These were words worthy of the Commander-in-Chief and were balm to Barry's soul.

Barry was now appointed to the command of the *Raleigh*, carrying thirty-two guns. He sailed from Boston with a brig and sloop under convoy, on the 25th of September, 1778. When a few miles from land,

two British ships, the *Experiment* carrying fifty guns, and the *Unicorn* with twenty-two guns, came in sight.

They gave chase at once to the *Raleigh*.

Barry bent every effort to escape them, knowing the futility of any attempt to fight, but at the same time holding his vessel ready for action.

His men were at quarters all night peering in the darkness for the enemy whom they knew to be in full pursuit. A hazy morning dawned, and in the distance the English ships were in view. A second anxious night passed with every man at his post. When day again came there were the British vessels forging steadily ahead.

They were now off the coast of Maine, and had the wind continued the *Raleigh* would have been able to give her pursuers the slip, but it suddenly moderated. The *Unicorn* now came within fighting distance of the *Raleigh* and the battle began at five in the afternoon.

At the second fire of the *Unicorn*, Barry's ship unfortunately lost her fore-topmast and mizzen top-gallantmast. This put her at a tremendous disadvantage in all her sailing manoeuvres.

Barry attempted to board his antagonist and had he succeeded the result would have been far different. But the *Unicorn* with her advantages of canvas easily baffled the effort.

The *Experiment* was in the meantime coming up to the help of her consort. Barry then saw that the contest was a hopeless one. Calling a council of his officers, he asked their opinion. It was determined to run the *Raleigh* aground on a rocky island called the *Wooden Ball*, some distance from the mouth of the *Penobscot River*. Barry escaped with a portion of his crew, after many hardships, to the main land. A petty officer surrendered the ship. The *Unicorn*, which was much battered, lost ten men killed. The *Raleigh* had twenty-five killed and wounded.

The skill and bravery of Barry were thoroughly appreciated by *Washington* and the country in spite of the loss of the frigate.

In 1781 Barry succeeded the cowardly and probably insane *Landais* in the command of the *Alliance*, which carried thirty-two guns. On May 28 of that year Barry came in sight of the British sloop of war *Atlanta*, carrying sixteen guns and the brig *Trepassy* with fourteen guns. On account of the dead calm which prevailed when the ships came within fighting distance, the *Alliance* lay almost like a log in the water, with the two vessels of the enemy on her quarters and stern.

In this position she could not bring her broadside to bear upon the foe. The British had all the advantage, raking the *Alliance* with grape

and shot. At two o'clock, Barry was carried below severely wounded in the shoulder.

An unlucky shot carried away the flag of the Alliance. The enemy taking this as a token of surrender manned the shrouds and gave three tremendous cheers.

"What is that cheering for?" asked Barry while his wound was being dressed in the cockpit.

"Our flag has been shot away and the British think we have surrendered," was the answer.

"Surrendered," cried the heroic commodore, "not by any means. Here, doctor," he said, "if the ship cannot be fought without my being on deck, I am going there at once."

The determination of the heroic commander reanimated the crew. "No surrender, no surrender," they shouted. "Hoist the flag."

The glorious banner of liberty was again run up. The wind suddenly freshened. The Alliance gained the desired position. Shot after shot was poured into the enemy's ships, and down came their ensign.

Captain Edwards of the Atlanta came into the cabin where Barry was lying, and suffering greatly from pain. He presented his sword with a courteous remark. The commodore, rising as much as he was able, said:

"Captain, you have fought nobly. You have done all that a gallant officer of his majesty could do, in the struggle. Please keep your sword. I hope the king will give you hereafter a ship more worthy of your courage and skill."

After rendering other services of importance to the country, Barry retired to private life at the close of the war. His good ship the Alliance followed her commander out of active service and was converted into a merchant ship, greatly to the general regret.

In 1794, when the navy was reorganized, Barry was appointed to the command of the United States, a vessel carrying forty-two guns, and was employed in protecting the commerce of the country from French depredations, and in making various captures of privateers. He died on the 13th of September, 1803, in Philadelphia, at the age of fifty-eight.

His character may be summed up in the memorable reply which he made to the solicitations of General Howe, to gain him over to the side of the English crown. He said:

"I have devoted myself to the cause of my adopted country. Not the value and command of the whole British fleet can seduce me from it."

Of such stuff were these glorious Revolutionary heroes made.

STEWART AND BAINBRIDGE PLEAD FOR THE NAVY.

"You talk of going to war with England," sneered Josiah Quincy, in 1812. "Why, you have not resolution enough to meet the expenses of the little navy rotting here in the Potomac!"

Such men as Judge Story, the profound expositor of the law, had not been blind to the glorious possibilities of the navy, if it could have the support of the government. In answer to a friend of the administration, who had spoken contemptuously of our sailors, he said:

"I was born among these hardy sons of the ocean. I cannot doubt their courage or their skill. If Great Britain ever obtains possession of our present little navy, it will be at the expense of the best blood of that country. It will be a struggle that will call for more of her strength than she has ever exerted against a European foe."

To Bainbridge and Stewart are largely due the nation's thanks that this tribute to the skill and courage of our brave sailors has never been undeserved.

It is no doubt true that on the declaration of war, in 1812, the government entertained the project of laying up all the vessels in the harbors. Thus they were to be preserved and kept from falling into the hands of the enemy.

Stewart and Bainbridge opposed this marvelous scheme with determined energy. Their stubborn fight against such a cowardly policy was prophetic of their gallant deeds in the future. It happened that they were shown the orders to Commodore Rogers saying:

"Do not leave New York. Keep the vessels in port for the defense of the harbor and the security of the vessels."

At once they sought an interview with the Secretary of the Navy.

He was impressed by their representations, and going to President Madison secured an interview for them at once. Mr. Madison listened with attention to the glowing defense these men made of the navy.

"Eight times out of ten," said they, "with equal force, we can hardly fail. Our men are better men. They are better disciplined. Our midshipmen are not mere boys, only fit to carry orders. They are young men capable of reflection and action. Our guns are sighted,—an American improvement of which the English are ignorant. We can fire our cannon with as accurate an aim as a man with a musket. The English must fire at random, without sight of their object or regard for the undulations of the sea. This sends their shots over our heads or far short of our hulls.

"We may be captured. Probably we shall be, even after taking prizes from them, because their numbers are much greater than ours.

"But, sir, the American flag will never be dishonored while in the custody of the American sailor. With equal force, it will seldom, if ever, be struck to any flag that floats."

The President not only listened but seemed persuaded.

"The experiences of our navy in the Revolutionary war confirm your opinions," he said.

The cabinet was called; but the members held to their former view. Still Bainbridge and Stewart were persistent. They would not abandon their patriotic purpose. A well argued and emphatic letter was addressed to the President; their arguments were so convincing that he was induced to change the plan on his own responsibility. One of the cabinet officers gave a reluctant consent to the President's decision. He said:

"The ships will soon be taken and the government will thus be rid of the cost of maintaining them. This will give the country liberty to direct its energies to the army."

The military men had the ascendancy in the councils of the predominant party. So they aimed to secure for themselves all the expected glory of the war.

The poor little navy was to have been ignominiously thrust aside. The ships were to be allowed to rot. The aspiring naval heroes were to remain in inaction. Fortunately this was not to be. In the end it was our little navy that, gaining a chance to show its worth, redeemed the country from the disgrace into which the politico-military leaders had at first plunged it.

"You will give us victories, then, you think?" Madison asked Bainbridge and Stewart, when they had finished their plea for a fair trial of American ships and sailors.

"We do, sir, most confidently," was the unhesitating reply.

They did as much as they promised, and more. They gave us victories that the American historian records with pride, victories that thrill every American patriot at their recital.

When war was declared, the vessels of the navy were not in a condition to act with any degree of intelligent combination. The government had contemptuously disregarded its needs. The ships were scattered; some were laid up; some were being repaired; and others were too distant to be of service.

CHAPTER II.

CAPTAIN STEPHEN DECATUR.

Stephen Decatur was a native of Maryland. Born January 5, 1779, he was still a young man of only thirty-two when the war of 1812 broke out.

However, there were few, if any, in the American navy who had seen as much service as he. Certainly no one had won a more brilliant reputation. Unlike many others, who in those days won renown on the sea, Decatur was a thoroughbred naval officer. He had risen in the service from midshipman. Every opportunity had been presented for acquiring a knowledge of seamanship and the duties of a naval commander.

While but a lieutenant he greatly distinguished himself in the war with Tripoli. The United States frigate Philadelphia had run ashore on the Barbary coast in 1804. In this helpless condition she fell into the hands of the treacherous piratical Tripolitans, who took her as a prize to Tripoli.

The vessel was moored under the guns of the Pasha's castle. Within two cables' lengths on the starboard-quarter, lay two of the enemy's cruisers.

In addition to this protection the Philadelphia's own guns were mounted and loaded ready to fire. Against such an array of force Decatur made his heroic attempt in a single ketch captured from the enemy, and manned with a crew of seventy men.

Decatur quietly sailed into the fortified harbor at eleven o'clock at night. In the darkness he approached within two hundred yards of the Philadelphia. Then the enemy on board her hailed him.

"Drop anchor, or you will be fired on."

Decatur ordered his pilot, who was a Maltese, to say:

"The ketch has lost her anchor in a gale on the coast and we cannot obey your command."

The harbor was very calm, but by this time the ketch had floated within fifty yards of the Philadelphia.

Decatur threw a rope to a small boat that had come along side his vessel.

"Make this fast to the frigate's fore chains," he requested.

This was done, and the crew quickly warped the ketch alongside. The enemy now began to suspect the character of their visitors.

In a moment Decatur and Midshipman Morris were over the rails and on board the Philadelphia. For several moments they stood there, unprotected by any of their own men. The Turks were utterly taken by surprise. They stood huddled on the quarter-deck, and, helpless from fear, offered little resistance to Decatur's crew, when they boarded and attacked them.

Twenty of the enemy were killed on the deck. Many jumped overboard and were drowned. The rest fled into the hold.

The fight had aroused the Tripolitans on the cruisers and in the castle. With a howl of rage they saw their prize about to be taken away. The guns of cruisers and batteries were then turned on the doomed Philadelphia.

Decatur ordered the vessel to be set on fire. His command was obeyed. The wind had freshened, and the flames spread so rapidly that the sailors had great difficulty in getting the ketch clear of them. As the breeze was coming off shore in a few minutes Decatur and his men were well out of reach of the enemy's guns.

Not a man was lost in this exploit, Decatur was the hero of the hour, and the rank of post-captain was not too great a reward for his courage and ability.

He was now appointed to the command of three gunboats and a bomb vessel. These vessels Commodore Preble had obtained from the King of Naples, to co-operate with the American squadron in an attack on Tripoli.

The gunboats were cut loose from the men-of-war which had them in tow, and Decatur prepared to lead his division immediately into action.

The enemy's gunboats presented a formidable line. They occupied a strong position across the mouth of the harbor. Behind them were the cruisers and land batteries, bristling with guns.

The Tripolitans had stripped their boats of all sail. The hope of flight was taken away, and nothing remained but to fight or sink their vessels.

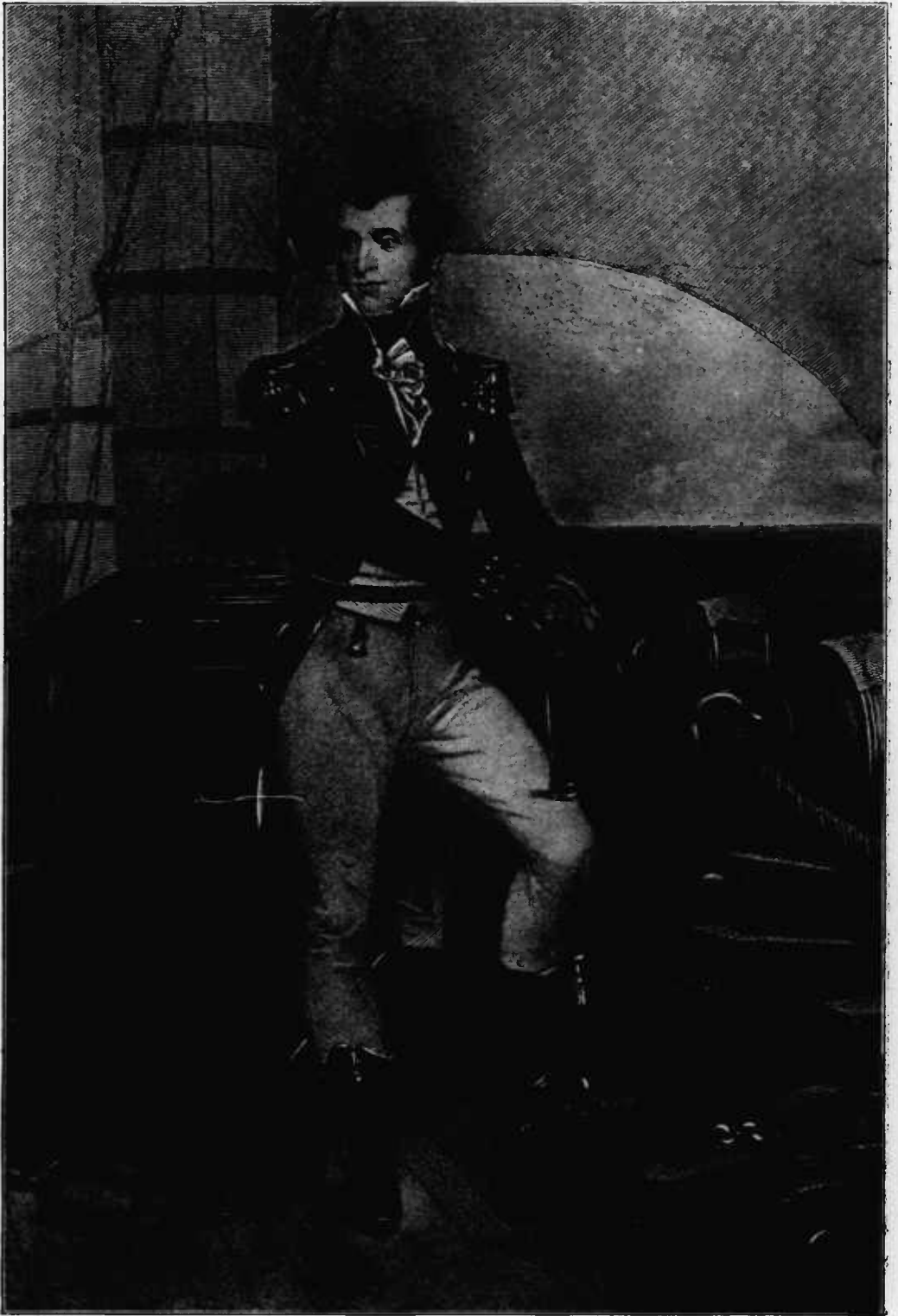
Decatur was eager for the desperate struggle. Going along the line he gave each captain the same order:

"Unship your bowsprit, and follow me. I am resolved to board the enemy."

Lieutenant James Decatur had brought his boat from his own division and joined that of his brother.



DECATUR'S CONFLICT WITH THE ALGERINES AT TRIPOLI. REUBEN JONES INTERPOSING HIS HEAD TO SAVE THE LIFE OF HIS COMMANDER



COMMODORE STEPHEN DECATUR

The Captain now boldly took the lead. His boat was headed straight for the harbor entrance.

As they came within range the enemy opened fire from their gunboats, cruisers and batteries.

Decatur returned the fire as he advanced. But he never turned a point from his course. With sail set he dashed his boat, full force, against the foremost of the enemy. Commodore Preble, on the *Constitution*, was dumfounded at Decatur's daring. He thought him rash, and ordered the signal for retreat.

No such signal could be found.

Deliberate preparations had been made to cover every possible emergency that might arise; but American seamen had not thought of the possibility of retreat.

There was a crew of forty men on the enemy's boat. Decatur's was manned by an equal number; but thirteen of them were Neapolitans.

As the two boats touched, Decatur sprang over the rail. The Americans followed their dashing leader, with drawn knives and hangers. The timid Neapolitans remained behind. In less than ten minutes there were only dead Turks to be seen on the vessel. Those not killed either jumped overboard or hid in the hold. Only three Americans were wounded in the encounter.

Decatur took his prize in tow and moved out of the harbor. He was met by the gunboat that had been commanded by his brother. The crew reported that they had captured a vessel of the enemy, but that Lieutenant Decatur had been treacherously shot by the Turkish commander after he had surrendered. In the confusion he had made off with his boat and was now pushing for the harbor.

Decatur's first and natural thought was of revenge. Without regard to prudence and oblivious of his own safety his one desire was to clutch the murderer.

He turned his vessel in instant pursuit. With the one single gunboat he broke through the enemy's line and overhauled the flying Turk. With eleven Americans he sprang on board, and rushed for the object of his vengeance.

A fierce struggle followed and for twenty minutes the issue was doubtful.

One by one eight of the Americans were wounded. At last Decatur found the commander and engaged him in a hand to hand combat. The Turk was armed with a spear; Decatur with a cutlass.

Both were experts in the use of their respective weapons. The Turk

made a lunge with his spear and Decatur swung his blade to cut off the point of his antagonist's spear, but falling on the hardened steel his cutlass broke at the hilt. The Turk followed up his advantage, thrusting again. The blow would have been mortal had not Decatur turned quickly and caught it on the right arm and breast. At the same instant he seized the spear and closed with his adversary.

Thus locked they continued their desperate fight.

The men rushed to aid their respective leaders. A burly Turk sneaking up behind Decatur had raised his sword to deal him a fatal stroke on the head. An American sailor saw the situation. Though wounded so badly that he could use neither hand, with heroic devotion, he interposed his own head and received the blow intended for his captain.

The two commanders now struggled with quickening breath. Decatur watched his chance and catching him fairly over his hip laid him, back down, upon the deck.

The Turk drew a dagger and was about to plunge it into Decatur's body. Seeing the movement he caught his enemy's uplifted arm and, holding it securely, the next instant shot him with a pistol.

The Tripolitan crew made no further resistance, and the captain sailed out of the harbor with his second prize.

Such adventures had proved Decatur to be a man of daring temper. When the war of 1812 broke out his admirers, confident of his mettle, expected from him a triumphant cruise on his new command, the United States.

Turning southward, he sought the track of British West India traders. When he reached mid-ocean, some three hundred miles south of the Azores, the watch sang out: "A sail!"

Decatur soon made it out to be an English ship. He trimmed the sails of his vessel and stood off for the stranger. Both vessels seemed anxious for a fight and soon drew near each other.

At the distance of a mile the enemy brought his guns into play, but to no effect. The United States replied with a broadside.

The two vessels, at wide gun-shot distance, continued to tack-and-tack, exchanging shots as they passed and repassed.

This sort of play continued for an hour, during which time the Englishman was the greater sufferer. Finally a well placed shot struck his mizzenmast about ten feet from the deck and felled it with a crash over the quarter.

"Jack," said a sailor to a chum, "we've made a brig of her."

Decatur, who had overheard the remark, interposed:

"Take good aim next time, Jack, and you'll make her a sloop."

The Englishman was so crippled that he tried to close. But the American poured a broadside into him with disastrous effect. The main topmasts went by the board. The mainyard hung useless and the sails and rigging were in tatters. Even the foremast was splintered and in danger of falling.

The United States, after delivering this telling blow, tacked under a full mizzen-topsail.

The enemy's vessel was unmanageable and drifted helplessly before the wind. Not realizing the condition of their own boat, and seeing the United States bearing off, the British thought she was running away, and sent up three hearty cheers. With premature triumph they ran up a flag on the rigging of the mainsail, the only place left to hang one.

The United States, seeing the flag, closed up to renew the attack, but the Englishman soon pulled down his pennant and surrendered.

Decatur brought his vessel alongside the enemy and, hailing her as he passed, shouted:

"What's your name?" and "Do you surrender?"

"The Macedonian," came the reply, "thirty-eight guns, Captain Carden commanding. We strike."

The boat was badly cut up. A hundred round shot had penetrated her hull alone, and sails, masts and rigging were all gone. Thirty-six men had been killed and sixty-eight wounded.

The United States, on the other hand, had suffered but little. Only a few shot had entered her hull, and, in comparison with the Macedonian, she was not much injured aloft. The rigging had been cut, of course; one of her topgallant masts was gone, and some of the spars badly shattered. Her casualties were five killed and seven wounded.

Though the American vessel had a little the advantage in size and armament, the boats were pretty evenly matched. The victory showed again the superiority of American gunners and seamen, and the exultation with which the triumph was hailed was fully justifiable.

Decatur at once set about repairing the Macedonian. Her fore and main masts were braced, and a jury mast rigged up. In this way she was taken into Newport under her own sail, while the United States went on to New London.

As soon as he dropped anchor, Decatur sent Lieutenant Hamilton, the son of the Secretary of the Navy, to Washington. With the dispatches he carried the captured flag of the Macedonian.

Lieutenant Hamilton arrived in Washington at night. It was a pro-

pitious moment. Secretary Hamilton was at a ball given in honor of the naval officers. All the dignitaries of the state and navy departments were present, including President and Mrs. Madison, Commodores Hull and Stewart, and Secretary and Mrs. Hamilton.

The young lieutenant sought his father in the midst of all this gay assemblage. The room was filled with officials, distinguished veterans, dignified matrons, grave senators, resplendent beauty, and aspiring fashion.

With proud satisfaction Secretary Hamilton announced the joyful news. The fact that his son had borne a share in the triumph did not detract at all from his unbounded pleasure in Decatur's victory.

The announcement was welcomed with a shout that made the hall resound.

The soft strains of the music ceased; the dancers left the floor, and all crowded around young Hamilton. The lieutenant's mother rested proudly on his arm and listened to his story.

The captured flag was brought in and Commodores Hull and Stewart spread it at Mrs. Hamilton's feet.

Again the music sounded. The dancers took their places, and the festivities were stimulated by emotions of joy and patriotism.

Decatur died in 1820, at the age of forty-one, from a wound received at Bladensburg, in a duel with Commodore Barron. His untimely death was greatly regretted.

CAPTAIN JACOB JONES.

Scarcely had the first shout of triumph at Decatur's exploit died away, when news of another naval victory came to swell the tide of enthusiasm.

Captain Jacob Jones was destined to show himself a commander fit to fill a place on America's roll of fame, high up on the list of her naval officers. He was twenty-nine years old when he began his career as midshipman. But his enthusiasm was as fresh as that of a boy.

His previous life had been restless and changeful.

From the farm in Delaware, on which he was born, he was sent to a classical school. Here he industriously prepared himself for the profession of a physician. He later entered the University of Pennsylvania and was graduated, in due time, as doctor of medicine.

He opened an office in his native place, but a country doctor's life had no attraction for him and he soon accepted an appointment to the clerkship of the supreme court of Delaware, for Kent County.

This life was no more congenial to his ambitious spirit than that of an obscure physician. Accordingly, when the opportunity came, in 1799, he asked, and obtained, a midshipman's warrant.

He entered upon his new life with so much zeal that he soon acquired a thorough knowledge of its duties, and laid the foundation for the position an able officer alone could fill.

In 1804, Jones was a midshipman on board the *Philadelphia*. When that frigate fell into the hands of the pirates on the Barbary coast he suffered a long and cruel captivity of twenty months among that inhuman people.

His condition, and that of the rest of the crew, was nothing less than slavery under the Pasha of Tripoli. On their restoration to liberty Jones was made a lieutenant. By 1811 he had risen to the rank of captain and held the command of the sloop-of-war *Wasp*.

In 1812, Captain Jones was sent to the courts of England and France to carry dispatches from the American government.

While on his way back, war was declared with England. Nothing could have better pleased Captain Jones than such a state of affairs. He immediately refitted his vessel and started on a cruise. One small prize was his only capture.

Shortly afterward he sailed again and the result was the memorable victory that placed him on the list of naval heroes.

The *Wasp* carried a crew of one hundred and fifty men. She mounted sixteen thirty-two pound cannonades, and two long twelve-pounders.

The vessel was beautifully modelled and one of the fastest ships in the American navy. From the Delaware river the *Wasp* held eastward to clear the coast and bring her on the track of British vessels sailing north.

When she was three days out such a gale struck her that the jib-boom was carried away and two men who were on it at the time. During the night the wind quieted but the sea continued rough all the next day.

About the middle of the following night the watch reported a sail, then another and another. Captain Jones deferred an attack, however, until daylight should give him a clear view.

The first break of light showed the vessels to be six English merchantmen. Four of these were under the convoy of the brig-of-war, *Frolic*.

Jones resolved to give battle.

The Englishman was a chivalrous adversary. He waived the aid

of the merchantmen, shortening sail to let them pass, while he waited to do battle alone with the Wasp.

The storm had left a heavy swell on the sea, and the weather was still boisterous. Casting an eye aloft Jones ordered:

“Ship the topgallant-yards, and close-reef the topsails. Clear for action.”

At eleven o'clock the Frolic showed Spanish colors. The Wasp answered with the American ensign and pennant.

At half past eleven the Wasp sailed down to windward of the enemy. When she was within sixty yards of the larboard side of the Frolic Jones hailed her.

For reply the Englishman hauled down the Spanish colors and ran up the British ensign, at the same time firing with muskets and cannon.

The Wasp was ready for the fray and answered the fire. The vessels drew nearer and nearer. The action became close, and the firing incessant.

In a short time the Wasp had her maintopmast carried away. This, with the yard, fell across the larboard fore and foretopsail braces, making the head yards unmanageable during the entire engagement.

In another minute her gaff and mizzen-topgallant sail were shot away.

But these misfortunes did not lessen the fire from her guns.

The heavy swell of the sea made the Wasp roll frightfully, wallowing first to one side and then the other. Often the muzzles of the guns were plunged into the water and then lifted clear of the enemy's masts.

The Americans fired as their vessel sank; the English as theirs rose on the waves.

This placed every shot from the Wasp's guns either on the deck or in the hull of the Frolic, while the latter vessel sent her shots into the rigging of the Wasp or far over his head.

The Wasp finally worked her way ahead of her antagonist, raking her from bows to stern. She then resumed her position on the larboard bow of the Frolic.

Captain Jones hoped that a raking fire would render boarding unnecessary. The sea was so rough that they could hardly grapple without endangering both vessels, but the Wasp was becoming unmanageable.

In a few minutes more all the braces of his ship were shot away and the sails and rigging so completely cut to pieces that he feared

that the masts would go by the board and the Frolic be enabled to escape.

In spite of the danger Jones now decided to board at once.

"Wear ship, pilot," he said, "and bear down on the enemy."

The Wasp struck the Frolic soundly and in the collision rubbed along her bow in such a way that the Englishman's jib-boom came between the mizzen and main rigging of the Wasp, just over the heads of Captain Jones and First-Lieutenant Biddle.

It was a splendid chance to rake the Frolic, and Jones withheld the order to board until he could throw another broadside.

While they were loading, the two ships lay so close together that the men on the Wasp thrust their rammers against the Frolic's side. Two of the guns actually had their muzzles intruding through the enemy's bow-ports, and their fire swept the whole length of the deck.

At this moment one of the sailors of the Wasp known as "Jack Lang," mounted a gun and, brandishing his cutlass, prepared to board the enemy. "Jack" had an old and a long score to settle with the English, for he had been impressed at one time by one of their men-of-war.

Captain Jones, wishing to fire a broadside before boarding, ordered the sailor down. It was too late; he was already on the Frolic's bowsprit.

His companions rushed forward to follow. Lieutenant Biddle, seeing it was too late to check the movement, gave the order to board.

As the lieutenant himself sprang on the enemy's bowsprit, his feet became entangled in the rigging. At the same time a midshipman, in his eagerness to follow, grabbed his coat tails and Biddle fell back on his own deck.

With the agility of a cat the lieutenant sprang to his feet, and as the next swell brought the vessels nearer made good his footing on the Frolic. "Jack" and another sailor were there before him.

The three passed from the bowsprit along the forecastle without challenge. From stem to stern there was not a living man except the one at the wheel and three officers on the quarter-deck.

As the men made their way aft along the deck they found it slippery with blood and strewn with the dead. At the quarter-deck the captain of the Frolic and the other two officers threw down their swords and made token of surrender of the ship.

The colors were still flying. Not one of the British crew would venture aloft for fear of the musket bullets of the Wasp.

Lieutenant Biddle, therefore, sprang into the rigging and himself

lowered the British ensign. The engagement had lasted just forty-three minutes.

The Frolic was in a frightful condition.

Only a small proportion of the crew had escaped death or wounds. The berth-deck was a veritable slaughter-pen; the dead, wounded and dying were mingled in close confusion.

Captain Jones humanely sent his surgeon's mate aboard to care for the wounded. Blankets were brought from the Frolic's slop-room to add to the comfort of the suffering.

Everything was in confusion on deck, and to cap the climax the Frolic's two masts fell, covering the dead and wounded. This last chapter of misfortunes left the British vessel a complete and helpless wreck.

It had been an equal match. The Frolic had four more guns than the Wasp; but the latter had the larger crew.

The Frolic was only a brig, to be sure; but she was quite as large as her three-masted antagonist. To judge by the result the Wasp had far out-fought the Englishman.

The Wasp was badly cut up in her rigging. The hull, however, was hardly touched, and her loss was but five killed and five wounded.

Owing to the American method of firing, the Frolic had been hulled at every shot. The crew had consequently been almost completely incapacitated or killed, and the vessel was badly damaged.

Out of a crew of one hundred and twenty, there were not a score of sound men at the close of the fight.

But who can predict the fortunes of war? Captain Jones had caught sight of another sail to windward. The dead were hastily committed to the deep; the wounded housed; and Lieutenant Biddle transferred to the Frolic, to repair her as best he could and take her to port, if possible.

Jones, with the Wasp, set off to windward to pursue his cruise. The stranger bore down with all sail set, right for the Frolic. Lieutenant Biddle at first thought her to be one of the British convoy returning to capture the disabled prize.

Guns were loaded and preparations made to receive the stranger. The vessel, however, turned out to be the Poictiers, a British ship of seventy-four guns, under command of Captain Beresford. As he came up he fired a gun over the Frolic's bows and then passed on in pursuit of the Wasp.

Captain Jones did his best to get away. But his sails had been

torn into shreds and progress was very slow. The big ship Poictiers bore down and soon overtook the Wasp, which lowered her colors to such an over-powering foe.

The Poictiers took her prize and the re-captured Frolic and sailed away with them to Bermuda.

When Captain Jones gained his liberty he returned to the United States. His misfortune had in no way detracted from his brilliant victory.

A generous and gratified people acknowledged his gallantry by resolutions of eulogy, demonstrations, and gifts of gilded swords.

CHAPTER III.

CAPTAIN ISAAC HULL.

This distinguished naval commander was born at Derby, in Connecticut, March 9, 1773. When the American navy was established he was given a lieutenant's commission and was a brave participant in the attack on Tripoli in 1805. On the breaking out of the war of 1812 he was made captain and given the command of the Constitution.

On July 12th, 1812, Captain Hull sailed the Constitution out of the harbor at Annapolis. On the 17th, while moving under easy sail the watch reported a vessel; then another, and another—five in all!

The meaning was evident. It was a fleet bearing down in company.

Captain Hull, standing on the quarter-deck with glass in hand could make out one, at least, to be a man-of-war. It soon proved to be the Guerriere, of thirty-eight guns.

The wind was light, but Hull determined to speak her if possible.

"Spread every stick of sail," ordered the commander. "Beat to quarters and clear the deck for action!"

But the gentle southerly breeze hardly filled the sails. The two vessels continued to slowly approach each other till ten o'clock at night, then the Constitution shortened sail and raised her signal lights.

No response came. The Constitution waited an hour and then lowered her lights. The sails were again spread. The wind, however, was so very light that little progress was made during the night.

Just as the morning watch was sounding the Guerriere sent up a rocket. This was followed by the discharge of two guns.

All night Hull had been eagerly on the lookout. Now, as the day dawned he discovered that seven sails had closed in on him during the darkness.

From each masthead floated the English ensign. It was the fleet under Captain Broke that had been hovering about the coast and that had captured, besides other craft, the little Nautilus.

The mists of the summer morning cleared away. The sun came out clear and bright, disclosing the position and movements of the enemy.

On Hull's lee quarter were two frigates. Astern were the rest

of the squadron. All were doing their best to overhaul the Constitution, and the nearest had reached almost within gunshot.

There was now a dead calm. The sails hung limp from the yards. Not a breath rippled the calm surface of the sea. There was only the gentle and regular rise and fall that proclaims the ocean in repose.

Hull, however, was all action. His Yankee wit was equal to the occasion.

He was not going to sit down and let this combination of the enemy take him without a struggle. He resolved to put forth every effort to save his vessel.

"Lower the boats! Make fast the lines and tow for your lives!" he ordered.

Not satisfied with this he ordered the guns from the spar-deck and fore-castle to be run aft. Two twenty-four pounders were even thrust through the cabin windows to serve as stern-firers.

The Shannon was the nearest of the enemy astern. She had followed the example of the Constitution and had her boats out towing. The breeze, too, seemed to favor her a little, and she slowly gained on the American.

The British crew were elated over their progress. Running out a couple of bow-chasers they blazed away, but the shots fell short.

This could not be so long. The Shannon was gaining every minute and must soon come in range.

Hull was equal to the new emergency. His skill was as great as his bravery. Calling an officer he said:

"Collect all the rope aboard that is not in use. Attach it to the kedge-anchors and run them out in the boats as far as the rope will stretch."

When the signal announced that the kedge was out Captain Hull gave the command:

"Heave away!"

All hands laid hold of the rope. Their bodies swung in unison to the sailors', "Heave, ho," and the proud ship began to move again.

Kedge after kedge was run out. The Constitution gained perceptibly on her pursuer and the British were kept guessing at the cause of the apparent mystery.

Finally the secret was discovered and they set themselves to profit by the Yankee's example.

They began to kedge with considerable success. At nine o'clock the Shannon had got almost within range again. If she once brought

her bow-chasers to bear it was feared that she might cripple the Constitution so that she would fall a helpless victim to the squadron.

Hull and his crew were still hopeful. Resolutely and coolly they prepared to meet even the last extremity. Everything was made ready to extend the enemy a warm reception with the stern-guns and keep out of the way of the rest of the squadron if possible.

While the Shannon closed in astern the Guerriere was approaching from the starboard quarter.

Not a breath of air came to help the weary sailors. Only the swelling tide beat ominously against the sides of the vessel, portending impending destruction.

It was a critical moment!

In another hour the final struggle must come unless a change took place. Every one of the brave men on board did his whole duty. All were resolutely determined to save the noble Constitution if human effort could do it.

From the deck an eager watch was kept on the pursuing enemy. The oarsmen in the two boats pulled manfully at the oars. The strain on nerve and muscle was terrific. The exhausting labor and ceaseless watching had worn out the crew. Officers and men relieved each other alternately at duty. When their relief came the former threw themselves on deck to catch a little rest and the men slept by their guns.

"All hands!" suddenly piped the bugler.

A change had come—a wind!

Gratefully each man gasped for the slight breath of air as if, in very truth, his own life depended upon it.

Even the enemy admired the handsome way this advantage was improved. As the breeze was seen coming the sails were trimmed. In a moment more the ship was under command and hauled close to the wind on the larboard tack.

All possible canvas was spread. Davits were run up; others lifted just clear of the water by purchases on the outboard spars, ready to be used at a moment's notice.

When the ship came by the wind it placed the Guerriere nearly on her lee beam. The frigate opened fire with her broadsides.

The shot fell just short of their mark. In spite of the fusillade the men on the Constitution hoisted away on their boats as coolly and steadily as if they were in a friendly port. The exhausted oarsmen had but a short respite.

In less than an hour the wind died away again, almost to a dead calm.

Once again the boats were lowered. Two thousand gallons of water were pumped out to help lighten the ship and every possible sail that would draw was set to catch the last whisperings of the dying breeze.

The Shannon now had almost all the boats of her consorts to help her tow, and once more she began to gain on the American vessel.

The Yankee tars, however, made up for lack of numbers by the determination of their efforts. Doggedly they pulled at the oars, from which they were only occasionally relieved by a slight breath of wind. Every puff was skilfully taken advantage of by the officers on the deck.

Nevertheless, in spite of their bravest efforts, the enemy continued to gain. Slowly the day wore away and at evening several of the enemy's ships were within range. They opened with their bow-chasers and the Constitution responded with her stern-guns.

Neither side, however, inflicted any damage.

Thus with towing and kedging and occasional cannonading the weary and anxious hours passed by. At eleven o'clock at night a light breeze from the south again filled the sails. Quickly the boats dropped along side, hooked on and were run up. The topgallant sails were set, and the boat gathered headway, while the tired crew thankfully sought a much needed rest.

In an hour the breeze again died away. The doleful flapping of the sails against the spars had a sad foreboding. But as the enemy had ceased their efforts the crew were not aroused till break of day.

When morning fairly came the kedges and boats were out again. A fresh breeze soon dispensed with all other aid and the ship stood off under her own sail.

The sun, on that summer day, shone down on a brilliant scene.

The sea was as smooth as if it had been a lake. The breeze, though slight, was strong enough to fill the sails and relieve the sailors from the wearisome towing and kedging that had tried their very souls.

An American merchantman that had just come in sight made the twelfth sail that at that moment was in view of a single observer. From their trucks to the water the vessels were a cloud of canvas.

The Constitution led them all and was the proudest of the lot, and, now that she had a fair chance, was giving an exhibition of her sailing qualities. One by one her relentless pursuers dropped far behind.

The nearest frigate, the *Belvidera*, was two and a half miles astern.

At noon the wind freshened. The good ship Constitution sprang

gallantly to her work. Nothing that skilful handling could do to augment her speed was omitted.

By afternoon she had four miles the lead of the *Belvidera*, and the remainder of the squadron were out of the race. Though the wind lulled toward evening, nothing was gained by the enemy.

When night fell the sky foretold a squall, with heavy wind and rain.

With a relentless enemy in pursuit, there was not a moment to spare. Captain Hull resolved to carry all his canvas to the very last.

To this end the crew were stationed at the ropes. All was made fast. The good ship moved eagerly through the water as if conscious of the skill that guided her and unmindful of the coming danger.

The vigilant commander was on the alert.

With one eye on the enemy's squadron he watched the darkening horizon with the other. As the storm gathered and advanced he waited till its black wings almost fluttered over his ship and she began to tremble as if from dread of approaching fate.

A single word wrested her from the impending danger.

Just before the storm struck the ship the captain calmly turned to his lieutenant.

"All ready now, Lieutenant, clew up and clew down."

In an incredibly short time all the light canvas was furled. A double reef was taken in the mizzen topsail and the ship brought under short sail.

The enemy had been less daring. Discretion had prompted them to be in good time for the squall and all had been made snug before it came. Thus the *Constitution*, by a stroke of bold seamanship, had gained a good distance from her pursuers.

The British squadron steered wildly here and there to escape the effects of the storm. But the daring Yankee captain waited only for the crest of the gale to pass: then, hoisting again the fore and maintop-gallant sails, he fled from the enemy on an easy bowline at the rate of eleven knots an hour.

When the weather cleared the enemy were almost lost to view. There was little chance now that the *Constitution* would be overtaken. However, the pursuing squadron did not give up the chase until the next morning. Captain Hull continued northward and anchored in the harbor of Boston.

For three days and nights the *Constitution* had run for her life from a powerful squadron containing some of the fastest ships in the service of Great Britain and commanded by her ablest captains.

Her escape can only be attributed to the consummate skill of Captain Hull and his officers, and the tireless energy of the crew. The glory that they won was no greater than their achievement and perseverance deserved.

Captain Hull came honestly by his seamanship. His father was a sailor before him. Before our hero entered the navy he had risen from the fore-castle to the quarter-deck of a merchantman.

As a lieutenant and captain, therefore, in his country's service, he had nothing to learn in sailing a ship, and the skilful handling of a vessel might naturally have been expected of him.

He was yet to show himself as skilful a fighter as he had proved himself a navigator.

Captain Hull did not linger long in Boston. The flatteries he received, on the accomplishment of his famous exploit, were not to his taste.

With manly modesty he said to his admiring friends:

"You are good enough to give me more credit than I ought to claim. I beg of you to transfer your good wishes to Lieutenant Morris and the other brave officers, and the crew under my command, for their very great exertions and prompt attention to my orders while the enemy were in chase."

Such were the words of a generous hearted sailor. Proudly conscious of his capacity to do great deeds and earn a deserving fame, his heart was big enough to give freely of his wealth of honor to those to whom honor was due.

From Boston the Constitution cruised northward along the coast and off the mouth of the St. Lawrence. About two o'clock on the 19th of August the lookout from the masthead reported:

"A sail to leeward!"

A little later he announced:

"A frigate, sir, flying the British flag."

With all sail the Constitution at once made chase.

The English vessel had no intention of flying. Her main topsail was laid back and she coolly awaited the encounter.

When Hull saw that there was no need for a chase he furled some of his light canvas. This checked the vessel's headway, and he began to prepare for action.

In quick succession the orders were issued:

"Reef the topsails! Send down the royal yards! Clear the decks! Sound the bugle to quarters!"

At five o'clock all was ready and the enemy was near enough to open fire with her long-range guns. Hoisting three English ensigns she let go a heavy broadside. At the same time her commander tried to wear and handle his ship so as to rake the Constitution.

Captain Hull showed himself the better seaman.

In a moment he saw the intention and defeated the manœuver. One gun—just to show his readiness—was all the reply he made to the opening broadside.

He was holding his fire until he could get the Constitution so close in that his guns would tell with the fullest effect.

Again the Englishman gallantly showed his willingness to fight even yard-arm to yard-arm. Promptly bearing up he ran off under three topsails and a jib, keeping the wind on his lee-quarter.

A close fight was what Hull was striving for and he at once accepted the Englishman's challenge. Sail was made and the Constitution bore up toward her deadly antagonist.

At six o'clock the two combatants were within half pistol-shot. Hull now opened with a heavy fire from all his guns. Each charge was double shotted with round and grape.

The Americans' fire was rapid and deadly. In sixteen minutes the enemy's mizzen-mast had been shot away and it fell by the board.

The Constitution now moved slowly ahead. As she passed she threw a terrible hail of shot into her adversary, then luffed short about the Englishman's bows, to avoid being raked.

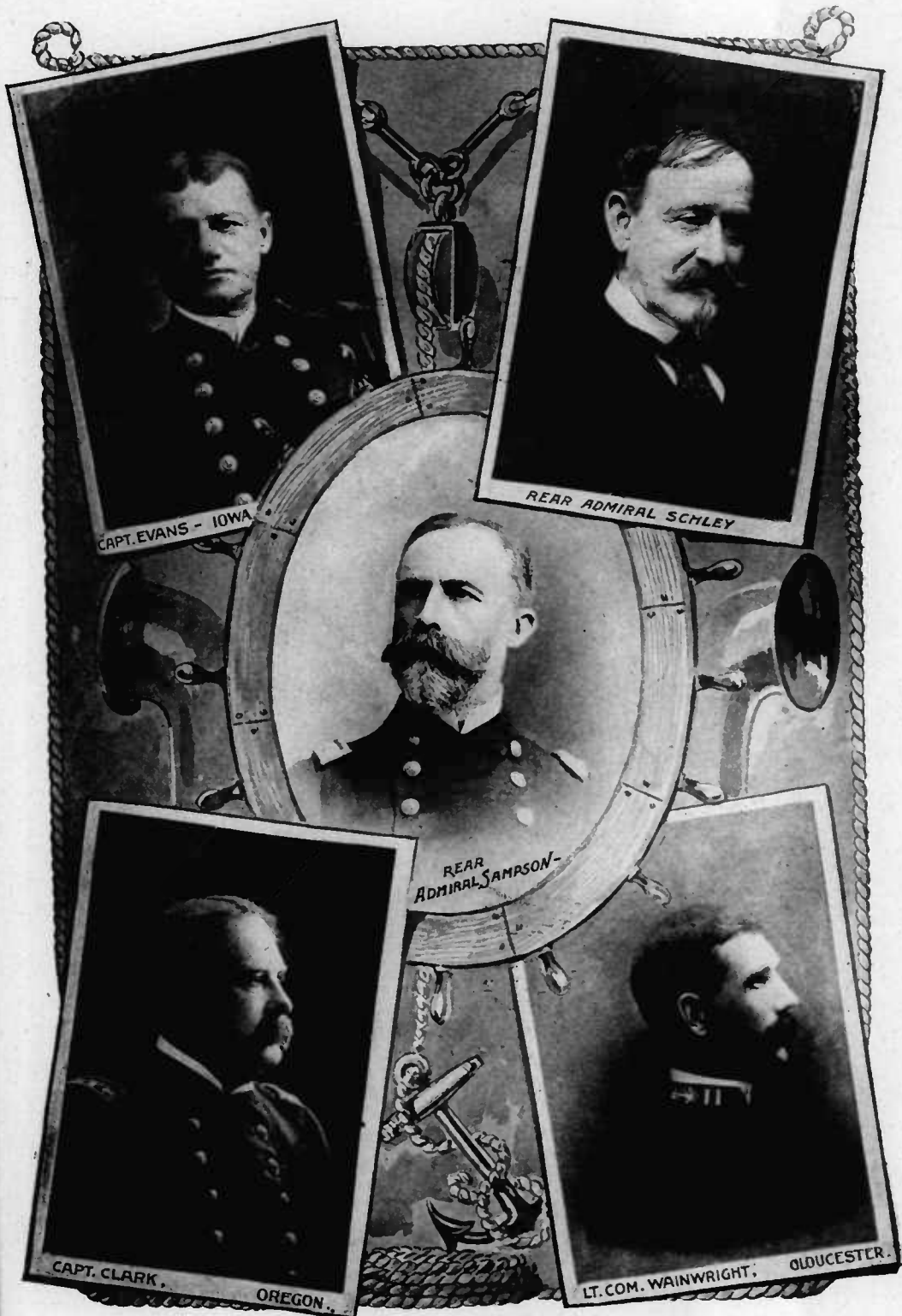
In executing this movement the two vessels fouled. The enemy's guns almost touched the Constitution's stern and poured in such a close and hot fire that the cabin was soon in flames.

However, the lads with the water buckets soon had this under control.

When the vessels touched both captains made ready to board. The marines in the tops began to use their muskets with great havoc; but the British, on account of the loss of their mizzen-mast suffered the most heavily.

Lieutenant Morris was shot quite seriously through the body while trying to lash the vessels together. Fortunately it was not a mortal one.

Captain Aylwin, the able sailing master, and Lieutenant Bush, of the marines, were both shot off the taffrail of the Constitution. They were standing there ready to spring upon the enemy's deck and lead the boarders.



CAPT. EVANS - IOWA

REAR ADMIRAL SCHLEY

REAR ADMIRAL SAMPSON

CAPT. CLARK

OREGON

LT. COM. WAINWRIGHT

OLDUCESTER

NAVAL HEROES IN THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR



COMMODORE DAVID E. FARRAGUT

Captain Aylwin was only wounded in the shoulder; but Lieutenant Bush had a musket ball through his head and died almost instantly.

The fire on both sides was so hot that neither party found it possible to board. There was, besides, a heavy swell which made the sailors' footing insecure.

Accordingly it was with mutual consent that the two vessels filled their sails and worked clear of each other. As the Constitution drew off, the foremast of the enemy was cut off and fell, carrying with it the mainmast.

The English vessel was now a helpless wreck rolling in the trough of the sea.

The Constitution had also suffered much damage and she drew off temporarily to repair. When she returned, the enemy's flag was still floating, lashed to the stump of the mizzen-mast. As the Constitution prepared to give a last broadside to her victim, the colors were taken down.

The captured vessel turned out to be the *Guerriere*, Captain Dacres commanding. This gallant officer had been very anxious to meet Hull in combat. He had even so expressed himself by writing an invitation to that purport on the register of a merchantman that he had fallen in with. Now his wish had been fully gratified.

The *Guerriere* was an absolute wreck. Her masts were gone, her hull riddled and four feet of water stood in the hold. She was of no value as a prize and was therefore set on fire and abandoned.

The Americans had seven killed and seven wounded. The sails and rigging were badly cut, but the British fire went so high that little injury had been done the hull. With a few repairs she was ready for another fight, even after this desperate engagement.

The *Guerriere* had seventy-nine men killed or wounded, a third of her entire crew. The engagement occurred off the Massachusetts coast and lasted about thirty minutes.

Captain Hull said of his crew:

"They all fought with great bravery. It gives me pleasure to say that, from the smallest boy on the ship to the oldest seaman, not a look of fear was seen. They all went into action giving three cheers and requesting to be laid close alongside the enemy."

Again the Constitution came to anchor in Boston harbor. The victorious Hull landed amid the triumphant acclamations of his countrymen. Just two weeks previous General Hull, his uncle, had disgracefully surrendered at Detroit.

The despondent mutterings of the nation suddenly turned into a full-voiced outburst of joy. The people turned from scorn to pride in their little navy and its triumph over the one-time mistress of the seas.

Again American sailors had met, and fought, and conquered a vessel of the English navy!

It is true that the Constitution was the larger boat. She carried heavier guns and was better manned; but the contest was very nearly equal. At any rate the victory was so decided as to prove conclusively that American seamanship and courage had nothing to fear from British ships.

Captain Dacres had been confident in the superiority of the English navy. It was this confidence that had made him eager to meet an American vessel and finally got him into conflict with Captain Hull and the Constitution.

For many weeks he had been flaunting his flag at the entrance of American harbors. At his masthead he had hoisted a banner with the significant words:

“Not the Little Belt!”

This was an insulting allusion to the collision of the frigate President with the small boat by that name in May of the preceding year.

Confidently he had sailed the Guerriere into battle. She had been skilfully handled. Her officers had acted gallantly and her crew had fought bravely. She had the encouraging prestige of years of British naval superiority. Yet the English frigate had been vanquished and absolutely demolished by an American antagonist.

The reverse was an awful blow!

The American naval officers, true to their promise, had begun to give their country encouraging victories.

CHAPTER IV.

COMMODORE WILLIAM BAINBRIDGE.

Commodore William Bainbridge is another of the naval heroes whom Americans delight to honor. His gallant conduct and enthusiastic patriotism contributed largely to the victories over England and the growth of the navy.

He was born in Princeton, New Jersey, on the 7th of May, 1774. His family was of distinguished origin and traced its descent from Sir Arthur Bainbridge, of England. As a boy he enjoyed all the social privileges and advantages a youth could ask.

He was naturally daring and enterprising. His active temperament and love of athletics made him chafe under the restraints and discipline necessary for a liberal education.

His father was a successful physician, and would have preferred his son to follow in his footsteps. But the boy longed for a life on the sea. At the age of fifteen, by persistent importunity, he gained his parents' consent to leave home.

At that day there was no American navy. Young Bainbridge, accordingly, entered the merchant service.

He had found his right place and rose rapidly. Before he was nineteen he had obtained command of a ship!

Even at that early age he gave evidence that he was cut out for a navigator. The dauntless courage and unflinching resolution of his maturer manhood were already conspicuous.

He had been appointed master of the ship *Hope*, of Philadelphia. On one occasion, while she was lying in the Garonne, on the west coast of France, the captain of another American vessel hailed him.

"Send me some of your men to help put down a mutiny," he requested.

Bainbridge hurried to the rescue in person. When the leaders of the mutiny saw his courageous face and commanding mien they were cowed into instant submission.

At another time he was taking his ship *Hope* to the West Indian Islands. A British privateer, armed with eight guns and thirty men, coming down before the wind, began an attack.

The Hope had four nine pound guns and a crew of eleven men.

The stranger flew no colors as she opened the attack; but when the Hope returned her fire with all four guns, she ran up the English flag. Evidently her captain expected to frighten the Americans with this display of bunting.

Bainbridge, however, was not disturbed. The guns were kept at work. The aim was accurate and the fire persistent. Every shot was making itself felt among the men and on the vessel. Finally the privateer was forced to lower her flag.

The Hope could not legally take possession of her prize. Neither did Bainbridge wish to show his weakness by boarding her.

He, therefore, hailed the commander and delivered this message:

“Go and tell your owners if they want to take the Hope they will have to send someone beside you to take her.”

On the same voyage the Hope was brought to by a shot across her bows from the English man-of-war Indefatigable, commanded by Sir Edward Pellew. A press-gang boarded her and seizing the first-mate on the strength of his Scotch name of Allan McKinsey, said:

“Come with us. You are a Scotchman and a British subject.”

McKinsey was, however, a native of Philadelphia, and drawing a cutlass, began to defend himself against the outrage.

The leader of the gang left him alone and pouncing on one of the other sailors as a substitute bore him off. The man protested that he was an American and his word was confirmed by the Captain; but to no purpose.

As the English lieutenant left the deck Bainbridge solemnly swore to him:

“If I catch an English vessel I shall take a sailor out of her to fill the place of the man you have wrongfully snatched from my ship.”

Within a week Bainbridge had made good his vow.

Meeting an English merchantman, at least the size and strength of the Hope, he seized one of the sailors. Taking him on board the Hope as one of the crew, he carried him into port.

Men of such stuff were wanted in the American navy. Accordingly when it was organized, in 1798, the application of Bainbridge for a commission was readily granted.

He was made lieutenant-commander of the cruiser Retaliation. This boat had been the French privateer La Coyatte, which had been captured by the Delaware, under Captain Stephen Decatur, the father of the celebrated commodore.

America was at this time at war with France. On his very first cruise Bainbridge was unfortunate enough to fall in with a large French fleet. He was obliged to strike his colors and was made prisoner, but was soon released.

When again he returned to the United States he was made master commander of the *Norfolk*, a brig of eighteen guns. While on this vessel he won considerable distinction as a skilful navigator.

As he was convoying more than one hundred American traders out of St. Kitts, the *Norfolk*, with her fleet, was surprised by a large French frigate.

It was foolish to offer battle with his little brig!

Bainbridge, therefore, signaled his convoy to scatter. He then set the *Norfolk* to occupy the attention of the frigate. A chase ensued and the Frenchman was led far out of the course of the merchantmen.

The skilful captain kept the *Norfolk* just out of gunshot until night came on. Then the pursuer was quietly given the slip. The *Norfolk* again spread all canvas and overtook her charges.

Not a single vessel out of the one hundred was missing when the *Norfolk* came into port.

Another successful voyage, this time to the West Indies, earned Bainbridge the rank of captain.

With his advancement came a transfer to the *George Washington*, a former East Indianman.

Bainbridge was commissioned to carry the tribute to the Dey of Algiers. This tribute, the United States, in common with the other great nations, paid the monarch of that nation of pirates, to buy immunity for our vessels from robbery, murder and slavery.

It was an ignoble service. But Bainbridge executed his commission discreetly, and his manly conduct brought him added honor.

The *George Washington* was the first vessel of the new American navy to carry the nation's flag into the Mediterranean.

Perhaps because of this the Dey of Algiers thought to put a humiliation on the vessel and crew. When the tribute was delivered to the inordinate ruler, he demanded another service of Bainbridge.

This monarch of pirates had tribute to pay himself.

He had incurred the ill will of the Sultan of Turkey, who demanded of the Algerian ruler a half million in gold, slaves, goods and wild beasts.

This cargo of variously assorted merchandise the Dey had the

effrontery to ask Bainbridge to take on board and carry to Constantinople.

Bainbridge protested.

The Dey stormed and fumed.

The George Washington's captain had his choice. He could either go or suffer capture and slavery in Algiers.

Bainbridge at last yielded his convictions of duty, but only at the insistence of the American consul. He assured the captain that the service asked of him was not only usual, but necessary to the protection of American trade.

The George Washington finally sailed. Her decks presented a strange appearance. There were caged tigers, lions and other beasts. Throngs of Turks crowded the decks and Nubian slaves filled the hold.

It was humiliating beyond measure to Captain Bainbridge that a United States war vessel, designed to uphold the honor of the flag, should be degraded to such a service. Despite the disgrace his sense of humor was hourly aroused by the novelty of the situation.

Often, on his return, he made himself the center of an eager circle of listeners, who would roar with laughter at his accounts of that memorable voyage.

"The Mohammedans, you know," he would say, "pray pretty nearly all day, and all night too. Well, we used to keep them guessing to keep their pious faces toward Mecca. Every time the ship tacked there would be a grand shuffle to get in position. Finally they stationed one of the devout at the compass to give the faithful due notice when it was necessary to 'go about' with the ship."

When the George Washington reached the Straits of Dardanelles Bainbridge was afraid of being detained as he had no passport. Accordingly he concluded to slip by the forts.

As if preparing to anchor he ordered:

"Top-men aloft! Clew up the sails! Lieutenant, dampen the powder and fire the salute!"

Gun for gun was returned from the works, raising clouds of smoke. Shielded by this screen Bainbridge hoisted all sail. The frigate took the wind and at racing speed swept out of range of fort and castle. The captain then sailed his vessel quietly over the Sea of Marmora and anchored under the walls of Constantinople.

It was some time before the astonished Turk realized what had happened and still longer before he found out how it happened.

An officer of the frigate was sent to report to the Turkish government.

"The United States frigate, *George Washington*," he said, "commanded by Captain Bainbridge, awaits your orders!"

"We know of no such country as the United States," came the reply.

"The *New World*, then, which Columbus discovered," the officer explained.

This seemed to enlighten the Sultan and his court and the usual tokens of amity, a lamb and bunch of flowers, were sent on board.

Bainbridge, with his great physique and courtly bearing, created a great impression at Constantinople.

The Sultan's brother-in-law took an especial liking to him and frequently entertained him.

They became so intimate that the Pasha confided to Bainbridge the fact that the governor of the castles, at the straits, was about to lose his sleepy head for letting the *George Washington* pass without a permit.

Bainbridge was shocked. He at once shouldered the blame, and, through the influence of his distinguished host, prevailed upon the Sultan to spare the governor's life.

The hospitality of the Turks was handsomely returned by Bainbridge on board the *George Washington*. Even in this respect the reputation of the *New World* did not suffer in the hands of the American captain.

Bainbridge prolonged his stay in Constantinople to several weeks. On January 20th, 1801, the *George Washington* returned and let go her anchor off the Algerian town. This time she lay out of range of cannon shot.

The crafty old Dey said to Bainbridge:

"I fear for the safety of your ship. You would better bring her within the mole."

"I thank you; no!" firmly replied Bainbridge.

But his Algerian majesty was too sharp for the American. The *George Washington* had on board some borrowed cannon. These could not be safely removed without replacing them with ballast.

The despot refused to let this be brought outside and Bainbridge was forced to bring his vessel in.

Again the *George Washington* was in the Dey's power! He asked that the vessel should return to Constantinople to carry his ambassador.

Bainbridge gave an emphatic, "No!"

The enraged ruler stormed and threatened. Death or slavery was the alternative.

The lives of the American officers and crew were at the mercy of the barbarian; but Bainbridge was determined not to yield. Fortunately he bethought him of a letter of protection from his Turkish friend, the Sultan's brother-in-law, which he displayed before the tyrant's gaze.

The effect was magical!

From a raging bull the tyrant was changed to a fawning, servile vassal.

Not another word was heard about sending the George Washington to Constantinople. His friendship with the Turkish Pasha had inspired the Dey with amazing respect for Bainbridge. His servility even went so far that some Frenchmen condemned to slavery were pardoned at the American's request.

Later these men were landed by Bainbridge at Alicant; an act of magnanimity that was heightened by the fact that France and America were then at war.

Bainbridge now returned home. His oriental exploits had won for him the esteem and confidence of the American people and government. As a partial reward he was appointed to command the Essex, a frigate of thirty-two guns.

He reported at once to Commodore Dale and joined his squadron, then under orders to sail for the Mediterranean. For a year the Essex performed good service in helping check the piratical raids of the corsairs of the Pasha of Tripoli. He then returned home.

In 1803 Bainbridge was appointed to the command of the Philadelphia, a frigate of thirty-eight guns. He joined the squadron under Commodore Preble and again sailed for the Mediterranean.

Each vessel sailed separately, as it was made ready for sea. The Philadelphia entered the Straits of Gibraltar and soon captured a Morocco cruiser. She then sailed for Tripoli.

Here she ran aground while chasing a pirate vessel and was taken possession of by the barbarians.

For a year and seven months Captain Bainbridge and his crew suffered the horrors of captivity and slavery. One night through the cracks of their prison walls they saw the sky lighted up by the flames of the Philadelphia. The blaze told of the success of young Decatur's daring exploit.

Again, on the 1st of August, 1804, the weary prisoners beheld from

their windows the gathering of a fleet. The glorious Stars and Stripes floated from every masthead. It betokened a long-delayed revenge for the oft-repeated wrongs and insults of the Tripolitans.

The fleet stood boldly in for the harbor. Within its protection lay a horde of corsairs manned by the insolent sea-robbers.

It was an intensely exciting moment for these American spectators. Their country's boats had never looked so beautiful before. The hardy sailors had never seemed to handle their craft with such skill.

Their eyes were strained to see the flash of guns that momentarily lighted the gathering clouds of smoke, while their ears were quick to catch the thunder of cannon. They chafed more than ever before under the restraint that kept them, at that moment, from the decks where their brave shipmates were fighting.

Louder grew the din of battle; more lurid the smoke.

The conflict was at its height!

Shot fell thick and fast. Now and then a shell threw the spray high up on the walls of their rock-built prison.

In the midst of the mingled roar of Turkish batteries and cruisers, and American broadsides, the wind rolled back the cloud of smoke for just a moment. Through the rift appeared the glorious frigate Constitution. Her banner flew proudly aloft and the men in the tops gathered in the sail as coolly as if she were coming to anchor in her native harbor.

They saw, too, the heroic Decatur, as he broke the line of Turkish gunboats. On he went past corsairs and castle batteries to avenge the murder of his brother and his country's wrongs.

The view was too imperfect for Bainbridge and his companions to tell how the day was going, nor did their captors take the pains to inform them.

For four weeks the prisoners lay in ignorance, then they were aroused at night by the firing of guns.

Once more they sprang to their watch by the windows.

The cannon ceased. Here and there a little speck of light shone out of the darkness, as of a ship's lantern swinging with the gentle swell of the sea.

Then for a moment the night seemed to pass away. Sky, sea, and castle were illuminated by a flash of light that brought men, guns and batteries into view with awful distinctness.

Darkness was accompanied by the sound of an explosion that shook

tower and castle and caused the ships to reel and pull at their anchors. Every heart stood still with fear.

In a moment all was over!

Silence ruled the night.

The darkness was the pall which great Nature spread over the gallant Somers and his crew.

The Intrepid had exploded while making an attack on the enemy. Not a man was left to tell the history of the catastrophe.

Knowing the daring of her heroic commander, Somers' friends were firm in their belief that he fired the magazine of his own vessel to prevent her from falling into the hands of his overpowering foe.

The attack resulted in the restoration of the prisoners and a cessation of piratical raids on American commerce.

Captain Bainbridge now returned to America. In his youth he had married a beautiful girl, the daughter of a governor of one of the West Indian Islands. Their union had been blest by several children, and he found it difficult to care for this growing family on a salary of six hundred dollars a year. He therefore sought to improve his fortune.

He asked and obtained a leave of absence. During this vacation he made several trips in the merchant service. They proved remunerative and he continued in the service until he heard of the declaration of war with England in June, 1812.

Hurrying to Washington he at once presented himself for duty. By his energy and patriotism, in conjunction with Commodore Stewart, he succeeded in arousing the naval department from a timid and disgraceful lethargy.

He confidently promised the government victories. Now he was ready and anxious to fulfil his pledge.

His words were effective, and he was appointed to command the Constellation. In a few weeks, to his satisfaction, he was transferred to the Constitution. The gallant Hull was sated with victory and had generously offered to give up this vessel out of consideration for his fellow commanders.

Bainbridge was now a commodore, and in command of a squadron. It was a proud moment for him when he hoisted his broad pennant on board the Constitution, determined to justify the confidence of his countrymen.

Besides the Constitution he had in his squadron the Essex, of thirty-two guns, under Captain David Porter, and the sloop Hornet, of eighteen guns, under Captain James Lawrence. Accompanied by these ves-

sels the commodore set sail for a cruise in the south Atlantic in search of English East Indianmen.

The Constitution and Hornet sailed in company. The Essex was refitting and Bainbridge ordered her to join them on the coast of South America. She, however, missed the meeting place, and became involved in a series of memorable adventures.

In due course of time the Constitution and Hornet arrived off San Salvador.

The Hornet entered the harbor. There she found the British cruiser, La Bonne Citoyenne, lying at anchor. Lawrence could not attack in a neutral harbor; but he at once sent an officer to Captain Green to say:

“Captain Lawrence will await you on the high sea to settle, by force of arms, which is the superior vessel. And, though ours is the smaller boat, he pledges his word that neither the Constitution nor any other American boat shall interfere.”

Captain Green declined the chivalrous challenge, declaring:

“Though I’m satisfied that the result of such an encounter would be favorable to my ship, I’m equally convinced that Commodore Bainbridge cannot swerve so much from the paramount duty that he owes his country as to become an inactive spectator and see his ship, belonging to a squadron under his command, fall into the hands of an enemy.”

Commodore Bainbridge promptly removed the Englishman’s anxiety by sailing away. The Hornet was now left alone.

Still Captain Green declined the daring challenge. The fact was he had on board a large amount of specie entrusted to his keeping, which he did not wish to endanger. However, he gave out the insulting excuse that he distrusted the word of Bainbridge and Lawrence.

The Constitution sailed down the coast to the southward, while her consort lay off San Salvador keeping the La Bonne Citoyenne blockaded for a month.

When three days out the watch on the Constitution sang out:

“Two sail, in shore and to windward.”

One turned her course toward the shore; the other toward the Constitution. From this it seemed evident that the latter was an enemy’s frigate, closing in for action.

Bainbridge was confident of his ship, officers, and crew. Almost every man on board had shared Hull’s victory over the Guerriere. With him on the quarter-deck were the old officers, Porter, Shubrick

and Hoffman. Her old master, Alwyn, still sailed the ship, and now sent her speeding to the encounter.

It was a quarter of eleven as the Constitution tacked to the northwest and stood toward the approaching frigate.

In a few minutes the sailing master addressed the pilot.

"Put her round to east by south." And to the sailors he said:

"Up aloft! Haul up the mainsail. Take in her royal-yards."

In half an hour he set them again to draw off the stranger from the coast and increase the distance between her and her companion.

At noon the Constitution again took in her mainsail and royals. The ensign and pennant went up and she stood dead ahead for the enemy.

The stranger answered with the English colors. She was bearing down in position to rake; but the Commodore sang out to the pilot:

"Wear ship."

The Constitution came handsomely around out of danger.

The Englishman was now only a half mile to windward. No colors, except the union-jack flying at the mizzen-top, could be seen.

Calling the captain of the forward gun crew, Bainbridge said:

"Let go a solid shot over the stranger's bows and see if she won't shake out some more colors."

The shot was understood. Up went the proper bunting and the Constitution welcomed it with a broadside.

The enemy returned her broadside. The action was now on. Round shot and grape poured in from each vessel, gun answering gun and both tacking to rake and avoid being raked.

Bainbridge crowded up on the enemy; but she warily retreated at each advance.

In the very first exchange of shots Bainbridge had been wounded in the hip. The next round sent a shot that tore away the Constitution's wheel and sent a copper bolt flying into his thigh. The gallant commodore did not stop for either wound.

The wheel was a serious loss. The enemy was the better sailer in the light wind and she kept on the alert to get a chance to rake. With the wheel gone it kept the Constitution's crew busy to avoid the enemy's purpose.

Bainbridge soon wearied of this fatiguing maneuvering.

"Rake or no rake," he said, "I'm going to close. Set the fore and main sails, Alwyn, and luff up close."

The enemy now found himself hard pressed and suffering from the

nearer fire. He attempted to run the Constitution aboard, but in the on-set ran his jib-boom foul of the Constitution's mizzen-rigging.

It was only a short advantage to the Englishman. The American guns shot away the bowsprit and foremast and the boats worked clear of each other.

The English vessel now suffered severely. The maintopmast fell; then the spanker-boom. A little later over went the mizzen-mast.

At four o'clock the enemy's fire was silenced. The colors in the main rigging were down, and, says Bainbridge, "we supposed she had struck. We then shot ahead to repair our rigging, which was badly cut, leaving the enemy a complete wreck.

"We soon discovered the enemy's flag was still flying.

"After twenty minutes we wore ship and stood again for the enemy. Getting close and in an effectual raking position we were about to fire, when the enemy prudently struck her flag."

The Constitution came out of the battle comparatively little injured. Her rigging was cut and sails slit; but every mast and spar was in its place, and her royal yard intact.

What a contrast to the enemy!

Inch by inch every stick had been shot away till only stumps remained.

When the enemy lowered her colors Commodore Bainbridge sent an officer to receive her surrender. The vessel was the Java, carrying forty-nine guns and four hundred men.

The loss of life, from officers to midshipmen, had been terrific. The English themselves reported a hundred and twenty-four casualties. Captain Lambert had been mortally wounded.

On board the Java were Lieutenant-General Hislop and staff, on their way to India. They were transferred to the Constitution. Bainbridge received them with that characteristic courtesy and kindness which always marks the conduct of the generous conqueror.

The Java was a total wreck. Officers and crew were at once put on the Constitution; the wheel removed to replace the one that had been torn away; and then the ill fated frigate was blown up.

The Constitution's loss was nine killed and twenty-five wounded. Among the dead was the gallant Alwyn, who for his skill as a sailing-master in the battle with the Guerriere, had been given a lieutenancy.

The wounds of Commodore Bainbridge were serious and threatened lockjaw. But he insisted on remaining on deck that night until eleven

o'clock, busily engaged in looking after his ship and the comfort of the wounded and suffering.

This prolonged fatigue and action irritated and inflamed the ugly wound made by the copper bolt. Fever set in and the Commodore's life hung in the balance. A strong constitution and skilful surgery finally triumphed.

Bainbridge put back at once for San Salvador. Here the courteous and magnanimous Commodore returned Captain Lambert's sword.

The Englishman was on a cot, on the quarterdeck of the *Constitution*.

Still suffering from his injuries and supported by two officers, Bainbridge approached him. Handing the dying captain the sword he had so valiantly carried, but which he would never wield again, he said:

"Captain Lambert, I regret the misfortune that has overtaken you. I return your sword in token of your gallant conduct, and hope for your very speedy recovery. It was, sir, a hard-fought battle, and you did honor to your flag and country."

Feebly Captain Lambert grasped his sword. With a faint smile he welcomed this generous recognition of a fallen foe.

In a few hours the brave Englishman expired, but the balm of human fellowship that had been poured on his heart by the few words from Bainbridge cheered his last sad moments.

The consideration that General Hislop and his men had received at the hands of Bainbridge was acknowledged by the gift of a handsome sword.

Lieutenant Chadd, who was next in command, when Lambert was wounded, wrote to the British government:

"I cannot conclude this letter without expressing my gratified acknowledgment thus publicly for the generous treatment Captain Lambert and his officers have experienced from his gallant enemy, Commodore Bainbridge and his officers."

Admiral Jarvis declared of Bainbridge:

"His deportment towards his prisoners resembles the proud bearing of a grandee of Spain, in the days of her chivalry. This trait of national character, which indicates so much of future greatness, gives me, as an Englishman, much uneasiness and apprehension."

Bainbridge now hastened home for repairs and reached Boston February 27, 1813.

The victor was welcomed with acclamations of praise. He was appointed to the command of the navy yard at Charlestown. Here the seventy-four-gun ship *Independence* was building, on which Bainbridge

hoped some day to fly his broad pennant and win new laurels on the sea.

The war closed before the Independence went into service. Bainbridge made two uneventful trips to the Mediterranean and retired to shore duty. He served successively as head of the Board of Naval Commissioners, and commander of the navy yards at Philadelphia and Charlestown, Mass.

He died at Philadelphia, July 28, 1833, at the age of fifty-nine.

In the delirium of his last moments, he rose and called for his arms.

"All hands stand by to board the enemy," he said, as the memory of by-gone scenes came back. But in a moment more he was forced to strike to the common conqueror of all men—Death. The hero was at last vanquished.

CAPTAIN JAMES LAWRENCE.

James Lawrence was a native of New Jersey. He was born at Burlington the 1st of October, 1781.

His father designed that he should practice law. Accordingly he devoted two years of his early manhood to the study of this profession, but its pursuit proved uncongenial.

When the lad was but twelve years of age he had expressed a desire for the sea, and now, when the dull technicalities of law had thoroughly disgusted him, he turned again, with reawakened longings, to his boyish fancy for the adventurous life of a sailor.

So intense was his distaste for Blackstone and his ilk, that he was allowed to indulge his nautical longings. Three months were spent under the tuition of Mr. Griscomb, of Burlington, acquiring the principles of navigation and naval tactics.

At the age of sixteen he obtained a warrant as a midshipman in the navy, and went on a cruise to the West Indies, in the ship *Ganges*. This, and subsequent voyages, inured the young midshipman to the hardships of the sea and acquainted him with his duties.

Correctness of deportment and suavity of manner won the esteem of his associates. When war was declared against Tripoli, in 1801, the midshipman Lawrence was made a lieutenant, and was appointed to command the schooner *Enterprise*. While serving in this capacity he attracted the eye of Decatur. He soon became first lieutenant under the great commander, and when a brave and unflinching officer was wanted to undertake the burning of the frigate *Philadelphia*, in the harbor of Tripoli, Lawrence was detailed for the hazardous enterprise.

As he watched the spirited and successful exploit, Decatur remarked:

"There is no more dodge about him than about the mainmast."

Two months' extra pay was the extent of the reward voted by Congress for the gallant service Lawrence had rendered. It was too paltry to accept. His sense of patriotism and justice was insulted and he indignantly declined the reward.

With sturdy devotion to duty, he nevertheless continued to serve his flag. The consciousness of the paramount claims of his country was never obscured by the meager generosity of its government. His faith in the final award of fame was unshaken.

Lawrence served three and a half years in the Mediterranean,—the early training school for American naval officers. After a brief visit to the United States he was again dispatched to the same station, in command of a gunboat, where he remained for sixteen months.

Every opportunity for service was improved. With experience came advancement. He served successively as first lieutenant of the Constitution, commander of the Vixen, Wasp and Argus.

In 1808 he was married to Miss Montaudevert, of New York. This was a most happy incident of his life. He showed his deep love by the tenderest kindness and affection for his wife.

When war with England broke out, in 1812, Lawrence was placed in command of the Hornet. With his vessel he joined the squadron which sailed on the first cruise under Commodore Rogers.

When Lawrence returned he found that Lieutenant Morris, who had gallantly seconded Hull, in the victorious struggle with the Guerriere, had been promoted to a post-captaincy over himself and other senior officers.

Stung by such unjust preference Lawrence addressed a memorial to the Senate and a letter to the Secretary of the Navy respectfully protesting against such promotion, contrary to the rules of naval precedence, and declaring:

"If I am thus to be unjustly outranked, I shall be obliged, though reluctantly, to abandon the service."

This brought forth a short, cold-blooded note from the Secretary. That functionary, with bitter curtness, remarked:

"If you think proper to leave the service without a cause, there will still remain heroes and patriots to support the honor of the flag."

The laconic severity of this reply was calculated to cut a man of Lawrence's sensitive feeling to the heart. His remonstrance had been



COMMODORE JAMES LAWRENCE



DEATH OF CAPTAIN LAWRENCE. "DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP"

just and candid and should not have provoked such an unfeeling reply.

Fortunately, before it was delivered, Lawrence had sailed on that memorable cruise with Commodore Bainbridge, who, with the *Constitution*, conquered the Java. Lawrence, though failing to provoke the *Citoyenne* to battle, fell in with the *Peacock*, on the way home, and won the second famous victory.

When he reached home he was welcomed by a wave of popular applause that bore him at once to fame. This swept away all unpleasantness with the Navy Department.

In addition to the generous feeling of the public the Senate had conferred the rank of Post-Captain on Lawrence during his absence. Soon after his return he was offered the command of the *Constitution*, provided Captains Evans and Porter, who were senior officers, did not object.

Such a condition was promptly objected to by Lawrence, and the appointment was then made without qualification. What was his surprise next day to find that he had been suddenly transferred to the command of the ill-fated *Chesapeake*.

Captain Lawrence was disappointed at the change. The *Chesapeake* was considered the worst vessel in the navy and had been under the ban of the sailors' superstition ever since her inglorious collision with the *Leopard* in 1808. Lawrence therefore wrote the Secretary of the Navy that he would prefer to remain in command of the *Hornet*.

Besides the consideration of the character of the vessel, Captain Lawrence had been absent most of the time since his marriage, and an impending domestic event induced him to desire to remain a few months longer on shore.

No consideration was given his repeated letters to the Secretary. Under the circumstances he felt obliged to take command of the *Chesapeake* and reluctantly he proceeded to fit and man her for service.

The unlucky ship lay in Boston roads, nearly ready for sea, when, on June 1st, 1813, the British frigate *Shannon* appeared in the bay.

The gallant Englishman, Captain Broke, had contemplated with bitter disappointment, the repeated triumphs of American ships. He had diligently studied the causes. He hoped, with true British patriotism, to restore the ancient naval glory of his country.

Experience had taught him the superiority of the American gunners. To cope with them he had devoted several years to the training of his own sailors by target practice.

With a picked and carefully trained crew he now entered Boston

Harbor. Signals were run up expressive of a challenge to the Chesapeake.

Even before this Captain Broke had written a letter to Lawrence, saying:

“As the Chesapeake appears to be now ready for sea, I request you will do me the favor to meet the Shannon with her, ship to ship, to try the fortunes of our respective flags.

“All interruption shall be provided against. I entreat you, sir, not to imagine that I am urged by mere personal vanity to the wish of meeting the Chesapeake. We have both nobler motives.

“You will feel it as a compliment, if I say that the result of our meeting may be the most grateful service I can render to my country; and I doubt not that you, equally confident of success, will feel convinced that it is only by repeated triumphs, in even combat, that you can console your country for the loss of that trade it can no longer protect.

“Favor me with a speedy reply. We are short of provisions and water, and cannot remain here long.”

Without hesitation the brave and impetuous Lawrence accepted the challenge.

The Chesapeake's regular crew fell short of its full complement. Untrained landsmen took the places of sailors and marines at the last moment. The regular crew were almost mutinous because they had not yet been paid the prize money due them from the previous voyage. Many of these men were foreigners, lead by a boatswain's mate, an ill-natured Portuguese.

Under ordinary circumstances, discipline would have called for instant punishment. But Lawrence was bent on battle. He was forced to waive the usually prompt administration of justice, and pacify the men by temporizing with them.

Everything on board was confusion. The captain had himself joined the vessel only a few days before. His first lieutenant was ill on shore; while young Ludlow, acting first lieutenant, was an inexperienced, but promising officer.

In order to fill out the officers' list two men from the midshipman's rank were obliged to serve as third and fourth lieutenants.

On June 1st the Chesapeake lifted her anchor. A gentle breeze from the southwest filled out her sails, and she stood off to meet her antagonist. The Shannon with flying colors was moving back and forth with defiant air just off the harbor.

The day was fine. Crowds gathered on the green heights of Boston overlooking the bay.

The young boys climbed into the trees. Men and women stood in groups in the shade. Eager patriots were perched upon the housetops. Sailors climbed the masts and sat in the rigging. All eyes were intent on the impending duel.

The harbor itself was thronged with boats. Their innumerable sails were widely spread and fairly whitened the bay.

Triumph after triumph had taught the Americans to expect victory. They believed their ships were invincible. Each spectator therefore watched the approach of the deadly encounter with confident expectation of success. Lawrence alone was distrustful. As he trod the deck of his unlucky vessel amid an incompetent and mutinous crew he felt no faith in anything except his own dauntless spirit.

As the ships approached he ordered the white flag run up, on which was the motto:

“Free trade and sailors’ rights.”

In a manly way he reminded his men of their duty. A murmur of discontent was their reply. The Portuguese boatswain was emboldened to insolence by the situation. Acting as spokesman for the crew he complained that the men had not been paid their prize money.

Again there was no time for punishment. Forcing down his wrath, Captain Lawrence turned to the purser and said:

“Take the men below and give each the order for his prize money.”

Thus they went to battle, the crew feeling insolent and independent, the commander distrustful of an obedience momentarily won only by concession.

On the Shannon all was enthusiasm. The captain had known every man on board for years. Each one looked on him as a friend, and thus there was perfect unanimity of feeling.

In place of a murmur of discontent, Broke’s words to the crew were answered with a responsive spirit.

Cheer upon cheer followed his harangue. “Men, I know you will do your duty.”

As the Chesapeake bore down the Shannon stood off under easy sail. A shot fired by Captain Lawrence soon brought her to.

It was now about four o’clock. The two vessels were within gunshot. The decks were cleared for action, but neither side opened fire.

Lawrence resolved at once to close with the Shannon and fight it out

at close quarters. The Chesapeake, under full topsail and jib, was fast overhauling the enemy, who was waiting under reefed topsail.

As the two boats began to overlap the Shannon opened fire. She started with her cabin guns first, following with the rest on the starboard side in succession as the Chesapeake moved along.

Lawrence, on the other hand, held his fire till every gun bore well upon the enemy. Then he delivered a terrible broadside. Ship fired into ship without ceasing for six or eight minutes. The effect was murderous on both sides.

Unluckily, as the Chesapeake was passing and receiving the first fire of her antagonist she had her foretopsail-tie and jib sheet shot away. At the same time her spanker brails were loosened and her sail flew out.

To add to the misfortune the sailing master was shot dead. A moment later the fourth lieutenant was mortally wounded.

Captain Lawrence himself was wounded in the leg by a ball. Propping himself against the companion way he continued to give his orders. His deliberation and coolness were superb.

The man at the wheel fell dead. Then another; then a third.

The injury to her sails, the loss of the sailing master and the rapid fatality of the men at the wheel made the Chesapeake almost unmanageable. She backed and got sternway. This brought her foul of the Shannon, whose anchor fluke at the same moment caught in the Chesapeake's rigging.

"Order the boarders to stand by," commanded Lawrence, when he saw his ship was foul of the Shannon.

But the negro bugleman was nowhere to be found. When at last he was routed out from below the stern of the launch-boat on deck, he was too scared to be of any use. His trembling lips refused to sound a note.

"Pass the word below for the boarders to stand by!" cried Lawrence.

He had scarcely uttered the command when he was again shot with a musket ball; this time through the body.

All this time the Chesapeake lay close and fast to her enemy. The Shannon kept up a raking fire that swept the Chesapeake's upper deck.

The American sailors were without a commander. The cannonading was terrific and the slaughter so awful that the men could no longer serve the guns. No one was able to act in the emergency. Above and below confusion reigned.

Captain Broke took advantage of the situation and gave the order to board the enemy. As he himself, leading the men, sprang on the deck of the Chesapeake her wounded commander was being carried away.

Looking for the last time on his flag still flying he cried with heroic determination:

“Don’t give up the ship!”

His appeal fell on deaf ears. The Englishman found few to resist him. As the boarders came pouring over the stern the mutinous boat-swain cried out:

“So much for not paying the men their prize money!”

Two or three of the young officers who were left nobly called to the men to rally on the forecastle. A few responded. A last but vain stand was made by the little band.

The enemy continued to throng over the rail. There was no one on deck to longer oppose them, and they hauled down the American colors. In another moment the British flag floated in its place.

The firing ceased. Lawrence was conscious of the sudden silence. For a moment he forgot his agonies and said to the surgeon:

“Go quick! Tell them on deck to fight till the last and not to strike the colors, for they shall wave while I live!”

It was too late!

Young Ludlow, mortally wounded by a saber cut on the head, was the only officer on deck. Finding further resistance futile, he gave up the ship.

The havoc had been fearful. Forty-eight men lay dead on the Chesapeake and ninety-eight wounded. On the Shannon twenty-three were killed and fifty-six wounded.

Both ships immediately set sail for Halifax. Captain Lawrence and his first lieutenant lay in the wardroom of their vessel, where they had been carried. Both expired soon after reaching Halifax. Wrapped in their country’s flag, which they had given their lives to defend, they were buried with military honors by the British seamen.

Lawrence was a man of noble stature and fine personal appearance. He was a gentleman and a typical American sailor and dearly beloved by his friends.

He was quick and impetuous in his feelings, but in all critical situations his coolness was remarkable.

His death mainly secured the victory for the British, for had he lived he would have stood by the sentiment of his dying words:

“Don’t give up the ship!”

Sixteen of his thirty-two years had been spent in the service of his country, and his supreme devotion to her interests was gratefully remembered by the nation.

CHAPTER V.

COMMODORE OLIVER H. PERRY.

As McDonough is the hero of Lake Champlain, so is Oliver Hazard Perry the hero of Lake Erie. He was born at South Kingston, Rhode Island, on the shore of Narragansett Bay, August 21st, 1785.

Young Oliver loved the sea from his earliest childhood, and his longing for a sailor's life may be considered as one of inheritance and environment. At the age of fourteen he was given a midshipman's warrant to serve on the small frigate, the General Greene. This vessel had been constructed by the elder Perry, who had served as a privateersman during the Revolutionary war.

By successive steps Oliver rose to the command of the squadron on Lake Erie, whose conflict with the British vessels was to immortalize his name.

The American fleet was at Middle Sister, fifteen miles from Malden, where the British fleet was at anchor. Word was brought to Perry that the enemy was about to sail out of Malden. They were anxious to reopen communication with the depot at Long Point, even if they had to fight Perry to do it.

The American fleet repaired to Put-in-Bay to prepare for the coming struggle.

Perry was keen for the attack.

He had made every preparation for the contest. Calling the commanding officers by signal to the Lawrence, in a few words he gave them their final instructions. He then unfolded a blue flag, on which was the inscription:

"Don't give up the ship!"

"This," said he, "is the signal for action."

As the officers were about to leave, he said:

"It is my intention to bring the enemy to close quarters from the first, and I cannot advise you better than in the words of Lord Nelson:

"If you lay your enemy close alongside, you cannot be out of your place."

As soon as the approach of the British was reported, Perry ordered the signal raised:

"Get under way."

In a few minutes every vessel had its sail stretched and was beating out of the harbor against a light head wind.

Perry's object was to sail to the windward of the islands that interposed between the now approaching fleets. This would give him the important advantage of the weather-gage to bear down upon the enemy.

The wind, however, was very light and shifting. No headway was gained by the incessant tacking and at nine o'clock Perry's patience was exhausted.

Going to his sailing master he said:

"Mr. Taylor, wear ship, and run to the leeward of the islands!"

"Then we'll have to engage the enemy from the leeward!" objected the captain.

"I don't care—to windward or to leeward they shall fight to-day!" replied Perry.

The signal was run up:

"Wear ship."

But when the manoeuver was taking place the wind shifted. Quickly the signal was changed and the fleet bore clear of the islands on the weather-gage.

The day was beautifully clear. It was one of the most brilliant of autumn days. The waters of the lake reflected the flecks of cloud that floated here and there, and the wind blew lightly from the southeast.

At ten o'clock the British fleet hove to in close order, and waited for the American vessels. Their newly painted hulls and red ensigns floating made a gallant show.

The English had six vessels mounting sixty-three guns in all. These vessels were manned by five hundred and two men.

The commander-in-chief, Captain Barclay, hoisted his flag from the new ship Detroit. He was a veteran officer and had fought with Nelson at Trafalgar.

Friend and foe knew him to be a man of skill and courage.

His second in command was Captain Finnis, on board the Queen Charlotte. He was also an officer of experience and acknowledged courage.

Commodore Barclay had formed his fleet in a compact line. The Chippewa was in the lead, and his own boat, Detroit, came next. These were followed by the Hunter, Queen Charlotte, Lady Prevost, and Little Belt.

Under a light breeze and full canvas the American fleet sailed gently

down the smooth waters of the lake to meet her foe. The order for attack had been arranged beforehand.

The enemy had drawn up differently than Perry expected, and he accordingly changed his order. With his flagship, *Lawrence*, he passed ahead of the *Niagara*, which was to have led the attack. This change gave Perry the *Detroit* as his antagonist.

It was a consistent and chivalrous change, and characteristic of the man. The original idea was for the *Lawrence* to fight the most formidable antagonist, and he stuck to the plan.

Perry had nine vessels, three more than the British, but they mounted only fifty-four guns.

Only the *Lawrence* and *Niagara* could be regarded as men-of-war.

The others were small, slightly built, and without bulwarks. One was a brig, one a sloop, and the rest were schooners.

These boats were officered and manned by a total of four hundred and ninety men. A good portion of these were able seamen, but a trifle miscellaneous in origin and color. Unfortunately, a number were incapacitated for duty on account of illness.

On the day of the battle there were seventy-eight men down with bilious fever, of the type which had attacked Perry, and of which he still felt the effects.

The woodsmen from Kentucky were stout, brave fellows, though unused to fighting on a ship and by nature intolerant of a ship's discipline. There was not an officer in the whole squadron who had seen as much service as *Barclay* and *Finnis*.

Perry was only twenty-seven years old, and had never been in a naval engagement. Captain *Elliott*, of the *Niagara*, was the only man among the other officers who had ever been under fire. But they were young, brave and full of ardor.

The sailing masters were unaccustomed to naval tactics. They had been taken from the merchant marine and promoted to the navy. In their own line they were well tried and skilful navigators, and most loyal followers of the young commander who had chosen them for naval service.

In the changed order of battle Perry led the van, on the flagship *Lawrence*, to meet the *Detroit*. He stationed the *Scorpion* ahead and the *Ariel* on his weather bow.

The *Caledonia* was paired against the *Hunter*; the *Niagara* against the *Queen Charlotte*. The *Somers*, *Porcupine*, *Tigress* and *Trippe* followed to engage the *Lady Provost* and *Little Belt*.

At ten o'clock Perry signaled his fleet:

"Clear for action."

The racks and circular grommets of rope were crammed with shot. Pistols, boarding pikes, and cutlasses were brought to quarters. Preventer-braces were rove, slow-matches lit, and the decks wet and sanded to prevent explosions and hold the sailors' feet if the planks should become wet and slippery with blood.

As the fleet approached the enemy every man stood at his post. Resolutely all eyes were fixed on the encouraging and almost joyous face of their brave leader. Mounting a gun-slide and unfolding the blue signal, he spoke out with a clear, melodious voice:

"My brave lads! this flag contains the last words of Captain Lawrence. Shall I hoist it?"

"Ay, ay, sir!" came the ready response from every man and boy in the vessel. Instantly the flag was run up and floated from the royal-mast-head of the Lawrence.

"Don't give up the ship!"

The memorable words of the dying Lawrence caught the eyes of the entire fleet. With one accord three hearty cheers rose from the line. It was an enthusiastic response to the appeal.

The thrill of excitement was infectious. Even the sick fancied they were better and proffered their feeble services for the impending struggle.

"Go below, Mays!"

This was the command of the sailing master of the Lawrence to a poor fellow who had dragged himself on deck to offer his last mite of life.

"You are too sick to be here."

"I can do something, sir."

"What can you do?"

"I can sound a pump, sir, and let a good man go to the guns."

He sat down at the pump, and let the strong man go to the guns. When the fight was ended, he was found at his self-appointed post, with a ball through his heart. He was from Newport; his name was Wilson Mays. It shall not be forgotten.

The fleets were approaching nearer and nearer. By twelve o'clock the vessels would certainly be in action. Accordingly the noon-day grog was served and the bread-bags emptied in advance. It was a thoughtful provision for the coming labor. In another moment the men came again to quarters with a will.

Having an eye to every detail Perry now went the rounds of the deck. Every gun was examined and a cheerful word exchanged with the "captain" of each crew.

When he came to some familiar faces of weather-beaten tars who had served with him on the Constitution, he said:

"Well, boys! are you ready?"

"Ay, ay, sir; all ready, your honor." At the same time they touched their tarpaulins or red handkerchiefs, in quick reply.

"But I need not say anything to you," continued Perry; "you know how to beat these fellows!" and he continued his rounds.

Coming upon a group of sailors from his native town his face beamed with neighborly interest and pride, and he exclaimed:

"Ah, here are the Newport boys! They will do their duty, I warrant!"

The excitement of preparation was over. In the few moments before the conflict each heart beat quick with anxious expectation. The babble of voices was stilled. Man has little to say to man when his heart is filled by the reflections that come as he approaches the dread gulf between life and death.

Only here and there was there a hushed whisper between friends, that told of mutual requests of kind offices in case death came to them.

"Tell my mother I thought of her at the last moment," said one.

"Give this keepsake to my beloved," confided another, "and tell her it received my dying kiss."

Perry entrusted his affairs to the purser, Mr. Hambleton, telling him how to act in case of his death.

To the public papers were attached pieces of lead that they might sink if thrown overboard. Thus they would escape the enemy in case of defeat. His private papers Perry destroyed with his own hands.

His wife's letters made him pause. Finally, giving them a hasty reading, he tore them up and threw them overboard. As the fragments strewed the water, he said:

"Let what will happen, the enemy shall not read these."

As he closed his instructions to Hambleton he exclaimed:

"This is the most important day of my life."

The hush of human voices continued for an hour and a half.

As the wind was light and steady no change of sail was necessary. The vessels of the van moved steadily forward under easy canvas; those behind followed with all sail set.

Suddenly the stillness was broken. A bugle on the Detroit was answered by loud cheers throughout the British squadron.

This was followed by a gun from the Detroit, aimed at the Lawrence. The range was about a mile and a half, however, and the shot did not strike her antagonist.

The hour was a quarter of twelve, and the action had begun.

From the masthead of the Lawrence Perry displayed the signal:

“Let each vessel engage her appointed antagonist.”

All were in perfect order. The Lawrence led. With her was the Scorpion and Ariel. Next, according to arrangement, came the Caledonia and Niagara, a half a cable's length apart. The other vessels, being slow boats, were lagging in the rear.

Perry was eager to close with his antagonist. A second shot, from one of the Detroit's long guns, had passed through and through both bulwarks of the Lawrence. Accordingly he ordered the sailing master to set all canvas.

The American brig was best fitted for close action. Her guns were carronades, which could not respond effectively to the long cannon of the enemy.

The wind was exasperatingly light. The vessel moved very slowly and Perry counted, impatiently, every minute.

The entire English fleet had concentrated its fire on the Lawrence, and in ten minutes had inflicted very serious damage.

Not a shot had yet been fired in return. But now, at five minutes of twelve, the bugle was sounded for the other vessels to begin action, and immediately the Lawrence sent a shot from her long twelve-pounder.

The schooners ahead, the Scorpion and Ariel, then opened fire. These were followed by the Niagara and Caledonia, and then the whole fleet; but at such a range as to produce but little effect.

The Lawrence felt the effect of the enemy's heavy armament more and more. All the while Perry was carrying every inch of canvas in order to bring his carronades within range. Once more he gave the order to the trumpeter:

“Pass the word for the vessels to close up and take their station at a half cable's length from each other.”

The order was caught up by Captain Elliott, on the Niagara, and repeated to the next, and the next, and so on down the line.

Slowly the Lawrence floated towards the Detroit.

When he thought he was within range Perry luffed up and let go a broadside from his starboard battery.

The range was too long and he again bore away, steering straight for the Detroit. Broad-sides were fired as fast as the men could serve the guns. Perry drew closer and closer until he was within three hundred and fifty yards of his antagonist, when he hauled up and laid the Lawrence on a course parallel with the Detroit.

Perry had advanced so persistently that Captain Barclay thought his object was to board. This was not so. Perry simply wanted his carronades to bear at an effective range. When he had gained his position the guns were served with great spirit and rapidity.

It seemed to have been prearranged by the enemy to destroy the Lawrence at all hazards. Every gun was trained on this unfortunate vessel.

The Lawrence had outsailed the rest of the fleet and was now left almost alone to bear the whirlwind of attack.

The plucky little Scorpion and Ariel did all in their power to help; but their best efforts made little impression.

The Niagara had not come down close enough into the action to be of any avail.

The Caledonia, in the meantime, was engaged in a hot but unequal struggle with the Hunter, while the rest of the American fleet were yet too far away to do anything except fire their long guns, with uncertain results, at the nearest of the enemy's ships.

The Queen Charlotte could not reach her foe, the Niagara, and she bore down behind the Detroit. From this position she poured in her fire on the Lawrence.

Perry's ship suffered terribly. The odds were simply overpowering; but for over two hours she continued the unequal struggle.

The discipline amidst all this havoc on the Lawrence was superb. The guns were fired with the same regularity and rapidity as if it had been an exercise at target practice.

But one by one the cannon were dismantled. The bulwarks were beaten down and the enemy's shot found no resistance. The sails and rigging were fearfully cut and torn. The yards and spars were broken and hung in splinters. The deck and sides were a confused tangle of cordage. The whole vessel was an unmanageable wreck.

The loss of life was equally frightful.

A hundred good men had gone into the fight. In two hours twenty-two had been killed and sixty-one wounded.

Even the wounded and bleeding fought. Nothing but death could stop the brave fellows from standing by their commander. Again and again men who had been sent below wounded, reappeared on deck.

"When the battle had raged an hour and a half," says Dr. Parsons, "I heard a call for me at the skylight. Stepping towards it, I saw it was the commodore. His countenance was as calm and placid as if on ordinary duty.

"'Doctor,' said he, 'send me one of your men,' meaning one of my six assistants.

"In five minutes the call was repeated. At the seventh call I told him he had them all.

"He asked, 'Can any one pull a rope?'

"Two or three of the wounded crawled upon deck and feebly assisted in pulling at the last guns."

Midshipman Lamb was sent below with a shattered arm. The surgeon hastily applied a splint and tourniquet, and Lamb turned to resume his duties on deck. At that moment a cannon ball, crashing through the bulwark, struck him dead.

A Narragansett Indian sailor, a little later, was also killed by a cannon ball just after the surgeon had removed a shattered limb.

First Lieutenant Yarnall went below with a serious scalp wound, from which the blood was streaming down his face.

"Fix me up in a hurry, Doctor; I must get back on deck," said the lieutenant.

Some lint and a colored handkerchief were hastily bound on his head and he went away. In a few minutes he returned wounded again, and a more portentous looking object than before.

Some of the hammocks had been struck and torn. The feathery cat-tails with which they were stuffed had been sent flying in the air, and some of them had lighted on Yarnall's head. The blood from his wound had caused them to stick, and he looked, as Dr. Parsons said, "like a very large owl."

Even the wounded burst into laughter at his ludicrous appearance. The doctor again fixed him up and the lieutenant hurried back to the hottest of the fight. Going to Perry, he said:

"All the officers in the first division under my command are either dead or wounded. I must have some others in their places."

Perry was irresistibly impressed by the drollery of his looks and could not repress a smile as he granted his request.

In a little while Yarnall again came to his commander with the same request for officers.

"You must endeavor to make out by yourself. I have no more to give you," was the reply.

Such had been the havoc of the fight!

Second Lieutenant Forrest was struck in the breast by a grapeshot and thrown prostrate on the deck.

Perry happened to be standing near. Lifting him up and seeing that he was not wounded, but thrown by a spent ball, the commander encouraged him with the assurance:

“Good, you are not hurt!”

Finding that he was not killed, Forrest rallied to his feet, and pulling out the shot that had lodged in his waistcoat, replied, as he put the ball in his pocket:

“No, sir, I’m not hurt, but this is my shot!”

Perry never lost his calmness and cheerfulness during the whole of this frightful slaughter.

His officers and crew were equally brave, and carried themselves like heroes during those hours of awful carnage. There was no thought of flinching in the presence of that commander, to whom they looked not only for encouragement while fighting, but for consolation in death.

When a shot had mowed a bloody swath through a gun crew, the few remaining would turn to Perry for an assuring glance. Then cheerfully they sprang to fill the places of their fallen mates.

Those who were too badly wounded to go below would turn imploring faces to their beloved commander to hear him pronounce the well-earned praise—“well done”—before it greeted their ears from the lips of the Master on the other side.

One single gun remained.

It was loaded and fired, loaded and fired again.

But men were too few to serve this single piece. Perry himself, with the aid of Hambleton and Brase, the chaplain, kept it in action, until it, too, was dismantled.

At half past two the Lawrence was totally disabled. Only twenty persons, including Perry, were capable of duty. Still the young commander did not give up the fight.

The deck was strewn with the dead and dying and was covered with blood. As he stood in the midst of this carnage he looked deliberately around, through the rifts of enveloping smoke, to catch a glimpse of the condition of the rest of the fleet.

Lieutenant Forrest was at his side. Seeing the Niagara in the distance he exclaimed:

“Look! that brig will not help us. See how he keeps off! He will not come to close action.”

"I'll fetch him up!" replied Perry.

The good condition of the Niagara had instantly determined him to shift his flag. As long as he lived he was determined to keep that flag floating over his head.

The Lawrence was turned over to the command of Lieutenant Yarnall. Then grasping the little blue signal, with its inspiring legend, "Don't give up the ship!" he took his young brother, a boy midshipman, of twelve years of age, and pushed off in the ship's boat.

The crew pulled hard at the oars. Perry himself was so intent on his purpose, and eager to bring the Niagara into action, that he stood erect in the stern of the boat, watching the contest and impatient of a moment's rest.

Perry's action had caught the enemy's attention. His object was obvious. In a moment the little boat was the target of cannon and musketry.

The ping of bullets sang about the ears of the men. The oar blades were shattered. The spray dashed in their faces. Even the gunwales of the boat were penetrated here and there by the shot.

Perry still stood erect in the stern of the boat, a splendid target for the enemy's bullets.

The anxious crew begged him to sit down. Finally one of them, seeing that their intrepid commander would pay no attention to their prayers, actually took hold of him and drew him into his seat.

For a quarter of an hour the men heroically stuck to the oars, pulling the boat through an almost continuous shower of lead and iron.

The little band of survivors on the Lawrence had watched their course with anxious hearts. Now, as Perry stepped safely over the bulwarks of the Niagara, they sent up a faint but joyful cheer.

The colors of the shattered Lawrence still flew, and the British continued to fire on her. She did not have a gun on her deck; nor crew enough to man one. The vessel was perfectly unmanageable and drifting. At last Lieutenant Yarnall resolved to strike his colors. It was a humane decision, as many of the wounded below, because of the light draught of the vessel, were above the water line and exposed to the fire.

Accordingly the flag was hauled down.

An exultant cheer from the crowded bulwarks went up as the British watched the pennant slowly descend to the deck.

The burst of triumph was a little premature. It struck upon the ears of the wounded and dying more bitterly than the last toll of death.

"Sink the ship! let us all sink together!"

SPLENDID DEEDS ON SEA AND LAND.

These were the only words heard by the surgeon in reply to the shout of victory above the enemy. The poor fellows turned from his merciful offices and pushed aside lint and bandage. They refused the proffered ropes of life.

Perry having reached the deck of the Niagara, he was met at the gangway by Captain Elliott, who asked:

"How is the day going?"

"Badly!" replied Perry. He then stated the condition in which he left the Lawrence, and asked:

"What are the gunboats doing so far astern?"

Without answering the question Elliott promptly said:

"I will go and bring them up if you wish."

In a moment he was in the boat and off.

Perry now mounted the quarter-deck of the ship. Yards were squared, the helm put up, topgallant sails set, and the signal for close action hoisted. In a moment the ship bore away towards the English line.

The signal was welcomed by a cheer from the whole fleet. The wind had freshened and each vessel rapidly closed up with its adversary.

In a few minutes the Niagara had covered the intervening half mile, and was right upon the enemy. As she advanced she received a raking fire, but did not reply with her own guns.

The Detroit attempted to wear and bring her starboard guns to bear. Many of those on the larboard side had been dismantled or injured.

The Queen Charlotte, which had taken a position close in her lee, did not second this manoeuvre quickly enough, and the two vessels got foul of each other.

The bowsprit and head-bows of the Charlotte had caught in the mizzen rigging of the Detroit. As the two boats lay thus together, Perry deliberately sailed the Niagara under the bows of the Detroit. As the vessel slowly passed he poured into both ships a deadly and awfully destructive fire of grape and canister, at half pistol-shot distance.

From the larboard guns a raking fire was directed against the stern of the Lady Prevost, which had passed to the head of the line, and also against the Little Belt.

The marines in the tops, with deadly aim, had at the same time cleared the British decks of every one to be seen above the rails. The groans and cries of the wounded told how terrible had been the destruction.

As Perry passed under the lee of the two British ships they got clear,



COMMODORE OLIVER H. PERRY



BATTLE OF LAKE ERIE. COMMODORE PERRY LEAVING HIS FLAGSHIP

but were only slightly separated. He now brought the Niagara by the wind on the starboard tack, backing the maintop-sail to check the vessel's headway. With his starboard guns he continued to pour broadsides into the Queen Charlotte and the Hunter, which now lay astern of her.

In this position some of the shots, passing entirely through the Charlotte's ports, took effect on the Detroit.

By this time the smaller American vessels had come into the fight. They were on the windward side and kept up a destructive fire of grape and canister. Unfortunately, in this position whenever their shot, and that of the Niagara, missed the enemy, it was likely to take effect on the American boats.

But the British guns were silenced. An officer came to the taffrail of the Charlotte to signify that she had struck.

The Detroit, the Hunter, and the Lady Prevost followed her example.

Seven minutes after the Niagara broke the English line and opened her awful fire, every British flag was down.

The fleets had fought just three hours and a quarter on that memorable 10th of September, and when the smoke of battle blew away friend and foe were seen closely intermixed.

The victorious Niagara still flew the signal for close action. But her guns were quiet and she lay hard by her conquered prey, the Detroit, Queen Charlotte and the Hunter.

The Chippewa and Little Belt, with all sail spread were trying to escape to Malden. But the Caledonia, Scorpion and Trippe were in such a position to the leeward that they were able to pursue and force them to strike.

The Lawrence was a helpless wreck, but the American flag once more proudly floated over her deck.

When Perry sent an officer to take possession of the Detroit she presented a spectacle of death and ruin hardly less tragic and revolting than that of the Lawrence.

The dismounted guns encumbered the deck. The dead were piled in heaps. Everywhere gore and shattered limbs and shreds of human beings were to be seen.

The first lieutenant had been killed, and the second lieutenant was in command, with a few surviving officers and men.

Commodore Barclay had once been carried below, severely wounded. When he regained consciousness he insisted on being taken to the deck.

Soon he was struck by a second grape shot, which shattered his shoul-

der blade. A second time he was carried helpless and insensible to his cabin.

When the officer in command saw the day was lost he sent word to the prostrate Barclay. The determined commodore ordered himself to be lifted a second time to the deck, that he might see with his own eyes if there was any hope in further resistance.

There was none.

He yielded and the Stars and Stripes waved in victory over the Union Jack.

Perry retired to his cabin and wrote to General Harrison that famous dispatch which for terseness vies with the *veni, vidi, vici* of Caesar.

"Dear General: We have met the enemy and they are ours. Two ships, two brigs, one schooner and one sloop.

"Yours with very great respect and esteem, O. H. Perry."

Then to the Secretary of the Navy he wrote:

"Sir: It has pleased the Almighty to give to the arms of the United States a signal victory over their enemies on this lake. The British squadron, consisting of two ships, two brigs, one schooner and one sloop, have this moment surrendered to the force under my command after a sharp conflict.

"I have the honor to be, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant, O. H. Perry."

With a sad heart, Perry finally went to the Lawrence.

The deck was foul and slippery with blood. The forms of the twenty officers and men who had been killed had not yet been removed. Everywhere the ship was filled with the pitiful sounds of the suffering of the wounded.

A silent welcome was his salutation as he came over the ship's side. Words had no place.

Though three officers from Commodore Barclay came aboard at that moment to deliver the Englishman's sword, Perry could not exult in the glory of victory. As his feet trod in the blood of his brave followers he could but sorrow for what the victory had cost.

With solemn but courteous air he refused the proffered hilts of the officers' swords, and said:

"I beg of you to keep your side arms."

This ceremonial of triumph over, Perry made a round of the dead and dying. His little twelve-year-old brother was sleeping quietly in his hammock. As he passed him he smiled affectionately, and with grateful recognition exclaimed:

"I believe that my wife's prayers have saved me this day."

The solemn and beautiful service of the Episcopal Church was then read over the dead seamen and their bodies committed to the deep.

The next morning the combined fleet arrived at Put-in-Bay.

Commodore Perry's courteous treatment of the captured squadron elicited a heartfelt and generous testimony from the brave leader of the enemy, Captain Barclay, who said:

"The conduct of Perry toward the captive officers and men was sufficient of itself to immortalize him."

Perry visited the wounded Barclay. His solicitude and warm-hearted kindness won the affections of his fallen foe. From that time the two became constant friends.

On his own responsibility Perry advanced money to the British officers. He pledged himself to secure a parole for Barclay, and finally succeeded.

The victory wrested the command of Lake Erie from the British. It led to the restoration of the territory of Michigan, and the release of the northern frontier from the cruelties of the savage. It was the great event of the war. Perry, able, brave, and magnanimous, was at once enrolled among those heroes whom our country will never cease to honor.

He died in Port Spain, Island of Trinidad, August 23, 1819.

STORY OF PERRY'S FIGHT BY A PARTICIPANT IN THE ENGAGEMENT.

Mr. John Norris, an old man of eighty-four years of age, the only survivor of Commodore Perry's victory, told this story a few years before his death. It is a graphic, picturesque narration worthy of a permanent place in our literature:

A correspondent of the Cincinnati Enquirer interviewed Mr. John Norris, the only survivor of Commodore Perry's famous victory on Lake Erie in his flagship Lawrence, which was raised at Misery Bay, Erie Harbor. Mr. Norris was in his eighty-fourth year, and resided at Petersburg, Kentucky, where he recited to his newspaper visitor the following:

I enlisted from Mason County, Kentucky, in May, 1813, and was soon after mustered at the old barracks in Newport in a company of cavalry, Captain John Payne, of Augusta, commander.

The company was made up of men from Mason, Bracken, Lewis, Lemon and Fayette counties, and was mustered in for six months. We were assigned to Colonel Johnson's three months' regiment—nearly all

the members of which were also from Kentucky—and we then began scouring the Indian country towards Northern Ohio.

We stopped in Fort Meigs and in Camp Seneca on the Sandusky River, then in command of General Harrison, and then we joined Colonel Ball's forces from Maryland and proceeded down toward lower Sandusky.

We were armed with swords and pistols.

On the way down our advance guard was ambushed by a party of Indians, numbering only thirteen.

This provoked an attack from our whole army, and the Indians were all slain. After the skirmish, as each man came filing back into line, over fifty men individually claimed to have "bloodied" their swords in the heart of a live Indian.

Each of fifty men had killed a savage when there were only thirteen savages to kill.

I didn't "bloody" my sword.

About this place and Seneca we skirmished the most of the summer, carrying on a sort of predatory warfare.

Toward the latter part of the season Commodore Perry sent word down to General Harrison that he wanted a company of fighting men, and General Harrison dispatched a messenger over to our company asking for volunteers. The general had tickled the pride of us Kentuckians by saying we did not know when we were whipped, and when he sent his messenger he sent him with instructions to ask for volunteers only.

The messenger came to our company. I had been eager to see some good fighting before my six months' term expired. As I heard the message delivered, therefore, I jumped at the chance, and was the first to exclaim:

"I am one to go."

"I am second," "I am third," etc., in quick succession passed down the line until twenty men from our company had volunteered their services.

We were taken down the Sandusky the next day to Perry's fleet, which was lying at Portage, near what is now called Sandusky City, and were placed on board the *Caledonia*, commanded by Captain Turner.

This was toward the latter part of August; I don't just remember the day. The commodore had made several ineffectual efforts to induce the British commander to come out from his stronghold in Malden and engage him, but the wily old Britisher did not respond. He maintained his

dignity and strengthened himself by building and manning another vessel, called the *Detroit*, and by cruising about on his own side of the lake, out of reach of Perry.

We had eight vessels and the British only six, but these were manned with more and heavier guns. If I remember rightly, we had only fifty guns, while *John Bull* had nearly or quite sixty-nine.

Early on the morning of the 10th of September I was sleeping on the deck of the *Caledonia*, and being suddenly awakened by hearing men talk excitedly, I inquired the cause.

I was told that the long-wished-for time was near at hand—that the enemy was approaching us.

With the naked eye I could see nothing; but being proffered a spy-glass, I for the first time beheld the British squadron in battle array. For a moment the prospect was not cheering, and my knees in spite of me would smite each other. This kind of feeling did not last long, however. The hurry and bustle of preparation gave no time for fear, and when at noon we came together my knees were ready to do my bidding.

The blue bunting, with the words of the dying Lawrence, "Never give up the ship," in white letters, was run up to the masthead of Perry's ship, the *Lawrence*, and then the terrible battle began.

Prior to this, and while drilling, it had generally required six and eight men to move the twenty-four pounders with which the *Caledonia* was armed; now, in the excitement of battle, three of us could load and fire our gun as often as one could an ordinary musket.

So long as we saw our banner flying from the mast of the *Lawrence* we felt to fight like tigers. Suddenly, however, we saw the old flag coming down.

Never could I forget the feelings I then experienced. I thought the day was lost, and that the glory we had dreamed of was gone.

I wanted to die.

Yet we fought on, but without spirit.

Meantime we saw a small rowboat leaving the *Lawrence* manned by six men, and suddenly we saw an officer rise up in that boat and fling out the same old banner that had waved from the *Lawrence*, and then our spirits took new courage.

We knew that officer to be our commodore, and we knew, too, that the day was not lost. We saw the frail boat making for the *Niagara*, and soon we saw the old banner climbing the *Niagara's* mast, and then a cheer went up, and the struggle was renewed.

The *Niagara* pushed in between the enemy's men-of-war's men, and

vomited forth her broadsides. From Perry came the order to the Caledonia to close up nearer and let the enemy have it fresh from the mouths of our twenty-four pounders.

The order was no sooner given than we did close up, and so did the whole line.

The effect was terrible, and the British pride was soon conquered. One by one the enemy's flags kissed the deck, and one by one his guns ceased to speak, until just before four o'clock, three hours and forty minutes after the struggle began, the last gun was fired.

That last gun was on the Caledonia, and was the one manned by myself and others, and not by Stephen Chaplain, as has been before stated.

And it was the last shot that the gun ever fired, for she had then become disabled. At her breach she had a seam wide enough to insert a case-knife.

This seam I discovered, and when calling Captain Turner's attention to it, he said:

"My God, how we have escaped! Another fire and we would have been blown to atoms!"

I know that after this there was not another shot fired, and I can recall all the circumstances.

We on the Caledonia felt very proud. We felt proud when we learned of the commodore's message:

"We have met the enemy and they are ours."

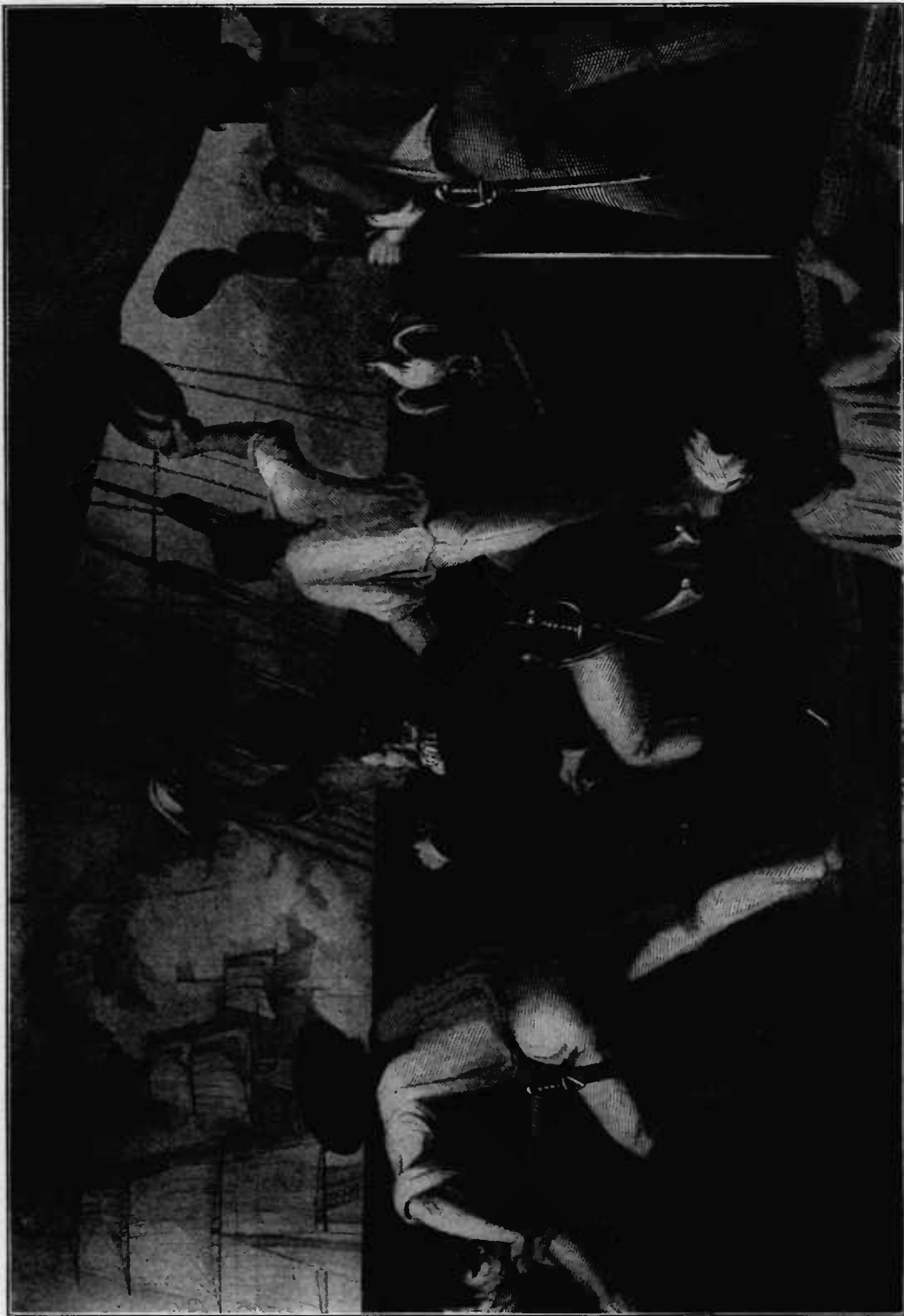
And we felt proud when we heard that in his official report he would say:

"The Caledonia did more real damage to the enemy than any other vessel."

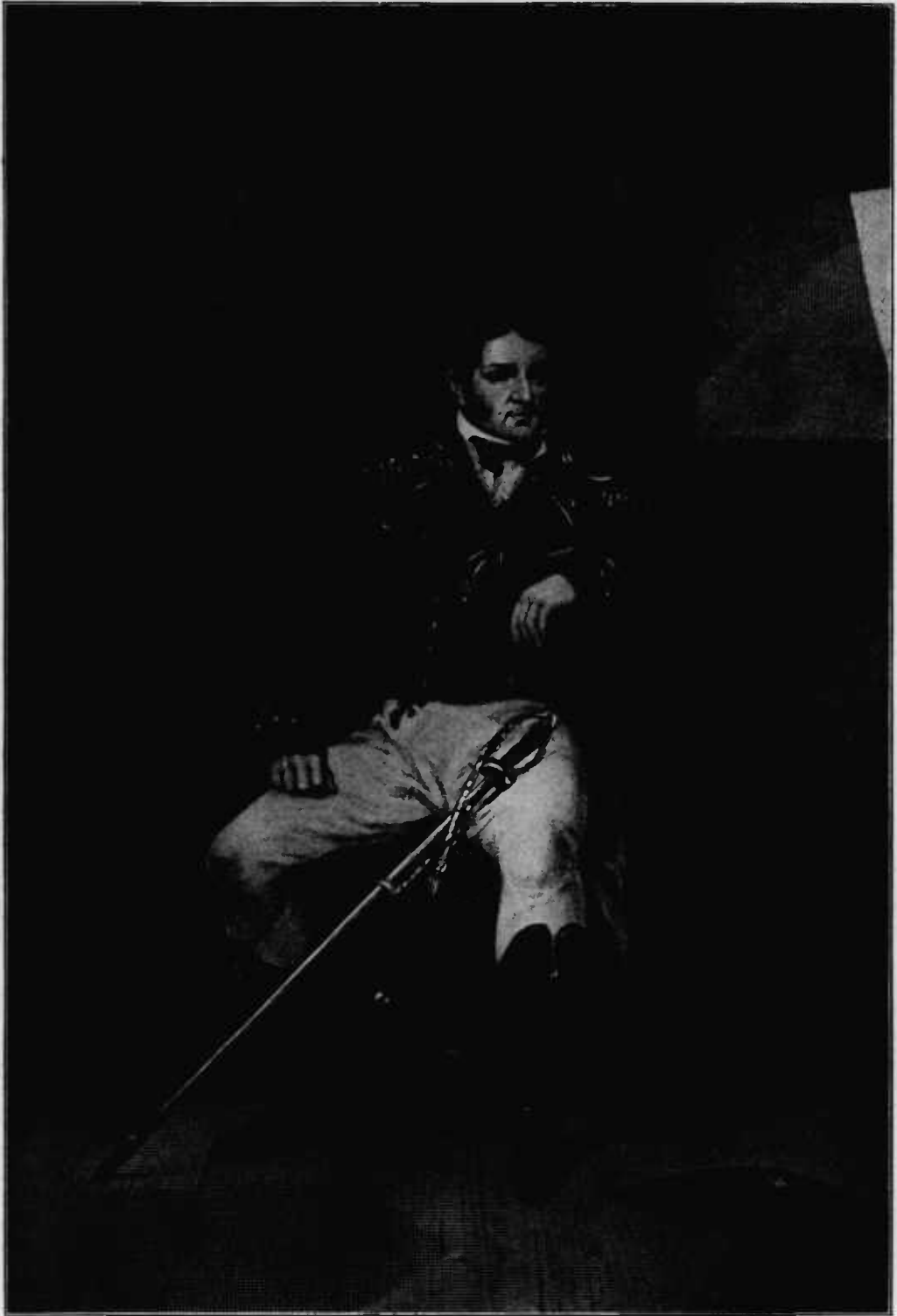
And my Kentucky pride swelled, I tell you, when Colonel Todd told me that he heard Commodore Perry say to General Harrison, when talking of the men which the latter had sent him, that if it had not been for those twenty men sent him from Seneca he believed he would have lost the battle.

I escaped without a scratch, though on the deck of the Caledonia it would have been hard, after the battle, to have found a spot larger than your hand where a cannon ball had not done some damage.

The dead and the wounded cared for, the dead privates heaved into the lake and the officers carried ashore and buried, we soon after left the Caledonia, and after a short trip to Malden we were again made "land lubbers."



BATTLE OF LAKE CHAMPLAIN. MACDONOUGH POINTING THE GUN



COMMODORE T. MACDONOUGH

CHAPTER VI.

THOMAS McDONOUGH, THE HERO OF LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

Thomas McDonough will live in our history as the Hero of Lake Champlain. A more gallant commander never stood on the quarter-deck of an American vessel. He was born in 1786, in the county of Newcastle, Delaware.

His father was a physician of considerable eminence. In 1775 he was appointed major in Colonel Haslett's regiment, but soon retired from the service.

When the Revolutionary struggle ended he was appointed to a judgeship. This office he held with credit until his death, in 1795. His eldest son, James, had a taste for the sea, and was with Commodore Truxton in the engagement between the Constitution and French frigate L'Insurgente, in 1799. In this battle he lost a leg and was forced to retire from the service.

Thomas, inspired by the example of his father and elder brother, began his naval career at an early age. When twelve years old he obtained a midshipman's warrant and entered the navy. His first service was on the American coast. Later he sailed with the fleet to the Mediterranean, where he rendered himself conspicuous for bravery in the war with Tripoli.

His manner was grave and thoughtful beyond his years. When, however, the occasion of trial came he showed that he was possessed of a most dauntless spirit.

McDonough was the kind of a sailor Decatur chose when he proposed to burn the Philadelphia, which had been captured by the Tripolitans. He was therefore appointed to accompany Lawrence, as one of the officers, on that daring and successful enterprise.

The trust of the commodore was not misplaced, and McDonough came to enjoy the companionship in service of this gallant officer.

While cruising in the Mediterranean the following incident occurred which illustrates the firm, decided character of the man.

An American merchantman had come to anchor in a certain port, just ahead of the Siren. Captain Smith of the war vessel was absent at the time on shore.

Very soon a British frigate, which was lying in the harbor, sent a boat to the merchantman. The men boarded the American vessel and took off one of the seamen.

McDonough was first lieutenant of the *Siren*, and senior officer on board at the time. When he saw the occurrence he promptly called out:

“Lower the gig!”

An armed crew was sent on and McDonough, taking the tiller ropes, overhauled the British boat just as she was pulling alongside the frigate. He seized the man who had been impressed and returned him to his own boat.

The rescue had been so prompt and daring that the British were struck aghast. They were too astonished to offer the least resistance.

When the English commander was informed of the incident he hastened on board the *Siren*. Confronting McDonough he angrily demanded:

“How dare you take a man from my boat?”

“The man is an American seaman and under the protection of the flag of the United States, and it is my duty to protect him,” quietly but determinedly answered McDonough.

Swearing a tremendous oath, the captain said, “I don’t care for your American flag! If you don’t give up the man I’ll bring my frigate alongside and blow you to the devil!”

“That you may do, but as long as my vessel floats you shall not have the man,” said McDonough.

“You’re a hair-brained youth, and will repent of your rashness. If I had been in the boat you would not have dared to take the man.”

“I should have tried, at any rate.”

“What, sir! would you venture to interfere if I were to impress the men from that brig?”

“You have only to try it, sir, to find out,” answered the resolute McDonough.

The enraged Englishman returned to his frigate. A boat was manned and armed. With threatening aspect they pulled off again towards the American merchantman.

McDonough manned and armed a boat and went to meet the foe.

This seemed to bring the Englishman to his senses. He changed his course, took a roundabout turn and pulled back to his ship.

The cool, determined conduct of McDonough showed the temper of the man. He was not to be trifled with. The Englishman recognized the

fact, and was wise enough to avoid a collision with the spirited American lieutenant.

In his youth McDonough was one of the most athletic officers in the navy. He was proficient at sword play and held a wide reputation as an expert with the blade.

Once when the Siren was lying in the harbor of Syracuse, McDonough was caught on shore. The last ship's boat had returned to the squadron for the night.

There was nothing left but to hire a boat; but finding three men instead of the usual number, two, in it he became suspicious. He refused to allow them to row him to his vessel. At this the men drew their poniards and attacked him.

In an instant his trusty blade flashed from its sheath. Though they were three to one he succeeded, by his superior skill, in wounding two of his assailants. The third took to his heels.

Not satisfied with driving them off McDonough pursued the fugitive to the roof of the barracks. The would-be assassin escaped the sword, but not death, by jumping to the ground.

Officers and men all admired the resolute spirit of the young lieutenant. His heroism always had a moral element in it, and this elevated it far above any exhibition of mere brute courage.

His true dignity of character and fire of spirit were chiefly manifest when action and moments of trial brought his heroic qualities into play.

His complexion was fair his eyes and hair light. Ill health, caused by hard service, had, in later life, weakened his once vigorous frame, and gave him an appearance which failed to proclaim the grand qualities of the man.

He was tall of stature and possessed of that gentle dignity that belongs to the gentleman of the old school. His face was resolute, but genial.

No taint of impurity ever touched his character. He was as humble a Christian as he was a brilliant hero.

After the war with Tripoli, McDonough passed a number of years in retirement. Nothing of importance occurred in his life from that time till the war of 1812.

He was, at that time, twenty-six years old. At twenty-eight he was appointed to the command of the small naval force on Lake Champlain, which was regarded as a most important point of defense.

The American squadron consisted of McDonough's flagship, the Saratoga, carrying twenty-six guns and two hundred and twelve men; the

Eagle, a brig of twenty guns and one hundred and fifty men; the Ticonderoga, a schooner of seventeen guns and one hundred and ten men; the Preble, a sloop of seven guns and thirty men; and ten small gunboats.

Captain McDonough anchored his vessels opposite the mouth of the Saranac River. They formed a line running north and south and parallel to the shores.

The Eagle was farthest north. Then came the Saratoga and Ticonderoga, and lastly the Preble.

The gunboats formed a second line. They were placed in the intervals between the larger vessels and behind them.

Thus the American line formed a barrier, so that the British vessels could pass neither north nor south.

There was nothing now to do but to wait. This, young McDonough proceeded calmly to do.

On the morning of September 11, 1814, as the sun rose, McDonough's guard-boat came alongside. Saluting his commander the officer reported:

"The enemy's vessels are coming!"

Turning to his lieutenant McDonough quietly remarked:

"Lieutenant, display the signal to prepare for action."

The crews responded to the signal with a will. Decks were cleared, guns run out, and preparations made to fight the British just as they were while the fleet lay at anchor.

As eight bells were sounding, the sails of the British squadron began to appear. One by one, in menacing array, they doubled Cumberland Head and sailed into the bay.

The British fleet was much superior in weight to the American.

The *Confiance*, Captain Downie's flagship, was a frigate-decked boat of thirty-seven guns, and a crew of three hundred men.

The next in size was the *Linnet*. She was a brig of sixteen guns and a crew of a hundred men.

Besides these there were two sloops, the *Chubb* and the *Finch*. Each had a full armament and a crew of forty men.

Twelve gunboats completed the list. These made a total of sixteen vessels, carrying ninety-six guns and a thousand men.

To cope with this armament the Americans had fourteen vessels, mounting eighty-six guns and manned by eight hundred and fifty men.

With their white wings spread, the enemy's vessels rounded the head. One after the other they formed into line abreast and headed towards the American squadron.

McDonough having had ample time to make all preparations, he accordingly spent those few anxious moments, just before the conflict, in reading the prayer of the Episcopal service appointed to be read before a fight at sea against an enemy.

“O most powerful and glorious Lord God, the Lord of Hosts, that rulest and commandest all things; Thou sittest in the throne judging right, and therefore we make our address to Thy Divine Majesty in this our necessity, that Thou wouldest take the cause into Thine own hand, and judge between us and our enemies. Stir up Thy strength, O Lord, and come and help us; for thou givest not alway the battle to the strong, but canst save by many or by few. O let not our sins cry now against us for vengeance; but hear us, Thy poor servants, begging mercy, and imploring Thy help, and that Thou wouldest be a defense unto us against the face of the enemy. Make it appear that Thou art our Savior and mighty Deliverer, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.”

As the British came on the *Eagle* at the head of the American line, opened fire. The distance at first was too great. The shots apparently produced no effect on the advancing enemy.

However, the English gunboats opened fire in response and kept up a heavy cannonading. McDonough, with glass in hand, watched the *Eagle's* fire. When the shots began to tell he brought the *Saratoga's* guns to bear on the approaching vessels.

Just at this moment a young cock, which had got out of the coop, perched himself on the gun slide and giving his wings a vigorous flap let out a lusty crow.

The crew at once saw in this a favorable omen. Their spirits were roused and they gave voice to three hearty cheers.

The enemy were now in range of the *Saratoga's* guns. McDonough himself sighting a long twenty-four pounder, gave the order to fire. The shot struck the *Confiance* fairly in the bows. It swept along the whole length of the deck, killing several men and carrying away the wheel.

Confident in his superior force, Captain Downie tried to bring his vessels to bear on the American line.

The *Confiance*, however, had been so badly crippled already that she was obliged to check her advance. Casting out her anchor she took up a position a quarter of a mile from the American line.

This movement was seconded by the *Linnet*. Finding a favorable position forward of the *Eagle's* beam, she also anchored.

The *Chubb* kept under way. Her object was to rake the American

line. In the meantime the Finch with the gunboats got abreast of the Ticonderoga.

The *Confiance* had been exposed to a hot fire while she was anchoring. Still Captain Downie would not allow a single shot to be fired in reply until this feat was accomplished.

Now, however, he opened with a murderous broadside. Every gun was discharged at the same instant, and aimed directly at the *Saratoga*.

Forty men were killed by this single broadside!

The *Saratoga's* deck was encumbered with the dead and dying. It was found necessary to remove the hatches, which had been fastened down, and to pass the killed and wounded below.

The awful slaughter had caused a momentary panic on board. Order was soon restored and McDonough had his little ship fighting as gallantly as ever.

All the ships, in both squadrons, were now hotly engaged. Flash rapidly followed flash and the roar of artillery was continuous.

The *Chubb*, while manoeuvring, had received a heavy broadside from the *Eagle*. This so crippled her that she drifted helplessly towards the *Saratoga*. A well placed shot from one of the flagship's guns forced her to strike her colors. McDonough sent a crew aboard and took possession at once.

In the meantime the *Finch* had been given such a punishment by the *Ticonderoga* that she was driven from her position. The stream carried her away in an unmanageable condition and she grounded on the shoal of Crab Island. Here she was forced to strike her colors.

The British gunboats closed in on the American vessels. The fire became too hot for the *Preble* and she cut her cables and ran in to a safe distance. The efforts of the gunboats were then concentrated on the *Ticonderoga*.

Again and again they were within a boat hook's length of the schooner. Each time the *Ticonderoga's* commander, pacing the taffrail amid showers of grape and canister, directed the discharge of musket balls and small missiles with such effect that the gunboats were driven off.

The *Eagle* was getting the worst of her duel with the *Linnet*. She was soon forced to slip her cables, and with topsails set she moved down to a position between the *Saratoga* and *Ticonderoga*.

The *Linnet* now joined the *Confiance* in her fire upon the *Saratoga*. The result was almost annihilation for the American boat. The *Eagle*,

in her new position, began to open fire and drew some of the shot that had been directed against the flagship.

Still the *Saratoga* had suffered so severely from the concentrated fire that she had not a gun left on the starboard side.

Captain McDonough was not without resources even in this plight.

"Out with the kedge anchors," he ordered.

"Now, heave away," and by means of hawsers he skilfully turned his vessel around. This enabled him to bring his larboard guns to bear.

The *Confiance* attempted the same manoeuver. It was unsuccessful.

Terrible broadsides from the *Saratoga's* fresh guns raked her fore and aft, and reluctantly she lowered her colors to the Stars and Stripes.

The conquest over the flagship, *Confiance*, meant victory over the fleet. The battle of Lake Champlain had been fought and won! It had taken just two hours and a quarter to win one of the greatest of American naval conflicts.

The *Linnet* held out for a little longer. Then the *Saratoga*, bringing her guns on the *Englishman*, let go a thundering broadside. This was too much for the *Linnet* and she lowered her flag,—the third one to dip to the *Saratoga* that day.

The gunboats, seeing the situation, hauled down their ensigns, and the only colors that remained were the proud and glorious American banners.

It was a bloody battle. Fifty-two Americans were killed and fifty-eight wounded.

Twice the *Saratoga* had been set on fire by hot shot from the *Confiance* during the engagement. The heroic exertions of the crew and the coolness of her commander alone saved the vessel.

That she was not sunk was due to the fact that the enemy aimed a little high. Fifty-five round shot had penetrated her hull. Thirty-nine took effect on the *Eagle*.

The British suffered still more severely.

Though the real number of killed and wounded was never ascertained, the *Confiance* reported forty-one dead and eighty-three wounded.

The *Linnet* was believed to have had many more than ten killed and fourteen wounded. This, however, was the number stated by the British.

It is quite certain that the loss of the *Finch*, put down at two wounded, was very much underestimated.

Besides the larger boats the enemy's gunboats had suffered severely. Their loss, however, was never ascertained.

After they had struck, they waited a little to be taken possession of, but as no one came, on account of a misunderstanding, they set sail and made their escape.

A gun was accidentally discharged by the party that boarded the *Confiance*. Taking it for a signal the gunboats moved off without colors, one after another.

McDonough did not have a vessel left with a mast standing. Thus he could not pursue with a large boat. The gunboats could not be spared, as their crews were required to man the pumps to keep the larger boats afloat. So he was obliged to see his conquered enemy quietly sail away.

This victory justly earned McDonough the title of one of the greatest of our naval heroes. The nation overwhelmed him with praise. Everywhere a grateful and enthusiastic people made the victory an occasion of festive honor.

Public receptions were proffered; feasts were spread. But with true and characteristic modesty they were generally refused.

Congress voted him thanks. An appropriate medal was bestowed, and he was promoted to the rank of post-captain. The under officers were not forgotten. Medals and swords were presented them, while the petty officers, seamen and marines were given three months' extra pay.

The State of New York gave Captain McDonough a beautiful sword and a thousand acres of land. Vermont donated two hundred acres to him. Both tracts were situated in full view of the scene of the battle.

But the most flattering testimonial he ever received was a sword, costing thirteen hundred dollars, the gift of the officers and men he had commanded in the Mediterranean.

He died at sea, November 16, 1825, on board a trading brig, that had been sent by the United States government to bring him home from his last command, the Mediterranean squadron.

CHAPTER VII.

THE GENERAL ARMSTRONG AND PRIVATEERS OF THE WAR OF 1812.

Considerations of expediency recommended the system of privateering to the United States during the war of 1812. The American navy was feeble; while that of England was very strong. England, moreover, had an extended commerce that could be seriously harassed, as her sails were on every sea.

This system of warfare was sanctioned at the time both by the laws of nations, and by the general sentiments of mankind. Congress at once, at the outbreak of hostilities, authorized the President to issue commissions to private armed vessels of the United States, and he was not tardy in granting these letters of marque and reprisal.

In six months New York and Baltimore alone had sent out forty-one privateers, many letters of marque, and a large number of pilot-boats.

The privateers carried from six to ten guns, and a crew of forty or fifty men. The pilot-boats usually had a single "Long Tom," mounted on a swivel in the center, and a crew of about fifty men.

The fortunes of these craft were varied and interesting. Wonderful boldness and consummate skill were constantly displayed by the American seamen, who manned them. They were untaught in the art of naval warfare, but blest with unerring judgment.

After the first six months of the war had passed, the greater number of the naval conflicts was conducted, on the American side, by private armed vessels. In three years and nine months they captured, burned or destroyed about sixteen hundred English vessels.

The American loss was much smaller, owing to the fact that the merchant marine was insignificant and that a majority of the vessels were kept in port. Five hundred ships of all classes would cover the captures made by the British.

A fair representative of the American privateer was the General Armstrong, which in March, 1813, was cruising off the coast of South America, under command of Guy R. Champlin.

Sighting a British sloop-of-war, the General Armstrong gave chase.

The enemy was the *Coquette*, mounting twenty-seven guns, and manned by a hundred and twenty hands.

At ten o'clock the vessels were in shooting distance, and a brisk engagement began. Champlin and his officers concluded from the actions of their antagonist that she was a British letter of marque. They accordingly agreed to board her, and for this purpose tacked and ran full for her side. But they had made a mistake in their calculations. The vessel was much larger than they had imagined.

It was too late to retreat. For an hour the two ships poured heavy shot into each other, waging a fierce and obstinate fight within pistol distance. The *Armstrong* was severely crippled, and Champlin was wounded in the shoulder. From his cabin, however, he continued to give orders until his vessel was out of close range of the enemy.

The men were then set to work the sweeps. By vigorous pulling and skilful sailing the *Armstrong* escaped, but under a heavy fire from the *Coquette*.

At a meeting of the stockholders held in Tammany Hall, Champlin, on his return to New York, was presented with an elegant sword.

"This," said the president, "is in token of your gallant conduct and skilful seamanship which saved our vessel and your crew."

Under the command of Captain Samuel C. Reid, the *General Armstrong*, in September, 1814, had the most desperate and famous fight recorded in the history of privateering during the war.

Captain Reid had anchored his ship in the harbor of Fayal, in the Azore Islands. It was a neutral port and belonged to Portugal. Here the *Armstrong* was attacked by a large British squadron under command of Commodore Lloyd. The enemy's fleet consisted of the flagship *Plantagenet*, the frigate *Rota*, and the brig *Carnation*. The vessels carried a total of one hundred and thirty-six guns and a full complement of men.

The *Armstrong* carried only seven guns and ninety men.

In direct violation of neutrality laws Commodore Lloyd sent four large, well armed launches, manned with a total of a hundred and sixty men, into the harbor at night to attack the Americans. Reid, fearing treachery, had worked his vessel under the Castle's guns.

These now aided the privateer in repelling the attack. The launches could not withstand the accurate fire, and drew off with heavy loss. The *Armstrong* had her first lieutenant wounded and one man killed.

At midnight the attack was renewed, with fourteen launches and five hundred men. A terrible conflict of an hour ensued.

Again the enemy was repulsed with terrible slaughter. One hundred and twenty men were killed and as many more wounded.

At daylight the fight was reopened by the *Carnation*. The *Armstrong* poured a telling fire into her which raked her fore and aft, and she hastily and ignominiously withdrew.

The privateer was also very much damaged.

"She cannot float through another attack," said Reid; "send the ship's carpenter below and direct him to scuttle the vessel. At any rate she shall not fall into the hands of the enemy."

The *Armstrong* was then abandoned. The British boarded her at once and set her on fire.

The several attacks had lasted ten hours. In this brief period the British casualties amounted to three hundred, while the Americans lost but two killed and seven wounded.

The unequal contest against this British squadron was a wonderful exhibition of bravery. Besides this, to Captain Reid and his gallant men is due the credit that New Orleans was not captured. Lloyd's squadron was part of the expedition then collecting at Jamaica to seize this southern American port.

The aim of the unwarranted attack on the *Armstrong* was to capture her and make her a useful auxiliary in the expedition.

The result was that the unexpected happened. The American vessel so crippled the fleet and decimated the crew that Lloyd was ten days late in reaching Jamaica.

These ten days gave General Jackson time to approach the unprotected city. When the British expedition did finally arrive "*Old Andy*" had made preparations for them and the city was no longer a defenceless prey.

England made apology to Portugal for the violation of neutrality. She also paid that government an indemnity for property destroyed at *Fayal*; but neither Portugal nor America obtained satisfaction or restitution for the destruction of the *Armstrong* in a neutral port.

The conduct of the *Armstrong* and the circumstances of the attack made a commotion in the United States. Captain Reid was praised and lauded as one of the most daring of American naval commanders. The State of New York presented him with a sword and honored him with thanks on his return to his native land. He was greeted with enthusiasm wherever he went.

THE ROSSIE.

Another privateer vessel that holds a record for adventure was the *Rossie*. She was a swift clipper-built schooner, of fourteen guns, and a crew of a hundred and twenty men, under the command of the naval veteran Commodore Barney.

On the 12th of July, 1812, Barney sailed from Baltimore on one of the most exciting voyages on record.

Nine days out of Baltimore Barney seized the brig *Nymph*, from Newburyport, for violating the non-importation act. The next day he, in turn, was chased by a British frigate. The *Rossie* showed a clean pair of heels to the Englishman and made good her escape, although she had twenty-five shot hurled at her from the frigate's bow chasers.

On July 30th, the *Rossie* was chased again by a frigate and again she outsailed her pursuer. The next two days were each celebrated by a capture. The first, the *Princess Royal*, Barney burned; the second, the *Kitty*, he took and manned.

Things were now coming Barney's way. On August 2d, he burned the brigs *Fame* and *Devonshire*, and the same day captured the brig *Two Brothers*. Putting sixty of his prisoners on board the latter he sent her as a cartel to St. Johns, New Brunswick, to effect an exchange of as many American prisoners.

With the prisoners Barney sent his compliments to Admiral Sawyer, the English commander.

"Treat these prisoners well," he said, "and I will soon send you another shipload of captives for exchange."

The third of August was also a red letter day. He took and sunk the brig *Henry*, the schooners *Race-Horse* and *Halifax*, captured and manned the brig *William* and added forty prisoners to the number on board the *Two Brothers*.

On August 9th, Barney had a brief action with the twelve-gun ship *Jenney*. She proved no match for the *Rossie* and soon lowered her colors. The next day the *Rebecca*, of Saco, was seized for a breach of the non-importation law, and on the 28th, the *Euphrates*, of New Bedford, for the same reason.

Barney now put into port at Newport. He had been out forty-five days and had captured fourteen vessels, nine of which he destroyed.

On September 7th, the *Rossie* sailed out of the harbor for another cruise. Two days from port she fell in with a British squadron, and it

was only due to her good sailing qualities that Barney did not lose his ship.

Three days later she had another run for her life. Six hours an English frigate tried to get in range, but Barney shook out his sails and darkness found them far in the lead.

On the 16th of September, Barney attempted to capture the armed packet Princess Amelia. The English vessel made a stubborn and determined resistance. For an hour the two vessels lay at pistol range firing heavy shot at each other.

Barney's first lieutenant and six men were wounded. The Princess Amelia lost her captain, sailing master and one seaman killed, and six men wounded.

The Amelia had hardly struck her flag, when Barney saw three ships bearing down upon him. Hastily securing his prize, he turned his vessel to engage the strangers. An eighteen-pound shot through the *Rossie's* quarter made Barney trim his sails and take to his heels.

For four days he dogged the three vessels in the hope that, if they became separated, he could pounce down on one of them and capture it. Finally he gave up the game.

Meeting the privateer *Globe*, of Baltimore, the two sailed on in company. They captured the British schooner *Jubilee* and sent her to port, and seized the *Merrimac* for a violation of law.

On November 10, Barney returned to Baltimore. In four months he had taken with the *Rossie* three thousand six hundred and ninety tons of shipping, valued at a million and a half of dollars, and two hundred and seventeen prisoners.

The experience of the private vessel, *Governor Tompkins*, further illustrates the spirit of the sailors on these privateers.

The *Tompkins* was a schooner of fourteen guns and a "Long Tom," manned by a hundred and forty men.

Captain Shaler, on December 25th, had sighted three vessels. They appeared to be two ships and a brig.

Shifting his sail he ran down to attack the larger vessel, which he took to be a transport. When the *Tompkins* was within a quarter of a mile the captain saw that the vessel was a large frigate, which had been completely masked.

He boldly opened fire, however, and received a terrible response.

Such an unequal contest could not be sustained and he spread his sails to fly.

"Thanks to her heels," he said, "and my brave officers and crew, I did not have to give up my command at once."

The Tompkins lost two men killed and six wounded. One of the former was a black man, named Johnson.

"This man," Captain Shaler wrote, "ought to be registered on the book of fame and remembered with reverence as long as bravery is considered a virtue."

A twenty-four pound shot struck him in the hip and tore away the lower extremities of the body. In this pitiful state the poor fellow lay on the deck. Several times he exclaimed:

"Fire away, boys; don't you neber haul dat color down!"

The other man killed was also a negro. Several times before he died he said:

"Throw me overboard, boys, I'm only in de way ob de oders."

With such stuff for sailors, even though black, America had little to fear.

There were dare-devil spirits among the privateersmen as well as in the regular service. To this class belonged Captain Boyle, who sailed first on the *Comet* and afterwards on the *Chasseur*.

This latter vessel was a beautiful brig, the fastest of all the private craft. The story of her cruises is an exciting tale of romance.

She was here, and there, and everywhere, a veritable "Phantom Ship." Sometimes she was in the West Indies, then on the coast of France, then in the English and Irish channels, then off Portugal and Spain, everywhere spreading terror among the vessels of England's merchant marine.

Eighty captured vessels is the *Chasseur's* record. Many of these vessels were of great value. Three alone were worth four hundred thousand dollars.

She swept over the seas with grace and impunity. Her captain was as bold as he was imprudent, and was confident that he could run if he could not fight.

While in the English Channel Boyle issued a burlesque proclamation. The English admirals, Warren and Cochrane, had repeatedly declared the ports of the United States blockaded, but it was no more effectual than the blockade of English ports inspired by fear of the *Chasseur*.

Said Boyle in his mock proclamation:

"I declare all the ports, harbors, bays, creeks, rivers, inlets, outlets islands and sea coast of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ire-

land in a state of blockade, and the Chasseur is sufficient force to compel obedience."

The story of all the two hundred and fifty privateersmen would fill volumes of romantic history. It would be a record of daring, boldness and adventure almost unparalleled in the history of naval combats.

The American private armed vessels bore a large share of the conflict, and carried such distress to England's commerce that they caused the disappointment and chagrin of the British ministry which had brought on the war.

By treaty, the great powers of the world have abolished privateering, holding it to be an act of piracy.

Spain was not a party to this agreement, and at the beginning of the Spanish-American war declared her intention to fit out privateers against American merchantmen. She, however, never carried her declared purpose into act.

COMMODORE JOHN RODGERS.

This intrepid naval officer was born in Hartford County, Maryland, on the 11th of July, 1771. His father was a patriotic Scotchman who served as colonel of militia during the year of independence.

Like many other distinguished American seamen John Rodgers entered the merchant service when quite young. Beginning his seafaring life at thirteen years of age he became a captain at eighteen. He entered the American navy as lieutenant in March, 1798.

He was the executive officer of the *Constellation* when the French frigate *L'Insurgente* was captured in 1799. For the services of Captain Truxton, himself and brother officers Congress voted a silver medal and passed a vote of thanks.

He performed many brilliant deeds up to his appointment by seniority as chief in command of the home squadron cruising on the Atlantic coast. He sailed in his flagship, the *President*, with his fleet to intercept the British West Indian vessels.

On June 23d, 1812, he sighted a large British man-of-war. It proved to be the *Belvidera*, a ship of thirty-six guns, under Captain Byron. Rodgers' own ship carried forty-four guns.

The wind suddenly died away, and the commodore found it impossible to overhaul the Englishman. He, however, turned his bow-chasers on the vessel in the hope of crippling her and checking her headway.

Rodgers pointed the gun with his own hands. It was the first shot of

the war. Another shot followed and another, all taking effect on the stern of the *Belvidera*.

Then an unfortunate thing occurred. When the fourth gun was fired it burst, tearing up the fore-castle deck. The commodore was thrown into the air and his leg broken in the fall. Sixteen of the crew were either killed or wounded.

This unforeseen accident compelled the President to cease firing for a time. Taking advantage of the pause the *Belvidera* began to use her stern guns and did considerable damage, killing several of the President's men.

This state of things did not last long. As soon as the President resumed her fire she did it with such effect that the *Belvidera* was forced to lighten and try to run out of range. Her anchors were cut loose, water casks stove in, and boats thrown overboard. This lightened her sufficiently to enable her to get out of range.

Rodgers could not lighten. He was bound on a cruise, and needed all his supplies. The chase had to be abandoned, though a parting broad-side indicated the American sailor's disappointment.

By this time the rest of Captain Rodgers' fleet had overtaken the President, and again he directed the course in search of the Jamaica fleet. Coconut shells and orange peelings floating in abundance near the Newfoundland banks indicated that these tropical traders could not be far off.

Surer information was gained from the skipper of a British privateer, which had been taken by the *Hornet*. This individual affirmed that he had seen the fleet; that there were eighty-one vessels convoyed by four men-of-war.

They proved too fleet for Rodgers' vessels, however, and though he followed them until within a day's sail of the English Channel he was unable to get a sight of their canvas.

Though the main object of the cruise was not accomplished, the squadron had captured seven merchantmen and recaptured an American trader. After an absence of seventy days the fleet returned to Boston.

Alarmed by the narrow escape of the *Belvidera* the English gathered their ships in force. In July they appeared off New York and were evidently on the hunt for the Yankee captain. The squadron presented a formidable appearance. It was composed of the *Africa*, of sixty-four guns; the *Guerriere*, thirty-eight; the *Shannon*, thirty-eight; the *Belvidera*, thirty-six, and the *Aeolus*, thirty-two.

Luckily they failed to fall in with Captain Rodgers. Still they hung about the coast, pouncing on all American vessels that came in their way. One of these was the little brig *Nautilus*, mounting fourteen guns.

Lieutenant Crane had been but one day out of New York when he unfortunately ran into the English fleet. There was no use to fight, so he made a desperate attempt to escape. The lee guns were thrown overboard. Every inch of sail was spread and the tanks were all started. Still the little vessel set so low in the water that she was quickly overtaken and forced to strike.

Taking off her officers and crew, the British put on another sailing force and adopted the little craft into their service. Under her new ensign she continued to hover about the coast in company with the English squadron.

Commodore Rodgers died in Philadelphia, August 1, 1838.

COMMODORE DAVID PORTER.

Five generations of the notable Porter family have served in the American navy. Among the renowned members of these sturdy, patriotic households Admiral David Porter is not the least. He was born in Boston, Mass., on the first day of February, 1780.

When nineteen years of age he was appointed midshipman in the United States frigate *Constellation*. After many exciting experiences and adventures in which his wonderful skill and genius were displayed, he was assigned to the command of the *Essex* at the beginning of the war of 1812.

When Commodore Rodgers had cleared the harbor in search of the Jamaica fleet, Captain David Porter trimmed the sails of the *Essex* and turned her prow to the southward. In the course of a few days, several English merchantmen had been captured, their crews taken on board and the boats destroyed.

Just as Porter changed his course to the northward again, the forward watch reported a fleet of English traders convoyed by a large man-of-war and a gunboat.

"Close the lower ports and clear the decks! Stand by the guns; but keep out of the enemy's sight," were the captain's quick commands.

Thus disguised, the *Essex* headed for the fleet. Porter soon overhauled the hindmost vessel.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"A transport, with British soldiers," came the reply.

When he had thus strategically determined the nature of the fleet, Porter was anxious to overhaul the convoy and, if possible, take her by surprise.

Pushing ahead in the darkness he came alongside a second vessel. Her captain had his suspicions aroused while they were exchanging greetings and made ready to signal the fleet that a suspicious stranger lay alongside.

Porter at once showed his real character and unmasked his guns.

"If you don't strike at once, and so quietly as not to disturb the suspicions of the rest of the fleet, I'll blow you out of the sea," said the American captain.

There was nothing for the Englishman to do, but haul down his colors, and an American crew immediately took possession of the transport, which had a hundred and fifty soldiers on board.

The capture had occasioned some delay. In the meantime day dawned. A surprise was no longer possible, and Porter had to give up the idea of capturing the fleet. The transports carried a thousand soldiers and were under the protection of the *Minerva*, a ship of thirty-six guns.

Captain Porter had been so successful in his guise of merchantman that he continued his cruise with his gun-deck ports in, top-gallant masts housed, and slovenly trimmed sails.

His little ruse soon proved effectual.

A sail appeared in sight. As soon as the *Essex* was sighted it boldly bore down upon her.

Captain Porter ran up his ensign and held his boat away under shortened sail.

The stranger, taking the movements to be an effort to escape, hoisted the English colors. Taking the weather-quarter she began a hot pursuit, firing her bow-chasers as she came on. At this Porter threw off all disguise.

"Open the ports," he commanded the men who had been standing by the guns, "and begin firing."

The enemy were thunderstruck. Gun crews left their places and fled below. In eight minutes her ensign was down and Porter was in possession of his majesty's ship the *Alert*, carrying twenty guns.

This was the first capture of a fighting vessel by the Americans since the beginning of the war. Its facility surprised the British, and not the least the Americans themselves, who had seemingly come to believe in the invincibility of the English navy.

It was by no means a bloody encounter. On the *Alert* three men had been wounded, while the *Essex* had not received a scratch.

The officers of the *Alert* were severely taken to task for their misfortune by the British government, and the first lieutenant was cashiered.

Porter was anxious to get rid of his prize. The prisoners seemed to be irritated because they had fallen such easy victims to the *Essex*, and showed a disposition to rise. Accordingly he converted his prize into a cartel and sent her into St. Johns.

The *Essex*, relieved of her rebellious captive, continued her cruise and soon afterwards fell in with two British frigates. Porter, who seemed fond of strategy, laid a plan to pick one of them off by boarding her during the night. This scheme, however, failed. The night was very thick and in the darkness his intended victim gave him the slip. Porter could not pursue her as he was forced to put into the *Delaware* for supplies.

As the *Alert* was the first national vessel of war which had struck her colors since the declaration of hostilities the affair was invested with peculiar interest to the American people.

Commodore Porter died in Pera, near Constantinople, Turkey, March 3, 1843.

COMMODORE RICHARD DALE

Commodore Richard Dale was born near Norfolk, Va., November 6, 1756. After many thrilling adventures and escapes from the British authorities, he allied himself with Paul Jones and became first lieutenant of the *Bon Homme Richard*. In the famous battle with the *Serapis* he received a severe wound.

In the engagement of the U. S. vessel, the *Trumbull*, in August, 1781, with the British vessels, the *Iris* and the *Monk*, he received his third wound.

He was the commodore of the Mediterranean squadron during the troubles with Tripoli. Lord Nelson, who had closely watched the skill displayed by Dale in the management of his ships, made the significant remark:

"There is a nucleus of trouble in the handling of these trans-Atlantic squadrons for the navy of Great Britain."

The prophecy was fulfilled when the war of 1812 took place, in which Dale did not participate. He died in Philadelphia, Pa., February 26, 1826.

CAPTAIN NICHOLAS BIDDLE.

Captain Biddle was one of the bravest of the Revolutionary heroes. His tragic death cutting him off in the midst of his great usefulness lends an added interest to his career. He was born in Philadelphia September 10, 1750. He began his active life upon the sea at the age of fourteen. When fifteen years of age he was shipwrecked on a shoal called the Northern Triangles, and with three companions was compelled to remain for nearly two months on one of the small uninhabited islands near the reef.

He afterwards made several European voyages in which he acquired a thorough knowledge of seamanship.

In 1770 he went to London and entered the British navy as a midshipman. When an expedition was fitted out under the command of the Hon. Captain Phipps, afterwards Lord Mulgrave, for the discovery of a northwest passage into the South Seas, young Biddle greatly desired to go.

He went to Captain Stirling, his commanding officer, to procure permission for that purpose.

"I cannot spare you," he said. "Beside, the danger is very great."

But the adventurous lad thought nothing of the danger of the expedition. He did, however, a far more dangerous thing. He left without permission, laid aside his uniform, and shipped as a sailor before the mast on board one of the vessels, the *Carcase*. On board he found Horatio Nelson, England's future greatest naval admiral, who had received the coveted permission which had been denied young Biddle.

Both boys were made cockswains before the voyage was over.

With the beginning of the Revolution, Biddle was in active service for the Colonies. He was appointed commander of the *Andrea Doria*, a brig of fourteen guns and a hundred and thirty men. Paul Jones, who was then a lieutenant, went on the same expedition with Captain Biddle, who highly appreciated him.

The *Andrea Doria* was so successful in capturing vessels that when Biddle returned to the Delaware he had but five of his original crew, the rest having been placed on prizes.

He was afterwards placed in command of the *Randolph*, a frigate of thirty-two guns, on June 6, 1776.

The *Randolph* when off the shore of South Carolina encountered, on March 7, 1777, the British man-of-war *Yarmouth*, carrying sixty-four

guns. The Randolph was unable to get away from her formidable antagonist and so entered with wonderful energy upon the contest. She fired three broadsides to the enemy's one, and while the battle lasted appeared to be in a constant blaze.

Captain Biddle was wounded soon after the engagement began. The surgeon came to examine him. While in the act of so doing and within twenty minutes of the opening of the fight the Randolph blew up.

Out of the three hundred and fifteen persons on board all perished except four men, who were tossed about on a portion of the wreck before they were taken up. The gallant captain went down with his crew.

COMMODORE ALEXANDER MURRAY.

This brave naval officer was born in Chestertown, Maryland, July 12, 1755. He first served as captain in the Continental army in the Maryland regiments, taking a conspicuous part in several hard fought battles.

He afterward entered upon a seafaring life, engaging in privateering. He was a lieutenant along with Dale on the Trumbull and received a severe wound during its engagement with the Iris and the Monk.

The Trumbull was towed the next day into New York without a mast standing and several of her gun-ports beaten into one.

When the Revolutionary war terminated he had taken part in thirteen engagements on sea and shore.

While in command of the Mediterranean squadron in 1820, with his flagship alone, the Constellation, he fought seventeen Tripolitan gun-boats and drove them into the harbor.

He joined with the British Admiral at the latter's request in receiving with honor the Duke of Kent in the harbor of Malaga. He died October 6, 1820, in Philadelphia.

CHAPTER VIII.

ADMIRAL DAVID G. FARRAGUT.

David Glasgoe Farragut was born at Campbell's Station, Tennessee, in 1801. His father was a native of Minorca Island, in the Mediterranean, but emigrated to the United States in 1776.

David was a lad of abnormal precocity. At nine years of age his father gratified his longing to be a sailor. Through the interest of his father's friend, Captain Porter, David secured a warrant as midshipman. He at once joined his ship and made several cruises under Captain Porter, though he was scarcely big enough to climb the rigging.

When the war of 1812 broke out Porter, as we have seen, was placed in command of the *Essex*. Young Farragut, now eleven years old, accompanied him. His first baptism of fire was received in the battle with the *Alert*. In eight minutes he saw this sloop of war, of twenty guns, strike her colors to Captain Porter.

Again Farragut was with Porter in his memorable cruise of a year in the Pacific. In the desperate encounter with the *Phoebe* and *Cherub* Farragut was a man in all but years. He bore himself with courage and coolness through all the two hours of terrible carnage.

It was in this battle that Farragut learned how to fight.

Porter made special mention of his young protegee to the secretary of the navy. The lad had fairly won a lieutenant's commission at twelve years of age, and it was with evident regret that Porter was compelled to add, in spite of his gallant conduct, "too young for promotion."

Farragut now enjoyed a brief school experience, but was sent to the Mediterranean in 1816. From this time he was almost constantly in active service. Promotion, however, comes slowly in times of peace, and he waited until 1825 for his lieutenancy. In 1841 he was made commander; and in 1851, captain.

Forty-one years of service, in which he had sailed on every sea and visited almost every country, had been necessary to gain this grade.

When the Civil War broke out Farragut was living in Norfolk. He was a Southerner by birth and had married a Southern lady. It was sup-

posed, therefore, that he would cast in his lot with his people, as so many Southern officers had done. But he loyally declared:

"I have no intention of abandoning that service in which I have lived from childhood to old age."

"With such views," replied his friends, "it will be dangerous for you to live in the South."

"Very well," he resolutely answered, "I will then go where I can live with such sentiments."

When the Federal Government undertook to capture New Orleans in the fall of 1861, Captain Farragut, who was promoted to the grade of flag officer, was put in command of the naval expedition.

A powerful fort on either bank guarded the passage to the city. These forts were armed with one hundred and twenty-eight heavy guns, and garrisoned by fifteen hundred Confederate troops. A heavy chain, supported on sunken hulks, blocked the stream, while above the forts lay a fleet of seventeen vessels.

Farragut had six war steamers, sixteen gunboats, five other ships, and twenty-one mortars.

"You can never hope to get by the Southern batteries," said the officer of a French man-of-war, who had been to New Orleans.

"I am ordered to go to New Orleans," replied Farragut, "and I intend to do so."

For a week the gunboats threw shells at the forts, to no effect. Farragut saw that he must watch his chance and run by.

"Whatever is to be done," he told his officers, "must be done quickly."

On the night of April 21st the chain across the river was cut, leaving a wide gap for the passage of the fleet. Three nights later the fleet was swinging idly at anchor in midstream. At two o'clock, two red lanterns slowly ascended to the peak of the flagship's mizzenmast.

It was the expected signal for close action.

In two columns the fleet steamed up the river. The vessels were hardly under way before the watchful Confederates opened fire. The boats answered gun for gun, as they steadily advanced, the flagship leading the way with the signal for close action still flying at her mizzen-top.

It was a sublime sight. Fierce flashes of guns lighted the river and forts, which had become more deeply shrouded by volumes of smoke.

Suddenly a blaze of flame lighted the river. It was a fire raft sent down the stream. The flagship turns her head to avoid the danger and in a moment is aground.

The fire raft, as if instinct with reason, floats alongside. Farragut, with infinite coolness, keeps the men at the guns. The firemen fight the flames that blaze in the Hartford's rigging.

The engines are reversed, and by a powerful effort the boat backs into deep water. The firemen continue to fight the flames until they are subdued. The fleet moves steadily on and finally it is past the forts.

But the battle is not yet won. The Confederate fleet lies waiting above. A desperate conflict ensues; but when the morning sun breaks through the smoke and mists nothing longer obstructs the Union fleet. Thirteen out of seventeen of the Confederate vessels have been sunk or burned. A thrilling shout goes up from the fleet of the victorious Farragut.

After the surrender of New Orleans Farragut ascended the river to take part in the operations against Vicksburg. Twice he passed the forts which guarded that place, but was unable to reduce them, though his fleet lay for two hours before the works, pouring in a continuous hail of shot and shell. Farragut then returned to New Orleans.

Grant at length turned his military eye on Vicksburg and determined that it must be taken. Farragut was ordered to co-operate with his fleet. To do this he must pass Port Hudson, one hundred miles below Vicksburg, which had been strongly fortified by the Confederates.

Batteries lined the banks for four miles. To pass these was the severest test to which a wooden fleet had ever been subjected.

On the 17th of March Farragut made the attempt. All day the mortar boats engaged the lower batteries. When night came on he lashed his ships in pairs and started to run the awful gauntlet.

The Confederates had made ample preparation. As soon as the fleet started, bonfires were lighted, which illuminated the river with a noon-day brightness. The Union vessels became conspicuous marks.

On the other hand the smoke from the guns on the boats obscured the river so that there was constant danger of collision. An officer stood at each prow straining his eyes to direct the vessel's course through the thickening gloom.

For an hour and a half the battle raged. The roar of cannon was deafening. At last the flagship Hartford, and her consort, emerged from the awful fire and passed into the river above. But they were alone. The rest of the fleet was driven back crippled and disabled.

In March, 1863, the rank of Rear Admiral was created by a special act of Congress. President Lincoln bestowed this high honor upon Far-

ragut with the words, "As a reward for your gallant and meritorious services during the war."

In January, 1864, Farragut sailed for Mobile Bay to take part in the operations against its defenses.

In the latter part of July the Rear Admiral felt himself strong enough to pass the two granite forts, Morgan and Gaines, and give battle to the Confederate fleet within the harbor.

Knowing that the smoke would be dense over the water, the Admiral lashed himself to the maintop to get a view of the entire conflict.

Forts and batteries opened fire, but the broadsides from the fleet drove the men from their guns and the Union fleet sailed on by.

Just at this time the *Tecumseh* struck a torpedo and went to the bottom with all on board. The *Brooklyn*, the next in line, began to back to avoid the mines, and threatened to break up the line of advance. Farragut saw the danger, and, regardless of torpedoes, pushed ahead and led the fleet into the bay.

The Confederate mail-clad ram, *Tennessee*, now made a dash at the *Hartford*, but turned again towards the protection of the forts. Farragut thought the battle was over, and sent his light vessels in pursuit of the gunboats.

At this juncture, the *Tennessee* again left her place of refuge. Her intention seemed to be to sink the flagship. Every available Union vessel was ordered to open fire on her or run her down. It was of no avail.

One after another the Union boats dealt the *Tennessee* a heavy blow. All were forced to withdraw seriously crippled, while the ram kept on uninjured.

The fortune of the day now hung on the flagship. Putting on all steam she headed for her invincible antagonist, but the *Tennessee* sheered and received a glancing blow.

Broadside after broadside was poured on the protected ram without making any impression. The wooden walls of the *Hartford* were cut down to within two feet of the water. She was supposed to be sinking.

"Save the Admiral!" was the cry. "Get the Admiral out of the ship!"

But the Admiral from his lofty position saw that his ship was safe and gave the order:

"Put the boat about and ram the *Tennessee* again."

The converging fire of the whole Federal fleet had wrought havoc on the ram *Tennessee*. As the *Hartford*, a second time, swept down upon her, her plucky captain reluctantly lowered his flag and the battle was over.

Farragut's loss in this desperate contest had been two hundred and twenty killed and wounded. He was promoted to the rank of Vice-Admiral and presented with a gift of fifty thousand dollars by the citizens of New York.

In July, 1866, when Congress created the full rank of Admiral, he was promoted to that grade by the President.

Admiral Farragut died August 14, 1870, at the age of sixty-nine. His body lies interred in the beautiful Woodlawn Cemetery in New York City.

Fit to rank with England's great naval commander, Lord Horatio Nelson, the "Hero of Trafalgar," is America's great Admiral David Glasgoe Farragut, "Old Heart of Oak!"

ADMIRAL DAVID D. PORTER.

Admiral David Dixon Porter was born in Chester, Delaware County, Pa., June 8, 1813. He entered the U. S. navy as midshipman February 2, 1829. He was on a vessel which cruised on the Mediterranean for quite a period. He then served on the coast survey until he was promoted to lieutenant February 27, 1841. He served successively on the Mediterranean and Brazilian waters, at the naval observatory at Washington and during the Mexican war. During the Civil war he rendered most efficient service.

When General Banks was operating against the Confederates in Texas, he had need of the Mississippi squadron to aid his efforts in the Red River region. Admiral Porter was accordingly dispatched to his aid with fifteen gunboats, three light steamboats, and transports filled with soldiers.

Arriving too late to take part in the capture of Fort de Russy, Porter set off for Grand Ecore. Here he turned the flat boats over to General Banks and with the rest of the fleet turned towards Shreveport.

The stream was full of snags, logs, and sand-bars which made progress very slow. During the frequent delays Porter desired the use of a horse, and so expressed himself to Gorringe, the captain of the flagship. In less than three hours Gorringe reported to the Admiral and turned over to him a fine black animal.

As the Admiral rode out that evening he met the lady who owned the horse.

"Are you enjoying your ride?" she asked bitterly, and added, "I hope you will be good enough to return the horse before you leave."

The next day Porter rode down to the house to return the horse and thank the lady for the use of it. She met him with a long story about "that old thief of an Admiral," whom she did not know by sight.

She said she had raised twenty-two bales of cotton. General Kirby Smith was to pay her ten cents a pound for it, and pass it through the Union lines. This would bring her in thirteen hundred and twenty dollars.

"But in comes that old skinflint of an Admiral," she said, "and steals all my cotton, hams, and sugar and sends them on board his vessel."

"Do you know the name of the vessel and the captain?" asked Porter.

She said she did, and gave the names. Porter sent word to the captain that he would give him four hours to return the things.

The next day the lady was profuse in her thanks.

"I'll give you a horse fit for a king," she said.

"Sell him to me. I don't take gifts; or, better, lend him to me," said Porter.

"But there is one thing you must do," said the unsuspecting lady; "you must give me your name."

"If you will give me pen and paper I will write it for you," said Porter.

Then her guest wrote out his name in full—"Admiral David D. Porter, the great old thief of the widow and orphan."

After leaving Grand Ecore the fleet was surprised by a heavy attack from shore batteries.

"Give those fellows a two-second shell, Gorringe," said the Admiral; "and another," he added, as the first sent the enemy flying.

But the Confederate fire was very deadly. The flagship was shaken by a shower of shells. Gorringe, who was the skilful engineer that brought from Egypt the obelisk which now stands in Central Park, New York, was seriously wounded in the head.

"I'm all right," he said to the Admiral, "I won't give up the wheel."

The men at the howitzers had all been killed or wounded. Springing forward, Porter ordered some slaves, who had come on board at Grand Ecore, to follow him.

"Fire the guns off!" he shouted. "Don't let them think that we are hurt."

So the black men kept one gun in action; but no one was left to fire another. The engineer was dead with his hand on the throttle, which

his dying agonies had closed. Porter again set the engine in motion and the boat passed on out of danger.

At Alexandria there was not water enough to carry the fleet over the falls. In eight days Porter, at the suggestion and with the aid of Lieutenant-Colonel Bailey, of Wisconsin, had built a dam seven hundred and fifty-eight feet long and raised the water sufficiently high to float the boats.

Colonel Bailey was promoted to the rank of brigadier-general for the valuable assistance he gave the navy at this time.

Porter had been with Farragut when he made his famous trip up the river to New Orleans, and as commander of the gunboats he shared with him in the glories of that daring exploit.

At Vicksburg he had aided in the naval operations, in connection with its siege, and finally, when Farragut took command of the Gulf squadron, Porter was left in charge of the important movements on the Mississippi.

Later in the war, when he was transferred to the Atlantic coast, he urged the famous attack on Fort Fisher. On January 13, 1865, the conflict began. Shells hissed through the air, blazed and flashed, then burst with fearful noise and shock. Great clouds of smoke and sand hid the fort from sight, but the Confederate flag still waved.

Darkness came on and the storm of battle lulled. With the morning light, sixteen hundred sailors and four hundred marines were sent ashore.

"Board the sea face, while the troops assault the land side," was the Admiral's order.

A storm of shells and grape shot was launched into the faces of the marines. Twice they were swept back, and twice they rallied to front the hill that seemed one mass of repellant fire.

The bodies of the brave fellows who had fallen covered the bloody beach. Till darkness came on the surviving heroes held their ground. Then, when the enemy could no longer see them, the little handful that remained forced their way into the fort. Soon the white flag was raised by the besieged in token of surrender.

This was one of the closing scenes of the war. The army and navy had joined hands in this last attack, and the Union fleet added imperishable laurels to the fame of its commander, the gallant and dashing Porter.

LIEUTENANT WILLIAM BARKER CUSHING.

The Civil war disclosed a host of heroes. Few attained the undying fame of Lieutenant William B. Cushing. He was born in Wisconsin, November 24, 1842, and was appointed to the naval academy from New York in 1857.

His daring exploits and hairbreadth escapes in the naval service soon gave him high rank as one of the most fearless of young men. He faced Confederate lead and iron with seeming immunity, and placed himself almost in the hands of his enemies, yet without capture.

In February, 1864, Cushing was with the blockading fleet off Wilmington, in command of the *Monticello*. The dull routine of blockade duty grew irksome and he sought diversion in a daring raid up the river.

Ensign Jones and Master's Mate Howarth, with twenty men, formed the party. He chose a dark night, and with two boats, stole quietly past the Confederate forts and up the river to Smithville. His object was to land at the town, seize the commanding officer, and, boarding what vessels he might find in the harbor, run them down the river.

Hiding the men and two boats under the bank he went off alone. Some slaves gave Cushing the information he desired and he returned to the shore.

He now set off with the two officers and a sailor for the Confederate general's headquarters. These were directly in front of the barracks, where there were a thousand men, who might easily have shot or captured the rash young lieutenant and his companions.

It so happened that there were no Confederate boats then at the wharf. General Herbert, too, was away and the adjutant-general took to the woods. However, Cushing seized upon an officer of inferior rank and took him to his boats, passing within pistol shot of the sentry on the wharf.

The adjutant, who had forgotten, in his haste, to call out the troops, now signaled to the forts that vessels were in the harbor.

Before the guns could open fire Cushing and his men were safe on board the *Monticello*.

Four months later Cushing again set out on a night foray. Jones and Howarth and fifteen men made up the party. Taking one of the *Monticello's* small boats Cushing headed for Wilmington.

Suddenly the moon, which had been thickly obscured, came out and disclosed the boat to the sentries on the shore. Cushing at once turned

in towards the bank where the shadows hid them. Thus he worked his way quietly to within seven miles of the city.

Hiding the boat in the swamp, the men kept out of sight all day. At night Cushing was on the move. He captured two boat-loads of fishermen and made them act as guides. All night he spent in studying how the river was blockaded below the town, and at daybreak again went into hiding.

When the men were safely concealed, he struck off for the main road between Wilmington and Fort Fisher. Here he lay in wait to see what he might capture.

Soon came a horseman with the mail from the fort. Cushing seized mail, horse, and man, and returned to the boats. Disguising Howarth in the mail-man's clothes, he sent him on a successful trip for food. When night came on they started for the Monticello.

Cushing had nearly reached the harbor when he was seen by a guard boat. He made ready to attack her, but at that moment three others came out of the shadows of the shore, and five more from the other side.

Cushing now turned his boat towards the only place left open. Here he beheld a schooner filled with troops.

It seemed as if his boat was lost!

But Cushing's pluck did not fail him. Quickly turning his boat he made a dash towards the bar on the west. The enemy tried to head him off, but the young lieutenant dodged them in the shadows and then sped for the harbor.

The men were as cool as their lieutenant. The oars kept perfect time, and at each stroke the boat was farther and farther from danger.

These exploits were an unpremeditated training for the heroic deed of blowing up the Albemarle, the noted Confederate ram.

This formidable vessel had been creating havoc with the Union boats. Nothing could withstand her crushing onset, and shot and shell made no impression on her iron sides.

The authorities at Washington knew that another like boat was building, and if completed the two would be able to destroy all the gun-boats of the Federal government.

Young Cushing, meantime, had been thinking.

The result of his cogitation was a plan which he submitted to Admiral Lee. This plan was to rig a spar, with a hundred pounds of dynamite at the end, to the bow of a swift steam launch; sail the boat up the Roanoke at night, and, making for the Albemarle, lower the spar and explode the charge under her hull.

Cushing was chosen for the dangerous and seemingly hopeless task. He was known to be cool and brave. He said he wanted but seven men to go with him. All knew that it was a desperate chance, that in all probability none of them would return; but this seemed only to stimulate their zeal.

All was made ready. The spar was fourteen feet long and could be lowered by a rope, beneath the water. With another rope the dynamite could be detached, and by a third the charge could be exploded.

The ram lay at Plymouth, eight miles up the river. Confederate sentinels patrolled the banks. Batteries were ready to blow the daring adventurers out of the water at a fair shot.

Cushing knew all this, but felt no fear.

It was about midnight when the boat started on her voyage of destruction. Each man of his crew had his place and knew his duty. Cushing stood on the deck to work the ropes that would guide and explode the huge torpedo.

His original plan was to land at the wharf, board the *Albemarle* and run her off down the river. For the execution of this scheme he had brought two boat loads of men in tow. If he should be unable to surprise the Confederates he would then use the torpedo.

As he now turned in to the wharf his boat was seen.

"What boat goes there?" came from the *Albemarle*.

No answer.

"What boat goes there?" came louder and sharper than before.

Still no answer; but Cushing's thoughts were working fast.

"Cast off!" he said quietly to the men in the two boats that he had been towing. Slowly they drifted away.

Muskets began to flash from shore and from the ports of the *Albemarle*. He could hear the hurried orders given on the ironclad. Bullets whizzed past him.

"Ahead fast!" He gave this command and the launch dashed for the ram. But a chain of logs had been placed about the vessel to protect her from just such an attack.

Cushing never for a moment lost his head. His ready wit had instantly solved the problem. He would back out into the river and with all steam on drive for the logs. The prow would glide over the timbers that had become slippery from lying in the water and he could then get at the ram.

"Put the helm about." Cushing said to the man at the tiller; "circle

out into the stream till the spar points straight for the ironclad and then run for her full tilt."

He knew that once over the logs he could never return with the boat. It was even doubtful if he ever got over. Muskets were flashing; a ball went through the back of his coat; another tore away the sole of his shoe. But there was no hesitation.

"What boat goes there?" again came from the Albemarle.

Cushing sent a charge of canister from the howitzer in the bow as a reply.

The launch is over the logs!

"Leave the ram! We're going to blow you up!" shouted the young lieutenant.

Before him yawned the gloomy muzzle of a cannon, but he did not flinch. The spar dropped, Cushing pulled the cord to detach the torpedo. Then a pause. A bullet wounded him in the hand. Just as a cannon flashed within two yards of his face he pulled the third coil.

The Albemarle gave a lurch; the water rose in a great column and the Albemarle settled, never to rise to battle again.

"Surrender! surrender!" cried the enemy!

"Save yourselves, men," said Cushing, and taking off coat, shoes, and side arms led the way into the water. The Confederates were soon out in boats to capture them. As the swimmers neared the farther shore one man went down; the remainder of the crew were captured. Cushing alone escaped.

As the boats passed and repassed him he heard the voices of his pursuers, but they could not see him. Weak and chilled he climbed the bank on the farther side.

Past sentinels and search parties he crawled on his face to a marsh. By daylight he had worked his way through this into comparative safety. Meeting a negro, Cushing bribed him to go to Plymouth and learn what damage had been done. When the man came back he reported:

"Massa, she's got a hole in her side, big enough to dribe a two-hoss wagin in."

Cushing now struck out for the Union fleet. Coming to a little creek he stole a boat. At dark he came into the Roanoke. He was weary for want of food and from the tense excitement of the last twenty-four hours. Still he kept on going. At midnight he sighted a vessel.

"Ship ahoy!" he shouted with all the strength he had left.

"Valley City," came the welcome response from the watch on deck.

A cheer such as only sailors can give, went up from the deck as they lifted his exhausted form on board. No one supposed that Lieutenant Cushing was alive or that his exploit was a success. The hardy men looked with astonished pride upon his face and listened eagerly to the recital of his thrilling story.

For completeness, skill and success the destruction of the *Albemarle* has no parallel in the annals of history. The cool, bold, daring author and executioner of the plan was at this time but twenty-one years of age.

Lieutenant Cushing died in Washington, D. C., December 17, 1874, at the age of thirty-two.

CHAPTER IX.

ADMIRAL WILLIAM T. SAMPSON.

Like many other notable men William T. Sampson appears to have inherited his mentality very largely from his mother. Although she was the wife of an ordinary day laborer and her time was fully occupied with household cares, she has a face which is expressive of great refinement and rare sweetness. Her little troop of eight children were tenderly cared for and trained in the ways of wisdom and righteousness.

The elder Sampson was an Irish immigrant who came to York State in 1836 and settled on the bank of the Erie canal near Palmyra. He made a scanty living for his family by digging ditches, sawing wood, or doing any other odd jobs that might come in his way. He appears to have been a man of clean habits and honest purpose, but it was the mother who thirsted for knowledge, especially for her children, and it was she who placed in their hands every standard work within her reach.

In 1840 William, her first child, was born, and he was the "heir apparent" to a heritage of hard work and privation. At that time educational advantages even in central New York were still in a somewhat primitive condition, and the boy's early lessons were in the manual training school where the pickaxe and shovel were the practical implements of development.

The mother, however, was willing to assume any possible burden rather than to have her children deprived of their educational privileges, such as they were, so William soon found his place in the school room where he worked faithfully during the short terms, and during the vacations supplemented his father's efforts by any manual labor that offered itself, sometimes working in a brick yard for twenty-five cents a day.

During his seventeenth year there was a vacancy in the Naval Academy and two boys of influential parentage were talked of for the position. It is a well known fact that these places are generally used by congressmen for the strengthening of their own political positions, and the closing up of the ranks in their party lines, but fortunately for the ditch-digger's son, the mothers of the other boys refused to allow

them to enter the naval ranks, and Congressman Morgan, of Aurora, then asked the principal of the Palmyra school who was his brightest pupil. The name of Wm. T. Sampson was given, but his father objected, for the boy was now old enough to do a man's work and his strong arms were needed for the support of the family.

The mother, however, came to the rescue, and crowding back the tears that would come at the thought of his long and perhaps continued absence, she pleaded his cause so earnestly that the case was won, and it so happened that when his official appointment came the future Admiral of the United States Navy was developing a sturdy manhood by digging a ditch connected with some public improvement in the streets of Palmyra.

Thus it was that the first time the boy left his native town it was to be thrown into a class of a hundred young men in the Naval Academy. Here he did faithful work, fighting desperately all through the course for the first place, which he won at last, and was graduated at the head of his class. His methods of work were steady—he went at his subjects with the same dogged persistency with which he would dig a ditch; and when completed, the job was thoroughly done.

During his first furlough the young midshipman went cheerfully to work helping his father at the old employments, carrying the saw-buck on his shoulder, even while he wore the first overcoat he had ever owned—the one which he drew with his uniform as a cadet. It was during this first furlough that there was some question in snobbish circles as to whether it would be proper to invite to social functions a young man who, although wearing the naval uniform of the United States, still persisted in humble menial occupation, but the nobler element prevailed and it was at one of these parties that young Sampson met Miss Margaret Aldrich, who became his wife only three years later.

His home life is unpretentious and attended with much real happiness. He is the father of two sons still in their minority, and he has four womanly daughters, two of whom have married naval officers. The Admiral is now living with his second wife, Margaret having died in 1878.

He was married four years afterward to Miss Elizabeth Burling. His wife claims that he is never violently angry and never in a hurry—a certain evenness of temper and calm deliberation marking all his movements.

After his graduation from the Naval Academy in 1861 he was appointed a master and one year later became a lieutenant and was

assigned to an old sailing ship which was then used as a practice-ship for the naval cadets.

The country was even now in the throes of Civil War and Sampson was anxious for practical service under the "Stars and Stripes." The opportunity soon came and he was assigned to the ironclad "Patapsco," then doing blockade duty off the coast of Charleston. Near the close of the war his ship was blown up by a torpedo from the hand of the enemy and every officer in the forward wardroom was instantly killed. The Captain, however, stepped into one of the boats which floated as the ship sank. Sampson, springing to a boarding netting, his foot caught in one of the meshes and he was carried down with the sinking ship, but when the terrible downward strain was partly over he slipped his foot out, rose to the surface and was rescued.

After the war was over he was sent on several long cruises but they were interspersed with some years of shore duty. During this time he was for five years connected with the Naval Academy as instructor, and in 1886 he became the superintendent. This work covered the departments of chemistry, metallurgy, physics and astronomy. His faithfulness in technical details became so well known that he was often assigned to important special duties, and also to the direction of some of the government's great business institutions.

From 1893 to 1897, as chief of the Bureau of Ordnance, he directed the expenditure of about \$6,000,000 every year. His scientific attainments found ample scope here, and at the Naval Gun Factory, where he was the superintendent in 1892.

In 1897 Sampson was ordered to the command of the Iowa, a ship with the construction of which he had been closely identified, and the next year found him second in command on the North Atlantic Squadron. Soon afterward Admiral Sicard was compelled to retire on account of failing health and thus William T. Sampson became the commander-in-chief, being at once appointed to that position.

His faithfulness in the whole campaign and especially during the long and trying blockade is fully recognized—a faithfulness constantly on the alert during the weeks of duty under a tropical sun and in the face of a wily and powerful foe. It was not his good fortune to be in at the death, but his whole command had long been ready for any emergency and splendidly did the great battleships and their heroic men come to the front when the opportunity was given.

The terrible battle off Santiago will always be remembered as one

of the sublimest sea fights, and one of the most brilliant victories known to history.

REAR-ADMIRAL WINFIELD SCOTT SCHLEY.

"Maryland, my Maryland," is the home of Rear-Admiral Schley. A native of the State that also gave to the world the author of our national anthem, he was born in sight of Mount Vernon. Like many other eminent men, he is a son of the soil, and his early years were spent on the great farm of three hundred acres or more, four miles north of Frederick City. The founder of the house of Schley in America was Thomas, who was an Alsatian by descent but who made his home in the town of Frederick, Maryland, in the latter portion of the eighteenth century. One of his sons was John T. Schley, who married a beautiful Baltimore girl by the name of Virginia McClure. Five children were born to this family, the little boy who came to them in 1840 being now a man whom all America delights to honor.

John T. Schley was a great admirer and personal friend of General Winfield Scott, and when the new baby was only a few days old, the venerable general made a visit to the Maryland farm, spending a few days with his friend, and while he was there the boy was christened with the name of Winfield Scott Schley in honor of the distinguished guest.

Scott, as he was usually called, grew into a vigorous and assertive lad who was full of fun and mischief—a veritable "barefoot boy," from the ranks of which the brightest lights in the world of letters and of scholars, as well as the most brainy of our business men, have come. Aside from his home training, the little fellow traveled nearly two miles each way to a very ordinary country school where he learned the rudiments of letters and a great number of things which were not set down in the regular curriculum.

Wide awake and full of mischief, he soon became the leader of the clan of small boys who so readily inspired the neighborhood with a conviction that some of them would come to a very bad end. To his credit be it said, however, his fun was innocent and jolly, although the victims of some of his harmless pranks were wont to "prophesy evil concerning him." He was fond of fishing and spent many days wandering along the banks of the Monocacy River, throwing his bait into the stream and filling his lungs with the fresh air which helped to lay the foundation of that tough and wiry physique which still serves him so well.

His first great sorrow came to him in the death of his beautiful mother, who left her little ones when Scott was only a little over twelve years of age. His father afterward married again, but it seldom falls to the lot of a bereft family to find another mother in the truest sense of the word. The new incumbent of the position in the Schley family must have been a failure in some ways, as her administration resulted in a division of the little flock.

When about sixteen years of age the youth was appointed cadet to the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, September 20, 1856, and he made an exemplary student so far as actual work was concerned, but here, as elsewhere, he did not forget that there are other desirable things in a pupil's life besides study.

He was fond of society and popular with the girls as well as with the young men. He was a graceful dancer, and almost a dandy in his fastidious and dainty attire.

He completed his Academic course in 1860 and was soon after assigned to duty on the United States ship Niagara with the rank of a midshipman. This was the beginning of those long and weary voyages which have taken him away from home and friends during the greater portion of his life. No wonder that he once said with great pathos:

"Many years of my life have been spent away from home, with nothing of my country to bow to, but its glorious flag."

There were many things which grievously tried his patience on this, his first voyage, for his young blood was often fretted with the severe lessons of discipline which were now reduced to actual practice. Almost the first service of the Niagara after he was assigned to her was the taking home of the members of the Japanese embassy.

Before the Niagara returned from this long voyage, the great Republic was quivering with the shock of secession, and omens of a terrible fratricidal war were darkening the whole horizon. No news of the coming strife had reached the ship speeding on her homeward way, until an American port was reached and the pilot came on board.

"What is the news?" was the eager question to the first man from the shore.

"A big war is on us," he answered, "the Southern troops have fired on Fort Sumter, and the whole country is crazy with excitement."

This news of fearful import was received with consternation, but under it all was a deep feeling of patriotism and a firm resolve to meet the crisis in a manly way, let the cost be what it would. There were men from the South as well as from the North who were doing duty

under the Stars and Stripes—men who never knew until that moment that one section of their country had been arrayed against another portion of home and native land.

The commander of the Niagara called his officers into the cabin for consultation, and there drew up a declaration of loyalty, asking all who proposed to stand by the old flag to sign their names.

Many did so, and one of the first names on that roll of honor was that of Winfield Scott Schley, of Maryland.

The later and perhaps more striking victories of our navy should not lead the American people to forgetfulness of the splendid service in this department during the Civil War.

When Greek meets Greek, or American meets American, a terrible conflict must result.

The brain and brawn, the nerve and grit of the Anglo-Saxon race form the very bone and sinew of gallant fighting, and when it comes in contact with itself—when “men of the self-same clan” are arrayed against each other, the onslaught is terrific.

The achievements of Farragut’s fleet will always remain among the most brilliant naval victories in history, and it was during the memorable summer of 1864 that three of our naval heroes received their baptism of blood under the leadership of Farragut.

George Dewey, then Lieutenant Dewey, was the executive officer of the Mississippi, and Admiral Watson, who has succeeded Dewey as commander of the Asiatic squadron, was Farragut’s flag lieutenant, and was most highly commended by his superior officers for his gallantry during action.

When Winfield Scott Schley left the Niagara he was advanced to the rank of lieutenant (July 16, 1862) and made the executive officer of the Owasco, which proved to be one of the most effective gunboats in the famous Gulf Squadron.

At the battle of Mobile he stood on the forward deck, betraying some of the natural nervousness of a young officer who was exposed for the first time to the range of the enemy’s bullets, when the man beside him said:

“Something tells me that the shot has never been cast that is going to hit me.”

“I wish I could share your confidence,” replied Schley.

But the next day the brave fellow who had been so sure of safety was struck in the neck by a solid shot and his head was severed from his body.

Unfortunately the commander of the *Owasco* was a man who indulged in what he called "moderate drinking," and this habit then as now led to the ruined manhood of the victim. Even during the trying times when the need of the country demanded that every man in her service should be constantly at his best, this man is said to have been careless and criminal enough to be more than once the worse for his indulgence.

After his patience had been severely tried in this direction Schley resolved upon measures sufficiently radical to serve at least as a warning, and he ordered the arrest of the commanding officer, locking him up in his cabin until he should again be fit for duty.

While he was thus laid up for repairs Schley was in command, and taking the captain's gig with the captain's pennant flying in the breeze, he put out for the *Richmond*. The ships were then stationed off *Mobile*, and the senior officer of the small squadron of which the *Owasco* formed a part was Captain James Alden.

Seeing the approach of the captain's gig Officer James put on his uniform and made preparations to receive the captain in a style befitting his rank.

When Lieutenant Schley boarded the *Richmond* the captain said:

"I expected to see the captain of the *Owasco*."

"I am at present the commander of that ship, sir," replied Schley.

"Since when?" demanded Alden.

"Since I ordered the captain's arrest for drunkenness and locked him up in the cabin an hour or more ago," answered Schley. "I am now in command and I report to you for orders."

Alden was nonplussed for a moment at the assurance of the young officer, then giving him his first order, he told him to lower the pennant on the gig, go back to his ship, unlock his temporary prisoner, and then, if his incapacity still continued, make his report in writing.

Very unwillingly, but very promptly, this order was obeyed, and although his action was somewhat futile, it is to be hoped that the joke (if it was one) at least served as a warning to the commanding officer.

While still a student in the Naval Academy young Schley formed the acquaintance of a beautiful Southern girl who was the daughter of one of the merchants in *Annapolis*. When he sailed away in the *Niagara* he carried her image in his heart, and when he returned to his native land he availed himself of the first opportunity of calling upon her and pressing the suit which had been auspiciously begun.

There were the clouds of war and the distracting interests of the opposing sections of the country. Schley was an officer of the navy, and the girl he loved lived in a State which was in open rebellion to the flag under which he served, but he was patient, enthusiastic, and persistent.

The same traits of character which made him a born fighter also made him an ardent lover, and after awhile he carried the day, winning his girl and her father's consent as well.

In 1863 he triumphantly led Miss Nannie Franklin to the altar, and we well may add that "they lived happily ever after." Mrs. Schley is not particularly fond of social functions, being a devoted wife and mother. Three children have gladdened their home, all of them inheriting to a greater or less extent the soldierly characteristics of the father.

The oldest son, Thomas Franklin, is a lieutenant in the 14th Regiment of U. S. Infantry, now doing duty in the Philippines. The second son is Winfield Scott Schley, Jr., a surgeon in St. Luke's hospital in New York. The daughter, Virginia, was married in 1890 to Ralph Granville Montague Stewart Wortley, who is a nephew of the English Earl of Warncliffe, but Mr. Wortley, instead of taking his bride to Great Britain, settled down to a business career in New York as a broker and railroad man.

The children were educated in Annapolis, where the family made their home for twenty years or more, although the husband and father was necessarily away on duty much of the time.

Schley was made lieutenant-commander on the 25th of July, 1866, having spent the previous year (after the close of the Civil War) in service cruising at various foreign stations, protecting American interests wherever they seemed to be in peril along the line of his assignments. He was made commander on June 10th, 1874, and two years afterward he was punishing pirates on the western coast of Africa.

In 1884 the navy department needed a man to command an expedition for the rescue, if possible, of Lieutenant A. W. Greely, who it was feared had been lost in the Arctic seas. The undertaking was known to be fraught with so much of certain suffering and so much of unknown danger, that the department hesitated to order any one to undertake it.

Volunteers were, however, invited to offer their services.

Quick to perceive the strong demands of humanity, Commander Schley promptly offered his services in the face of perils which daunted many hearts that were truly brave.

He was placed in command of the expedition, and leaving wife and children again he penetrated the Polar Sea with his three ships—the Bear, the Thetis and the Alert. This successful expedition contains within its dramatic history enough of bravery, adventure, endurance and victory to make up the triumph of a lifetime. No wonder that upon his victorious return from this hazardous expedition, the Legislature of his native State voted him a beautiful token of public appreciation in the shape of a jeweled watch and chain.

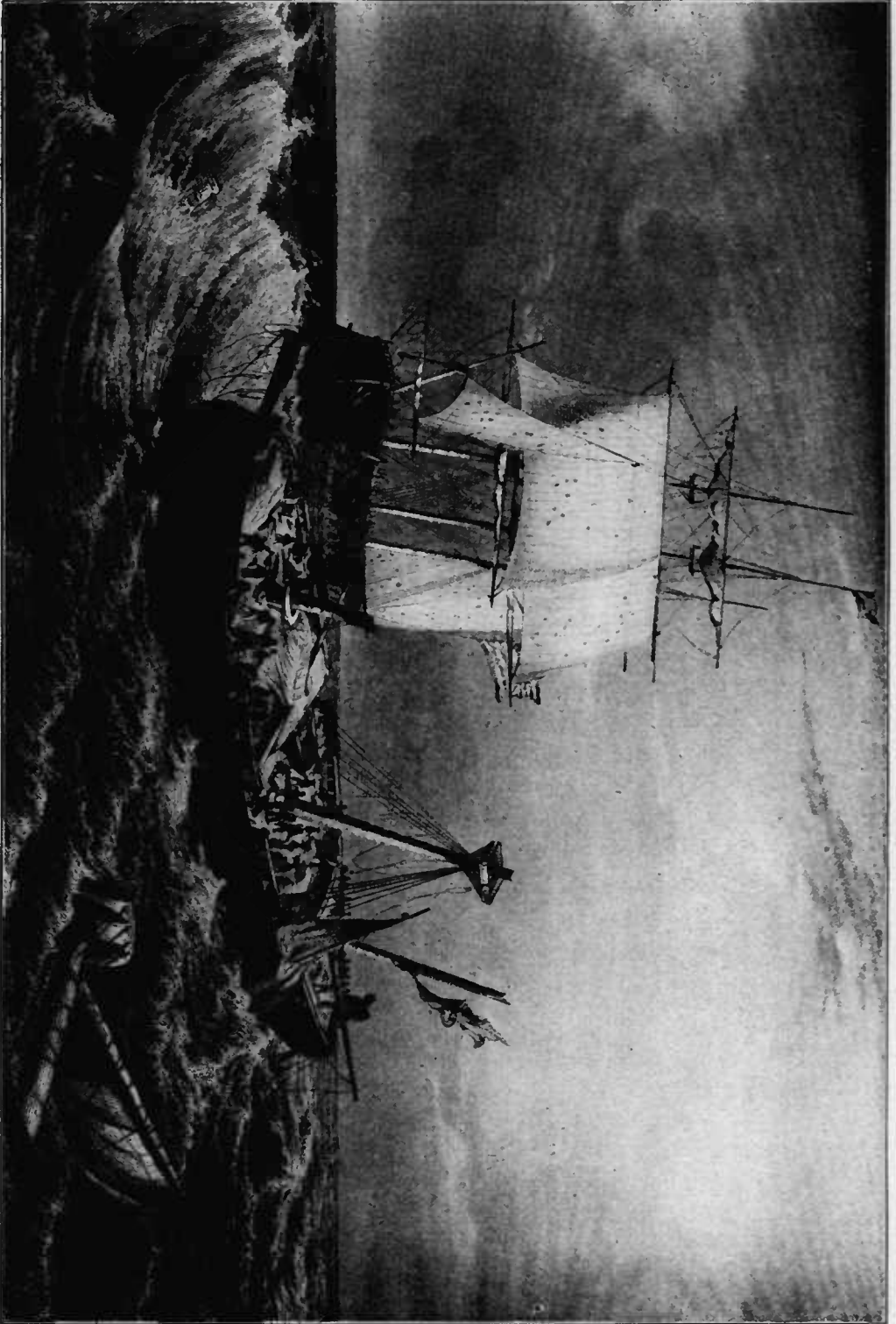
The government also recognized his courage and efficiency by making him a captain on March 31st, 1888. He was given command of the Baltimore, and in 1891 was ordered to Valparaiso, Chili, at a time when it seemed as if war with Chili was inevitable. A civil war was sweeping over the South American State. The United States Minister Egan was accused of partisanship and, therefore, the feeling against America was exceedingly strong, so much so that some of the sailors who left the ship on leave of absence were killed in the streets of Valparaiso.

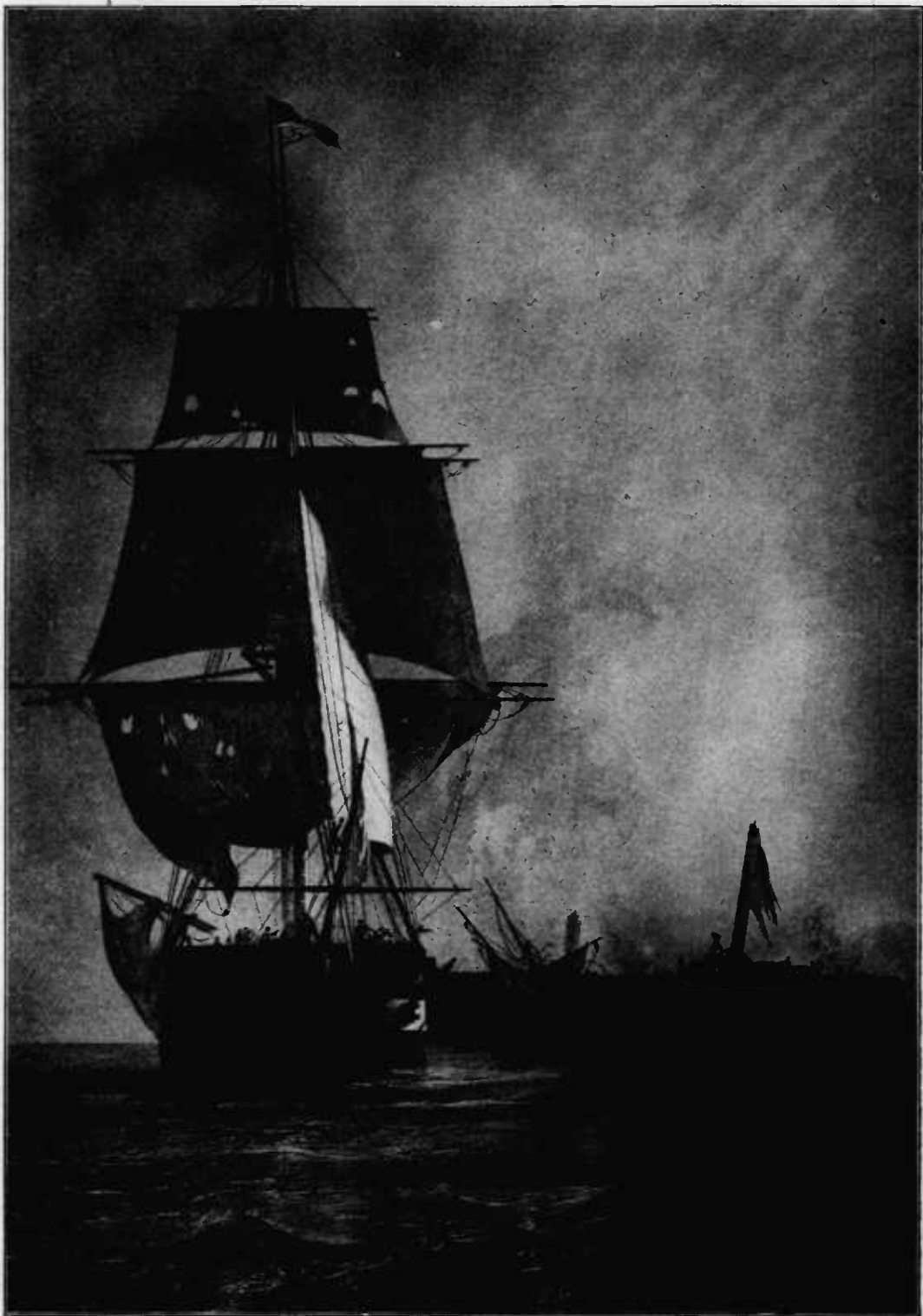
Schley landed marines at midnight, and was harshly criticised for so doing, but he was determined to protect his men and the honor of the flag under which he sailed at all hazards. An attack on the Baltimore was threatened from two Chilian cruisers and some torpedo boats, and Schley requested the British and German ships in the harbor to change their positions in order to give his guns a fair range. They did so, but in some cases not very willingly. Successful diplomacy, however, avoided a war, and the somewhat aggressive captain was relieved from his command and assigned to Lighthouse Service.

The warlike element among the American people of course applauded his course, and his own men presented him with a testimonial in the form of a handsome ebony cane with a gold head. The awkward seaman who acted as spokesman on the deck of the Baltimore, made an impressive if not very elegant speech, which showed the real admiration of the men for their former captain who had just been relieved from his command.

But the government could not afford to leave so competent an officer long in comparative retirement, and in 1895 he was restored to duty on deck of a warship, succeeding Captain Evans as commander of the New York. He has done valiant service wherever he has been assigned, making the path of duty also the path of glory. He was, perhaps, at times too eager for strife in his younger days, but in later years his cooler judgment holds better balance with his warm impulses.

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE BATTLE BETWEEN THE CONSTITUTION AND THE GUERRIERE





BATTLE BETWEEN THE CONSTITUTION AND THE GUERRIERE

He was in his glory on the deck of the Brooklyn when that memorable morning witnessed the attempted escape of the imprisoned fleet of Spain.

The temporary absence of Admiral Sampson made him for the time being the ranking officer of the fleet, although he was never technically in command. When the Spanish ships came steaming out for the contest, he felt, as he says, "all over."

In an incredibly short time the American vessels had been stripped for action, and officers and men fully realized that the decisive contest was right upon them. Never was a more brilliant battle fought in a shorter time. Never was there more urgent need of quick thought on the part of the officers, and rapid action on the part of the men. Never did both officers and men respond more nobly to the demands their country made upon them in the crucial hour.

Yeoman Ellis was standing beside Admiral Schley in front of the conning tower of the Brooklyn and in the midst of showers of shot and shell he was making his observations and giving the elevation for the gunners to act upon. He had just uttered a sentence imparting the important information when a shot struck him in the head and scattered his brains around the deck.

America will always be thankful that as soon as the fight was over, her brave sons extended quick mercy to the conquered foe. No sooner was a signal of surrender given than the hands which had meted out swift punishment became the ministers of rescue and relief. Men whose lives had been exposed to the guns of the foe exposed themselves again to rescue that foe from death by water or from fire.

"The bravest are the tenderest—the loving are the daring."

Our warships were immediately improvised into hospitals for the care of the wounded Spaniards, while every man on the fleet was glad to render every possible aid to the victims of war.

There should be no controversy as to who is entitled to the greater praise upon this splendid victory, for, in the language of Schley:

"There is glory enough for all."

America knows her officers and men too well to doubt that every one on the watery field did his duty bravely. Every other officer and man in the navy would have done his duty just as heroically had he been there.

In his command for the officers to cheer the men Schley showed that he fully realized the valor of "the men behind the guns," and he would surely be the last to wrest any laurels from the brow of Admiral Samp-

son, who so long held the enemy within his iron grasp, and so steadily maintained the position which had been assigned him. Still we may say with Senator Henry Cabot Lodge:

“It was a cruel piece of ill fortune that the Admiral, who had made every arrangement for the fight, should, by mere chance of war, have been deprived of his personal share in it. Equally cruel was the fortune which had taken Captain Higginson and the Massachusetts on that day to Guantanamo to coal.”

One of the principal reasons why the American soldier whether on sea or land is superior to those of the Old World, is because he knows that the eyes of the people are upon him—knows that they trust him fully and that they are quick to recognize his loyalty and valor.

President McKinley and Secretary Long signed Schley's commission as Rear-Admiral on the 14th of April, 1899, and he has been the recipient of many tokens of regard from a proud and loving nation.

His own State has been glad to do him honor in banquet halls and lowly homes. The gift of his State in commemoration of his part in the battle off Santiago was a splendid medal of wrought gold and rich enamel containing three hundred and twenty diamonds. It is held by a ribbon of blue enamel five inches in length, which is suspended upon blue silk bearing the two gold stars of a rear-admiral, and held in the beak of a gold eagle surmounting the coat of arms of the United States.

In receiving a silver tea service from the ladies of Maryland, Rear-Admiral Schley said:

“To have been a participant in the great work of July 3d off Santiago, which this testimonial is intended to commemorate, was a high privilege, and as a son of dear old Maryland, if the help I gave to others on that day added in any degree to the prestige of my State, I feel glad and proud.”

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THE SINKING OF THE MERRIMAC.

CHAPTER X.

RICHMOND P. HOBSON.

Admiral Sampson, by virtue of his orders from Washington, assumed command of the blockading squadron. At once preparations were made for sinking the Merrimac in the channel, in order to make it difficult for Cervera to attempt a sudden sally. The plan had been discussed with Naval Constructor Richmond P. Hobson, while on the way from Key West, and its execution was left to him, at his urgent request. Every man in the fleet was anxious to volunteer his services for the dangerous task; but the undertaking was too perilous to risk unnecessary lives. Six men were selected from the eager volunteers. They were Daniel Montague, chief master of arms, and gunners' mate, Char-ette, of the New York; Boatswain Mullen, Coxswain Deignan, Machin-ist Phillips and Water Tender Kelly of the Merrimac.

The plan was to swing the collier across the channel at a point where the chart showed a navigable width of only 350 feet, drop the anchors at stern and stem, and fire the torpedoes that would sink the vessel. The men were then to jump overboard and work their way out of the channel if possible.

The final preparations were all made on June 2d. Coxswain Clausen, of the New York, was added to the crew, and Coxswain Murphy of the Iowa, took the place of Mullen, who was exhausted by physical and mental strain. At 1:30 that night the expedition got under way with Cadet J. W. Powell following in the New York's steam launch to pick up the crew if they escaped.

Lientenant Hobson steered his craft straight for Morro Castle and was not discovered until within five hundred yards of it. Then a heavy fire began from both shores, in which the Merrimac's rudder was shot away, rendering the boat unmanageable, and explaining the reason why the collier was not sunk athwart the channel. Submarine mines and torpedoes were exploded all about the little craft, adding to the excitement, but doing no damage. When the ship was at the desired point, it was found that the rudder was gone and it was impossible to turn her. Lientenant Hobson called the men on deck, and, while they were launching the raft, exploded the torpedoes. At the same time

two torpedoes from the *Reina Mercedes* struck the *Merrimac*, materially assisting the designs of the crew; but the loss of the steering gear frustrated the well laid plans. and the boat sank, obstructing, but not blocking, the passage.

All of the crew reached the raft, to which they clung for an hour in the chilly water, not daring to show their heads above it. About five o'clock in the morning a Spanish launch came out to reconnoiter. It was hailed by Lieutenant Hobson, and Admiral Cervera himself stepped forward and assisted him and his brave seamen on board.

They were taken to the *Reina Mercedes* and from there transferred to Morro Castle, from which they were released, on July 7th, by an exchange of prisoners.

Ensign Powell waited until daylight to pick up the men, if they should come out; but he saw nothing of them, and as the Spanish batteries had opened fire on the launch he was obliged to return to the New York. Nothing was known of the fate of Hobson and his men until Captain Bustamente y Okedo, Admiral Cervera's chief of staff, came out in a launch, under a flag of truce, bearing the following generous tribute of praise from the Admiral for the performers of the brave deed:

"Your boys will be all right in our hands. Daring like theirs makes the bitterest enemy proud that his fellow-men can be such heroes. They were taken afterwards to the city of Santiago and thence to Morro Castle, where they are our prisoners, but our friends. Everything is being done to make their stay with us comfortable. If you wish to send them anything, we will cheerfully take it to them."

It is not strange that such courtesy earned for Admiral Cervera the kindly feeling of the American people and their very deep sympathy, when, a little later, he stood in great sorrow and dejection at the loss of his fleet, a prisoner in their hands.

Lieutenant Hobson's brave deed was made the occasion of a special message to Congress from President McKinley, in which he says:

"I cannot too earnestly express my appreciation of the conduct of Mr. Hobson and his gallant crew. I venture to say that a more brave and daring thing has not been done since Cushing blew up the *Albatross*."

He thereupon recommended him to transference to the line and promotion therein. The crew were also advanced and Cadet Powell, who followed and bravely waited for their return in the steam launch, was advanced to the rank of Ensign.

The sinking of the *Merrimac* was a picturesque display of the brav-

ery found everywhere in the army and navy during the war, a bravery no less heroic because in many cases unheralded and less dramatic.

No ardency of appreciation by American women will ever lessen the esteem in which this glorious young hero's deed will ever be held.

LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER WAINWRIGHT.

With Hobson and Powell must be remembered the name of Commander Wainwright. He had been executive officer of the *Maine* at the time of the fateful explosion of February 15th, and as he stood beside his captain on the sinking quarter-deck and gave the order to lower away the boats he looked forward to some such opportunity as that which was finally presented at the mouth of Santiago Harbor.

No one could be more certain than Wainwright that the *Maine* disaster was not an accident. He had toiled beside the wreck during all those long weeks that followed the disaster. He it was who directed the divers in their grim work of recovering the bodies of his 266 unfortunate subordinates, and every detail in the development of the evidence, brought to light by the submarine research, made his serious face more serious and his keen blue eye shine with a dangerous determination. Not one spoken word ever betrayed his conviction in regard to the cause of the disaster and no man more studiously obeyed the Department's injunction of secrecy upon subjects pertaining to the *Maine* Court of Inquiry; but his stern face and firm-set jaw told more than words could express of his inner and ineradicable conviction.

It was with a long score to settle that Commander Wainwright waited for the fleet of Admiral Cervera to come out of the harbor; but when it came, his manipulation of the little converted yacht and the deadly accuracy of his six-pound baby batteries was so gallant and effective that his name has become as indissolubly associated with the *Gloucester* as Hobson's with the *Merrimac*, or Cushing's with the *Albatross*.

Another than Wainwright might well have said that in such a battle of the giants there was no place for pygmies, but as the fleet appeared one by one he only slackened his engines to gain steam, and waited for the expected coming of the torpedo boat destroyers, *Furor* and *Pluton*. Fifteen minutes after the *Teresa* appeared, they showed their noses in the channel, and the *Gloucester*, which had been pumping her batteries at the huge sides of the fleeing cruisers at short range, closed in upon the destroyers, training her forward guns upon the *Pluton*, her after

guns upon the *Furor* at a range of but six hundred yards. Although the secondary batteries of the four big battleships had been directed against the torpedo boats, Commander Wainwright asserts that no damage had been inflicted until this advance by the *Gloucester*. A few minutes' work sent the *Pluton*, in flames, towards the shore, where she struck the rocks and soon blew up. The *Furor* also was on fire and helpless, and when she struck her colors, Wainwright turned his attention at once from the work of destruction to the work of rescue. He ordered the boats lowered and had already rescued twenty-six of the survivors of the *Pluton* when a series of explosions on the *Furor* told of her destruction. She sank in deep water, and with her the crew and Captain Villamil, commander of the destroyer.

The *Gloucester's* boats then went on to the *Teresa* and *Oquendo*, one of them picking up the Admiral of the fleet, who asked to be taken on board the *Gloucester*. Commander Richard Wainwright met him at the gangway and extending his hand to the gray-haired Admiral, he congratulated him upon as gallant a fight as was ever witnessed on the sea. With gentle sympathy for the man who wept for his slaughtered comrades and stricken ship, he turned over the privacy of his own cabin to the defeated Admiral that he might be alone with his grief.

That the *Gloucester* was not herself destroyed was due mainly to the accuracy and rapidity of the fire, and the handsome management of the little unprotected craft by the executive officer, Lieutenant Harry P. House, who, throughout the action, stood upon the bridge and coolly carried out his commander's orders. There were others, too, that day who did their full duty on board the little *Gloucester*. Such were Engineer McElroy, whose constant attention made the boat effective for rapid movement; Lieutenants Wood and Norman and Ensign Edson, who were often in person at the guns directing their fire, and later risked their lives repeatedly in boarding and remaining near the destroyers and the two cruisers when their guns were being discharged by the heat and their magazines and boilers were exploding.

Commander Wainwright is a sailor by birth, the son of the well-known Commodore Wainwright, and a graduate of Annapolis from the District of Columbia. He has proven himself to be an able officer, an intrepid leader, a hard fighter and a generous foe. Well deserved fame will follow Richard Wainwright, Lieutenant-Commander of the *Gloucester*, throughout the coming years.

THE HEROES OF THE ENGINE ROOMS.

In recounting the heroes of the navy, too much praise cannot be given to the noble fellows of brawn and muscle who, down below the decks in the furnace-heat of the engine room, toil and labor in an atmosphere that only iron wills and fierce determination make endurable. When a battle like that at Manila or at Santiago harbor has been fought and won, and the glory of victory has given our national flag a new meaning and an added interest, we naturally direct our applause to the man who points the gun or fearlessly stands upon the ship's bridge exposed to sudden death. We forget the helpless human beings in the very bowels of the ship who know how to obey and to carry fuel to the insatiate furnaces of the engines which alone make a modern ship of war effective. A man can easily stand beside his piece in the excitement of conflict and act without regard to the swift flying missiles of death; but the courage that keeps a man at his post of menial labor without shrinking or shirking, while the air thunders with the discharge of heavy artillery and the boat shivers and trembles from the recoil of her own great guns, holds the admiration of every true man. Though these swarthy fellows down below know not when a well placed shell will make a breach and the inrushing water will catch them like rats in a hole, or when inglorious death awaits them from escaping steam or scalding water, they coolly stand by to supply the coal that keeps the vessel moving, furnishes power for the pumps, operates the hoists, and even lights and guides the vessel.

The engine room is a post for none but men of courage, even when a vessel is not in action. Often the firemen serve their country in a temperature above 140 degrees, and come from these pent-up furnace rooms reeking with sweat and as black as the coal they have been shoveling into the fire.

These are the heroes of our navy no less than those who face the guns of an enemy or take the chances of death or of a forlorn hope. Their names are not blazoned abroad nor do they go down by name into history, but that is no detraction of their humble but necessary achievements.

Occasionally the formal records of official reports chronicle some particular act which shows the mettle of these men, who are blessed with noble courage and physique, if not with all the qualities of noble mind. Here is one act reported by Assistant Engineer Morton, of the Vixen,

which occurred on the night of May 28th, 1898. A manhole gasket of one of the Vixen's boilers blew out, sending out a large stream of boiling water and steam into the fireroom. The men were driven from their work and the water in the gauge glass sank below the danger line. There was indication that the boiler would explode and seriously, if not completely, wreck the boat. The life of every man on board was in danger. Assistant Engineer Morton called for volunteers to haul the fires, and two hardy firemen, P. Johnson and G. Mahoney, stepped forward. Down they went into the fireroom dense with steam, and with scalding water blowing in their faces. They succeeded in hauling away the fire from beneath the boiler, though subjected to a most intense heat. Intrepid heroes, they saved the boiler and the boat.

When Lieutenant Sharp, commander of the Vixen, forwarded his report to the Navy Department at Washington, he added: "Assistant Engineer Morton says nothing of his own conduct; when the gasket, having been refitted, blew out again, he, with Johnson, hauled the fires a second time."

ENSIGN GILLIS SAVES THE PORTER.

An exploit of a different kind from that of Engineer Morton and his firemen, Johnson and Mahoney, was performed by Ensign Irving Van Gordon Gillis, the son of Rear Admiral Gillis, retired, U. S. N. Young Gillis is a graduate of Annapolis, from Delhi, New York, and went to the front to serve his country during the Spanish-American war, as ensign on the torpedo boat Porter.

It was while Admiral Schley had Cervera's fleet bottled up in Santiago harbor and the cork had been put in so that there was no safe way to get out, and all around the harbor-mouth lay the huge gray battle-ships of the United States, watching sullenly for the exit of the imprisoned fleet, that Ensign Gillis took desperate chances and saved the officers and crew of the Porter from an explosion that would have been as destructive as the one that sank the Maine.

Cervera was chafing under his close confinement and set about to free himself of some of the watch dogs that rolled and tossed on the swell of the Caribbean waters, a few miles out. To this end several Schwartzkopf torpedoes were launched in the harbor channel at a time when it was hoped the strong ebb tide would carry them out to sea, and, directed by Providence (which seemed to be on the other side), would run their noses into some American boat and send her to the bottom of the ocean.

These modern engines of war accomplished the first part of their purpose; they got out to sea, and one of them would have succeeded in accomplishing all that was designed for it had it not been for this one of our American boys who stood upon the deck of the torpedo boat Porter.

Captain Fremont, with glass in hand, had detected something black and glistening, with a pointed nose, floating towards his boat on the swell of the tide. Gillis had seen it, too, and it did not need a glass to tell him that it was a Schwartzkopf torpedo. He knew if its nose ever touched the Porter that nothing would mark the spot where the explosion occurred. In a moment his officer's coat was off and before Captain Fremont could catch the meaning of his action and say, "Don't do it, Gillis; she's got her war nose on!" the young ensign was in the sea. Quickly he came alongside the dangerous torpedo and with one arm he carefully circled the nose, quickly adjusting the plunging pin so that it could not operate; he then swam back to the boat, towing his prize with him. With a regard for discipline that no exploit, however brave, could deprive him of, he saluted his captain with one hand while he supported himself on the torpedo with the other, and waited his orders.

Torpedo and ensign were soon hoisted on board, where Gillis, with the calmness that characterizes a really brave man, received the spontaneous and hearty honors bestowed by officers and crew. It was a daring thing to do and shows the world that in the American navy there are heroes on every deck.

CHAPTER XI.

THE STORY OF THE WINSLOW.

On May 11th, 1898, the first American blood was shed in the war with Spain. Six men were wounded and one instantly killed at Cienfuegos, while at Cardenas on the northern coast of Cuba five were blown to pieces and five were wounded on the torpedo boat Winslow.

It was only a skirmish when compared with the great naval engagements which took place later, but it cost more lives than all these engagements put together.

When Admiral Sampson sailed away in the exciting and uncertain search for Cervera's fleet, he left on blockade duty off Cardenas Bay two gun boats, the Machias and the Wilmington, the torpedo boat Winslow and the auxiliary tug Hudson.

Three Spanish gunboats were lying in the harbor and being apparently tired of a peaceful blockade, Com. C. C. Todd, of the gunboat Wilmington, thought to capture them. The Winslow was ordered to run close to the eastern shore of Cardenas Bay, and the Hudson to the western shore while the Wilmington took her place in the channel.

At this time one of the gunboats could be seen, and although the shore was known to be lined with Spanish batteries, the Winslow was ordered to run in and cut her out.

The gunboat carried twelve pound guns, but Lieutenant Bernadou obeyed orders and drove his slender craft straight toward the foe. By this time the harbor and shore were alight with flame and the Spanish shots were coming thick and fast. One of them struck the Winslow, passing through the captain's quarters, and exploding in the paint locker, set the contents on fire.

Bernadou called upon his men to turn on the hose and extinguish the fire, meanwhile standing forward and directing the fight as coolly as if the men were at target practice. Immediately another shot exploded against the forward conning tower, and a piece of the shell entered the left groin of Lieutenant Bernadou, lodging within half an inch of the artery.

Placing his hand on the wound to stay the flow of blood he called for a towel and quickly made a strong bandage around the leg, com-

pressing the artery still further by crowding a cartridge between the folds of the towel and the leg, and then went coolly on with his work.

But a shell tore through the forward conning tower disabling the steering gear and another passed through the forward boiler, and still another disabled the starboard engine. Six terribly effective shots had now struck the little craft, and with her steering apparatus helpless and her engine exploded, she signaled for help.

Her gallant crew were still shooting their one-pounders with more or less effect, but the Winslow was evidently helpless, and within easy reach of the enemy's batteries. In the meantime the Hudson was fighting bravely, her smoke stack was punctured with bullet holes, and the wood work of cabin and deck was a mass of splinters.

Although unable to steer the ship, Bernadou found that he could interfere with the enemy's aim by backing with the power of the one uninjured engine, and Ensign Worth Bagley, the second in command, was placed at the hatch amidships to direct the engineer, as other methods of communication had been shot away. Captain Newton, of the Hudson, hurried to the aid of the Winslow, but there was a little delay in heaving the tow line.

"Let her come," shouted Bagley, "it's getting mighty warm here."

The line was thrown and eagerly caught by the Winslow's men. Bravely they pulled at their one hope of escape, but at this instant another four inch shell whizzed through the air and burst directly beneath the little group of men who were pulling at the life line. Five bodies went whirling through the air. Ensign Bagley and Fireman Daniels were dead when they fell and the other three died in a few minutes.

With the explosion of the shell the rope parted and the helpless Winslow drifted back nearer to the enemy's fire, which was sharp and persistent.

But even then the little fighter kept pouring her one-pound shot into the Spaniards on shore.

At a safe distance, where not a fragment of shot or shell could reach her, the Wilmington was shooting also, and doing considerable execution.

The captain of the Hudson says: "I know that we destroyed a large part of the town near the wharf, burned one of their gunboats, and I think destroyed two other torpedo destroyers. We were in a vortex of shot, shell and smoke, and could not tell accurately, but we saw one of their boats on fire and sinking soon after the action began, then

a large building near the wharf—I think the barracks—took fire, and many other buildings were soon burning.”

After the parting of the first hawser the Hudson quickly threw another line to the Winslow, but again it broke; then Captain Newcome brought his tug to the side of the disabled boat, made her fast and towed her out of the Spaniards' range, and ultimately to a little island twelve miles off where the Machias lay, and Dr. Richards, of that vessel, cared for the wounded men.

The next morning the Hudson sailed away to Key West with flags at half mast, and with her gallant dead covered with the flag they loved. The dead were Worth Bagley, Ensign; John Daniels, first-class fireman; John Tunnett (colored), cabin cook, and John Varveres, the oiler.

The wounded were Lieutenant Bernadou, commanding the Winslow; R. E. Cox, gunner's mate; F. Gray; D. McKeown, quartermaster, and J. Patterson, fireman.

The next morning, also, the Wilmington steamed close to Cardenas Bay, with her decks stripped for action and her men shouting the watchword "Avenge the Winslow." Within easy range were the gunboats which had decoyed the Winslow into easy range of the masked batteries—into the very gates of hell—and near the forts also two schooners lay at anchor. For an hour a hot bombardment was maintained against the batteries and the ships in harbor. The gunners of the American navy are remarkable for the accuracy of their shots and the men of the Wilmington were no exception to the rule.

The two gunboats and both schooners were sunk and one blockhouse was burned by an exploding shell.

For about two weeks the Spaniards had been working at the fortifications here in anticipation of an attack, and the masked batteries and heavy earthworks were well manned, as was clearly proven by the terribly effective work which they accomplished on the Winslow.

It was easy to shell the frail sides of the little torpedo boat, but the big guns of the Wilmington proved to be a dangerous foe, and the formidable batteries with their machine guns were torn from their foundations.

STORY OF THE GUSSIE.

The first contest on Cuban soil between American soldiers and Spanish troops took place May 12, 1898. It resulted from a gallant attempt to land a quantity of arms and provisions for the benefit of the suffering Cubans.

The transport Gussie carried Colonel J. H. Dorst, of the United States Volunteers, who commanded the expedition, and also Company E, First Infantry, numbering sixty men, with Captain J. J. O'Connell and Second Lieutenant W. M. Crofton; Company G, First Infantry, also numbered sixty men, with Captain M. P. Phister, First Lieutenant F. E. Lacey, and Second Lieutenant D. E. Nolan. There were also Dr. Gandy, hospital steward and six men from the hospital corps, besides three or four Cuban scouts.

The Gussie, which was heavily laden with supplies, left Key West with only the Manning as an escort, and during the night they became separated, but in the morning they found each other almost directly off Havana, and here they were joined by the Wasp, whose duty it was to patrol the coast opposite Pinar Del Rio.

About noon on the 12th of May, the little expedition drew close to the shore near Mariel, but it was found that the country was alive with Spaniards, and if a landing was effected at all it must be made elsewhere. As they steamed on for a few minutes it became evident that they were watched and followed by Spanish cavalry, and soon the enemy was re-enforced by other companies.

The first party of Cubans who were to have received the supplies had been conquered by a superior force and driven so far away that no aid could be expected from them. Fighting was still going on, however, in the interior, showing that other parties of Cubans were attempting to take the place of the defeated insurgent force.

The Spanish cavalcade galloped furiously along the coast, occasionally throwing wild and ineffective shots toward the ships. On the high ground, a little to the east of Cabanas, there was a rude fort which had been strongly garrisoned, and a volley fired from there passed over the heads of the watchers on ship board.

The Manning returned the fire, but with what effect the Americans could not see, and they sailed on hoping to find a place where a peaceable landing might be effected. They could still hear the sound of continuous firing on land, and it was evident that some of the insurgents were still making a brave effort to keep their appointment with their American friends and receive the much needed supplies of food and ammunition.

By this time the rain began to fall and soon it was pouring down in torrents which are known only to the tropics. Even the tempestuous waves of the sea seemed to be beaten down by the fury of the descending floods.

It was a perilous undertaking, but it was thought that a landing might be effected under cover of the storm, so the little fleet drifted closely to the shore and dropped anchor off Arbolitos Point, where it seemed possible for the small boats to land.

Three Cuban scouts went first, hoping to show a way that the other boats might safely follow, but their little skiff struck the coral reef and was overturned, so they made the shore only by swimming for it.

Two other boats were launched, and, nothing daunted by the mishap of the natives, they were quickly filled by about forty men of Company E. The one was commanded by Captain O'Connell and the other by Lieutenant Crofton. They pushed off from the ship even while the pouring rain was threatening to sink them. Captain O'Connell's boat cleared first and went toward shore before the other had started; but the wind was rising; he, too, struck the dangerous reef.

The boat was overturned and some of the Americans struck out for shore in the same primitive way by which the Cubans had effected their landing. Thus it happened that Lieutenant Crofton's boat landed first. O'Connell's boat was finally righted and succeeded in making the shore a little to the westward of the other. His men went forward in a skirmish line, deploying carefully into the land of the foe; they were almost immediately hidden from view by the thick growth of chaparral which came down nearly to the water's edge.

They were obliged to penetrate a jungle of tropical trees and vines—bamboos and banyans, thorns and stubborn undergrowth, all woven together with grape vines and flowering creepers. Above and far beyond them the Cacara-Jicara mountains lifted their blue peaks above the storm.

By this time the rain had died away almost entirely, and the wind, veering around to the northward, the sea rose again and the breakers crashed upon the coral reefs with a tremendous roar. Communication with the shore was impossible with the speaking trumpets, but those who were left on shipboard soon heard from the heroic landing party, for there was a report made by two heavy volleys of musketry followed by the sharp cracking noise of American firearms.

Before the men on the transport had fully realized that our landing was being desperately resisted, two or three volleys which were fired at good range came whistling over their heads.

As soon as Captain O'Connell's men had reached the crest which commanded the landing beach they discovered twenty or thirty rifle-

pits, from which the Spaniards could have slaughtered our men at leisure if they had been occupied at the time.

When only fifty yards from the beach they came upon an old grass grown road which ran out upon Arbolitos Point, and along this road, less than sixty yards away, a party of Spanish guerrillas were pushing forward at the top of their speed, in the effort to reach and occupy the rifle-pits.

The oncoming Spaniards fired at sight but the only result was a wound in the arm of a brave and enterprising newspaper man, Mr. Archibald, who had obtained permission to join this dangerous expedition. The Americans promptly returned the fire, and four Spaniards responded to the call of their guns, by dropping dead in their tracks.

They were not accustomed to such accurate shooting and beat a quick retreat, rushing into the jungle and firing at random as they ran. The Spaniards were led by a lieutenant of their boasted Civil Guard, but he fell before the gun of Metzler of Company E, and his men were demoralized by his fall.

Lieutenant Crofton and his men now came up and joined the skirmish line which was extended across the road and into the jungle beyond. Captain O'Connell returned to the transport and, after conferring with the officers there, went to the Manning and the Wasp and pointed out to their gunners the point where the enemy was last seen. He then returned to the brave men on shore who were standing where they might be shot down at any time, but remaining as coolly as if they were on dress parade.

The gunboats now poured their shot and shell into the jungle at the right of our skirmish line, and Captain Phister's men fired their volleys at random in the same direction. The retreating foe threw back an occasional shot, but seemed to be trying to keep out of range of our guns.

The Cuban scouts by this time had succeeded in swimming their horses to the shore, and under the direction of Colonel Dorst, they rode along the beach for a mile or two and then disappeared in the jungle. They had a dangerous ride of nine or ten miles to the Cuban camp on the foothills of the Cacara-Jicara Mountains, but night was now coming on and beneath its friendly shadow they sped away over the ground, with every foot of which they were familiar.

The men were now brought back to the ship thoroughly soaked with rain, but there were no injuries except that sustained by Mr. Archibald. The Gussie was compelled afterward to leave without landing

her supplies, but the first blood which was shed on Cuban soil was Spanish blood, and besides those who were seen to fall, many must have been killed by the raking fire of the gunboats through the woods where they were hidden.

In this first contest one prisoner was also captured—a man who was doubtless in the employ of the enemy, as he had given wrong information, under the guise of friendship, to the first landing party.

The faithful officers of the expedition made an attempt to reach the insurgents with supplies at all of the three western provinces which had been agreed upon, but the Spanish forces along the coast succeeded in preventing the Cubans from approaching near enough and in force enough to receive and protect the supplies.

It would have been poor policy to take any chances upon allowing them to fall into the hands of the enemy, and so the *Gussie* with her escort steamed away over the blue seas toward American shores.

CUTTING CABLES AT CIENFUEGOS.

The Americans found it desirable to cut off, if possible, the cable communication between the Spaniards in Cuba and the rest of the world, especially the government at Madrid, and the dangerous duty was necessarily assigned to men in small boats.

The *Nashville* and *Marblehead* had been doing blockade duty on the southern coast but were ordered to Cienfuegos to cut the cables there. Two of them were connected with the West Indies, and the third was probably a local line.

It was a very hazardous proceeding for the little boats containing the grappling apparatus with a handful of men to row into the harbor where the water was shallow enough to enable them to reach the cables, because the work must be done under the fire of the formidable shore batteries. There was one large battery near the harbor mouth, and many rifle pits which had been placed there some months before.

To run this gauntlet of destruction was almost throwing life away and the men knew it. Before manning the boats the officers announced that so great was the peril of the undertaking that no man would be ordered to do the work, but they asked for volunteers.

Never has a call for volunteers from American officers failed to meet with a gallant response, and in this case as in so many others, the brave boys made a rush for the boats.



CUTTING THE CABLE UNDER FIRE



HOLE MADE BY A SPANISH SHOT IN THE ARMOR PLATE
OF THE BATTLESHIP TEXAS

The warnings were repeated, the officers asserting that probably no man would return alive. But the men continued to strive for the dangerous position and then the officers were compelled to choose from the eager volunteers those whom they considered the most cool headed and competent.

The stir on shipboard was eagerly watched by the Spanish officers on shore, and as far as they could judge with the aid of field glasses, preparations were being made for a landing on Cuban shores.

The forces were hastily summoned and a thousand Spaniards or more were waiting for an attack before the preparations were completed for the putting out of the small boats.

In order to divert suspicion from the real purpose the Nashville drew nearer to the shore and opened fire upon the coast defences. Firing steadily, she drew closer toward her prey and poured her shells upon the battery and rifle pits.

Through their glasses the American officers could see that the shots were exceedingly effective, many of the enemy falling before their fire.

The Spanish gunners soon got the range of their assailant and poured their leaden and iron shower upon her, but the men on the Nashville were kept under cover as much as possible while they worked the guns. In the meantime the Windom came up abreast of the Nashville and only about half a mile from her; the Marblehead was still closer in shore and all three were bombarding the fortifications as fast as shot and shell could be carried from their magazines.

When some of the guns had been silenced under the terrific fire of an hour or more, four boats were manned for the purpose of accomplishing the real object in view. Lieutenant Anderson, of the Marblehead, took a cutter with twelve sailors and marines, and a little launch with six men. In the bows of the launch was a rapid firing gun which carried pound balls, and there was also a supply of ammunition.

Lieutenant Winslow was placed in command of two other boats which were similarly equipped, and both of the larger boats were supplied with tongs and grappling irons for the raising of the cables.

The little boats set off with their valiant crews cheering and eager for the work in hand, while over their heads flew the deadly shells and shrapnel from both the American ships and the Spanish batteries. They went within a hundred yards of the shore, and commenced the work of grappling for the cable, but even here they were working in more than forty feet of water, and were also exposed to a constant fire, and every few minutes a wounded man would fall in one of the boats,

but the survivors went on rowing against the current or grappling for the sunken cables as coolly as if they were alone on the open sea.

The wounded men tightened their lips and suppressed the cry of pain, while in more than one instance a wounded sailor kept on rowing until he sank from loss of blood.

In the midst of this terrible but suppressed excitement the grapplers found one of the cables and cut it. Soon the second was brought to the surface and that was also severed, but in the meantime one man was killed at his post and the Spaniards, having obtained the exact range of the workers, their fire became so furious that a retreat was ordered before the third cable was found.

The most fatal fusillade of the Spaniards was made under the protection of the lighthouse which, under the courtesy, if not the law of nations, was safe from attack.

Depending upon American generosity to spare it, they had fought under its protection with fatal effect.

On going into the engagement the word had been given the American gunners to avoid the lighthouse, but after the cowardly attack from beneath its sheltering walls, the *Windom* moved in close to the shore and bombarded the structure until it was reduced to complete ruin.

This was one of the bravest actions of the war, one man was killed, two were mortally wounded, and four others were struck. Among the injured men was Captain Maynard, of the *Nashville*, who stood in an exposed position on the bridge of his ship, directing the gunners in their work, and also giving orders concerning the movements of the vessel.

CHAPLAIN HARRY W. JONES.

It requires more courage to stand faithfully in the post of danger when unarmed than it does to carry the battle flag through the excitement of a victorious charge, and Harry Jones, of the United States Navy, showed that he had genuine soldier blood in his veins when he left the ship with a squad of marines in order to bury a sailor in the land of the enemy.

The only American who was killed in the fierce engagement with Cervera's fleet on that memorable Fourth of July, was the man who fell while standing beside Commodore Schley on the Brooklyn. It was determined to give the brave fellow a Christian burial on the hill

back of the camp which the marines were holding against terrible odds at Guantanamo.

It was known that the woods were alive with Spanish sharpshooters, but it was thought that they would hardly fire upon a funeral party, and Chaplain Jones volunteered to go ashore and conduct the service.

There was a guard of honor consisting of thirty marines, and eight pall bearers who had been chosen from the messmates of the dead sailor, and the little party was landed on the beach below the camp.

With arms reversed and muffled drum the little cortege moved slowly down the valley to the hillside, where a grave was dug, and the body lowered into the ground.

Then the chaplain took his place at the head of the grave, and began to read the solemn words of the burial service. He was uttering the sentence, "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust," when the crack of a rifle was heard and a Mauser bullet was buried deeply in the ground at his feet.

Mr. Jones raised his head to see from whence the disturbance came, but went coolly on with the services regardless of the cowardly shot.

Finding that there was no response to their fire, the Spaniards waxed valiant in fight, and soon the air was filled with the hum of the bullets, while the leaves and twigs which were cut from the trees fell upon the bared heads of the funeral party. There was the patter of bullets on the sod and one of them passed through the sleeve of the chaplain's surplice, but he paid no heed to the shower of lead, and the brave men with bowed heads, seemed to listen reverently to the service.

When it was over the grave was filled, the bugler sounded the farewell taps, and then the marines fired three volleys over the hero's resting place.

It was the sound of these volleys that drove the cowardly Spaniards from the spot, for they supposed that the Americans were at last returning their fire.

Strange to say, there was no injury received by one of the brave and defenseless men who stood so loyally over their dead comrade. While they reverently performed the funeral rites they were sheltered from the foeman's bullets as if protected by the God of Battles.

CHAPTER XII.

THE DESTRUCTION OF CERVERA'S FLEET.

On July 3, 1898, off Santiago, occurred the greatest naval battle of modern times. It was a fair test of armored ships and modern projectiles; of the value of daily discipline and target practice.

For five weeks the American fleet had watched that harbor. There was not a moment by day when the glasses were not trained on the dim, distant smoke that came from the enemy's ships; not a moment by night when the great search lights did not sweep the sea. There had not been a moment during those five weeks when every man was not ready for his duty—and the long strain was beginning to tell.

The American fleet was stationed around Santiago harbor, three miles from Morro Castle. Close to the shore off Aguadores, on the right, was the converted yacht Gloucester, Lieutenant-Commander Wainwright commanding, then the battleship Indiana, Captain Taylor commanding, then the battleship Oregon, Captain Clark commanding, then the battleship Iowa, directly facing the harbor, Captain Evans commanding, then the battleship Texas, Captain Philip commanding, then the armored cruiser Brooklyn, Captain Cook commanding, flying the pennant of Commodore Schley, and close to the shore on the extreme left, the auxiliary Vixen, under the command of Lieutenant Sharp.

The Massachusetts, the New Orleans and the cruiser Newark had left the line and gone forty miles to the east for coal, provisions and ammunition.

At 8:55 o'clock the flagship New York had signaled the fleet: "Disregard the motions of the Commander-in-Chief," and moved toward the east. Admiral Sampson had an engagement with General Shafter and at 9:20 the New York was out of signal distance of the fleet and the command devolved on Commodore Schley.

General muster had been ordered for the fleet. This is compulsory every month in the navy, and the Articles of War are read to the assembled crew. Commodore Schley, with no insignia of rank upon him, tilted his chair back, tapped nervously with his fingers, and remarked: "This is pretty slow." A distant bugle call on the Texas summoned

the crew to church and a bell tolled softly. White mustering clothes had been ordered for the officers and all white for the crew.

Yet on every ship glasses were focused on that distant smoke in the harbor of Santiago. On the forward bridge of the Brooklyn Navigator Hodgson had relieved the officer of the deck, and Quartermaster Anderson was watching the enemy's ships.

That smoke is moving," he said to Mr. Hodgson. Taking the glass the Navigator trained it upon the hazy cloud at the entrance of the harbor. There was an instant of perfect silence, then Anderson caught up the glass as it fell. Hodgson seized his megaphone and yelled, "After bridge, there! Report to the Commodore and the Captain that the enemy's ships are coming out!"

The cadet on the signal bridge stumbled down the ladder, but before his feet had touched the deck the Lieutenant-Commander shouted: "Clear ship for action!"

The scene that followed, while seeming to be the wildest of confusion, was, in reality, the result of the most perfect discipline. The men flew to their guns, dropping their clothes as they went, and in three minutes from the time the signal was given, every gun was loaded, every battle hatch was fastened down, every water tight compartment had been closed, ammunition was ready, fire pumps were on and the decks wet down, and every single man of the five hundred on the ship was in his battle station.

The movement had been seen on the Iowa also, and the signal fluttered from her mast-head: "Enemy's ships coming out." A six pound gun also thundered a warning to the fleet. From the signal halyards of the Texas waved the flags which meant, "The enemy is attempting to escape." An emergency signal was hoisted on the Oregon and the siren sounded to attract the attention of the fleet.

The Spanish fleet, in column, came boldly out of the harbor. In the lead was the Maria Teresa, Admiral Cervera's flagship. The Vizcaya, Colon and Oquendo followed, then the destroyers Furor and Pluton.

The Iowa had her guns trained on the flagship, but her crew stopped for a moment to cheer the Spanish ship as she sailed boldly from safety into danger. The crucial test was about to be made. On one side were four battleships and two destroyers, on the other four battleships, an armored cruiser, and two converted yachts. Allowing for the superior speed possessed by the Spanish ships, the conditions were equal as regarded armament and guns. But on one side was the theatrical,

impulsive daring of the Latin, on the other the cool courage of the Anglo-Saxon; on one side officers who treated their men as slaves, on the other officers who treated them as men; on one side men who had had little experience with the guns, on the other men who had been trained for years with daily target practice.

And in the two countries whose ships had met in the southern seas there was a vital difference. The ruler of one was a man, chosen by popular vote, watching for results with no deeper anxiety than seventy million others felt, while far away in Spain, a little boy, scarcely more than a child, turned his wondering eyes toward the west from the blood stained steps of his tottering throne.

The Iowa was turned so as to bring the Teresa on her starboard bow, and Captain Evans gave the order, "Commence firing—range five thousand yards." Three of the Spanish ships were now in plain sight and the heavy guns of the Oregon were also firing at the flagship. The Indiana came up from the Morro, and brought her guns to bear. The port battery of the Iowa was firing on the Teresa, and the starboard battery on the Vizcaya and the Oquendo. The Oquendo, superior to the Iowa in speed, though severely injured, went on after the other ships, and the Colon made a gallant dash for liberty, striking the Iowa twice as she passed.

As the torpedo boats came out from under the lee of the Morro the Gloucester made for them with a great burst of speed, while the rapid-fire batteries of the Iowa, Indiana and Oregon were also brought to bear.

The Gloucester made short work of the two torpedo boats, and in eight minutes from the time they first came under fire, one had sunk and the other was pounding on the rocks. The Oquendo and the Teresa had headed for the beach, the Brooklyn and Oregon were chasing the Colon, firing at the Vizcaya meanwhile. As the Texas and the Iowa drew near, steadily firing, the Vizcaya headed for the beach. Presently it was seen that she was on fire aft, but her flag still flew at her mast-head, so the Iowa opened fire again with her twelve-inch guns. As the fire gained headway she made a run for the beach, so Captain Evans signaled "Cease firing," and going as near as the depth of water would permit, prepared to rescue the crew of the Vizcaya.

In two minutes from the time the signal was first given, the heavy guns of the Indiana had been trained upon the Morro. From his position on the bridge, Captain Taylor called: "Get to your guns, lads, our chance has come at last," and the men answered with a cheer. There

was a period of doubt as to the intention of the Spanish fleet. Two of the four ships seemed to be heading for the *Indiana*, probably to torpedo or ram her, and the fire of the heaviest guns was reserved for the possible emergency. The torpedo boat destroyers also complicated the *Indiana's* situation. But day by day on the *Indiana* the exact range of the Spanish ships had been taken and her fire was hence very effective.

The gunner's books show that during the first forty minutes of the engagement, the *Indiana* fired eighteen hundred and seventy-six projectiles, of which only twenty-five were of small size. It was a heavy shell from the *Indiana* which first set the *Vizcaya* afire, and one from the same ship exploded upon the *Teresa* and did great damage. The *Colon* and *Furor* were also struck by shells from the *Indiana*.

As the *Teresa* and *Oquendo* headed for the beach, the gallant crew of the *Indiana* gave a cheer that resounded above the roar of her guns. When the *Vizcaya* struck her colors, the bugles of the *Indiana* sounded "Cease firing." The remaining Spanish ship, the *Colon*, was far to the west, with the *Brooklyn* and *Oregon* in full pursuit. At this moment the flagship *New York*, which had come abreast of the *Indiana* from the eastward, firing twice at the torpedo boat destroyers as she passed, signaled to the *Indiana* to return and guard the harbor entrance.

It was Captain Taylor's intention to guard the harbor entrance and at the same time to send relief parties to the *Oquendo* and *Teresa*. But two of the light-armored vessels, the *Harvard* and the *Resolute*, brought word of a Spanish battleship approaching from the eastward and attacking the transports near *Siboney*.

The *Indiana* soon sighted the ship, and when Captain Taylor could no longer doubt that she flew the Spanish flag, he again sounded the call to quarters and ordered the men to the guns. The crew of the *Indiana* had been under an intense strain and for three hours had been at the guns, but without a moment's faltering the men rushed, cheering, to their stations.

Just at the point of opening fire, the ship was discovered to be an Austrian, but for fear of a ruse the *Indiana* approached her slowly with guns bearing. She signaled a wish to communicate with the American ship, and an Austrian lieutenant came aboard. He was gay with epaulets and gold lace; the half-naked men who lined up to salute him as he passed were covered with powder smoke and dust. He had his Captain's request for permission to enter the blockading line and bring Austrian refugees out of *Santiago*. Captain Taylor referred him to Admiral Sampson, telling him he would be found some distance to the

eastward. The ensuing conversation is best told in Captain Taylor's own words.

I told him we had just come out of action with Cervera's squadron. He showed great surprise and said:

"Then there has been a battle?"

"Yes,' I replied.

"And the result?" he asked, eagerly.

"We have defeated them.'

"But where is Cervera's fleet now?" he inquired.

"His flagship, the Maria Teresa, is there, Lieutenant,' I answered, pointing at the same time to the beach a few miles distant.

"But I see nothing there but some smoke, Captain!"

"It is the smoke of the Maria Teresa burning, Lieutenant; she is a wreck upon the beach.'

"He was silent and I continued:

"Close to her on the beach, you will see another column of smoke; that is the Oquendo burning. On this side, nearer to us, is the Pluton, sunk in the breakers; and the Furor is near her, but is on the bottom in deeper water and is not visible.'

"But,' he interrupted, 'you have then destroyed half those splendid vessels of Cervera's!'

"Wait, Lieutenant,' I continued, 'and look a few miles farther to the westward, and you will see another column of smoke; that is the Vizcaya on the beach near Asserados. As to the Colon, she is still farther to the westward, out of sight from us here, but you will see her presently as your Captain steers in that direction to find Admiral Sampson, who is at that end of our line.'

"His eyes ranged along the shore as I pointed out the different vessels.

"Mein Gott!' he exclaimed. 'Then you have destroyed the whole of that splendid squadron! I did not think it possible.'

"After a moment more of silent astonishment he said, with a polite sympathy which concealed eager professional curiosity:

"And your injuries, Captain? What losses has the American squadron sustained?"

"None,' I replied.

"But, Captain, you do not understand; it is what casualties—what ships lost or disabled—that I ask.'

"None, Lieutenant,' I said. 'The Indiana was struck but twice; suffered no injury, no loss. The other ships are virtually in the same



EFFECT OF A GOOD AMERICAN SHOT.



condition. We are all of us perfectly ready for another battle—as much so as before Cervera came out this morning.’

“His astonishment was now complete.

“‘Mein Gott!’ he exclaimed again. ‘Admiral Sampson’s fleet has destroyed these great Spanish ships, and without injury to his own squadron! Sir, it is unheard of; I must go to inform my Captain.’”

Two other vessels had also sighted the stranger, and Captain Evans, on receiving the information, left the rescue of the remaining prisoners to a smaller boat and at once cleared for action. Fifteen or twenty frightened American transports were in front of the supposed Spaniard, making for the fleet as rapidly as possible. When the sturdy Iowa sailed out to meet the enemy, they followed her, slowly and cautiously. Captain Evans had two hundred and fifty prisoners of war upon his decks, and he at once went to Captain Eulate, of the Vizcaya, and asked for their verbal parole against any act of treachery on the part of any Spanish prisoner. This was willingly given. As soon as the identity of the cruiser was established, the engines of the Iowa were stopped and all hands called to assist in burying the dead.

On the battle ship Texas, hammocks had been unknown for weeks before the battle. The condition of strained expectancy was at its height and never was there a more welcome sound than the call to arms. The Texas lay between the Brooklyn and the Iowa, and somewhat farther off the shore.

It was shortly seen that Cervera’s intention was to run his ships westward, and attempt to escape between the Brooklyn and the shore before the heavier ships could catch him, but before he was fairly outside the harbor the squadron was pouring in a steady fire, effective even at long range.

The Spanish squadron was gay with battle flags, and Captain Philip tells how the battle flags of the Texas were hoisted.

“It was this array,” he says, “which perhaps caused Lieutenant Heilner suddenly to look aloft. There was the old Texas pottering along grimly, without any insignia of war except the Stars and Stripes in its usual place at the stern.

“‘Where are our battle flags?’ he cried.

“‘I guess they won’t have any misconception about our being in battle,’ I remarked, as one of our six-inch shells threw up a column of spray that seemed to fall over the Teresa’s deck. But he wanted battle flags.

“‘What’s a battle without battle flags?’ he demanded, and hurried

a messenger after them. The messenger returned with the information that the flags were in the locker and that the chief signal quartermaster had the key. The signal quartermaster was very busy and somewhat inaccessible, being at his post in the fore upper top.

“‘Then smash the locker,’ said the Lieutenant, and at last we got our battle flags. I don’t know that the Texas fought any better after that, but the Lieutenant was certainly happier.”

The Texas and the Brooklyn had a narrow escape from a collision in the thick smoke. The Texas, after having fired several times upon the Teresa, turned her starboard battery upon the Vizcaya and Oquendo.

The Texas fought a heavy battle with the Oquendo and fired at least two twelve-inch shells into the other Spanish ships. The Texas was struck three times, but no one was injured. At half past ten, as she passed the Oquendo, that ship ran up a white flag, and the Texas bugler sounded “Cease firing.” The Vizcaya surrendered while the Texas was still firing at her.

The Texas also joined the Oregon and Brooklyn in the pursuit of the Colon, and as soon as it was seen that the capture was certain, turned back and made attempts to rescue the wounded.

The converted yacht, Gloucester, bore a gallant part in the fray. Her deck was laden with ammunition, her men were near the guns, and she was ready for the fight at once. Opening fire, she turned toward the Indiana.

As the destroyers came out of the harbor, the Captain of the Indiana signaled, “Gunboats close in.” This assured Lieutenant Commander Wainwright that he was not in danger from the guns of the Indiana and he ordered full speed ahead toward the Furor and Pluton.

Captain Evans of the Iowa pays tribute to the gallant little craft in the following words:

“While watching the beautiful handling of this little ship, I was struck with the splendid execution she was doing. Both of her Colt automatic guns were blazing, fairly sweeping the decks of the torpedo boats, and her broadside guns were firing with mechanical rapidity. She was really ‘spitting fire’ in every direction and presented a wonderful picture to those who were fortunate enough to see it.”

When the Gloucester was within six hundred yards of the Furor, the battery was concentrated upon it, the Pluton being evidently disabled. Every shot seemed to strike. The Pluton ran on the rocks and blew up, and at the same time the Furor turned toward the Gloucester. But as she continued to circle toward the little yacht, the rapid-fire

batteries of the Gloucester disabled her. After a little, her own boilers exploded. The Gloucester then began to rescue the Spaniards, whose condition, by this time, was pitiful.

The high speed of the Brooklyn and Oregon was used to the fullest extent in the chase after the Colon. The Brooklyn was struck at least thirty times and was in the thickest of the fight. During the first part of the action, the fire of three Spanish ships was concentrated upon the Brooklyn, killing one man and wounding three others.

"Tell the men at the guns to fire deliberately and make every shot tell," called the Commodore to Captain Cook. The Brooklyn had described a perfect circle and, still pointing westward, began her famous battle. A big shell from the Texas and one from the Brooklyn crashed into the Vizcaya just above her armor belt, and cut her fire mains. The Vizcaya, whose armor was twice as thick as that on the Brooklyn, and whose guns were of larger caliber, had taken a position within a thousand yards of the Brooklyn, and the two ships were broadside to broadside.

The range was given and the eight-inch guns of the Brooklyn boomed in answer. The smoke was too dense for the target to be seen, but the Colon was flashing at intervals with sudden flame. Five minutes passed and the Brooklyn did not tremble save from the thunder of her own guns. A marine in the foretop shrieked, "Every shot is telling," and two thousand pounds of metal were hurled upon the Vizcaya every three minutes. The Oregon came up and fired several heavy shells, and in less than thirty minutes from the beginning of the fight the colors of the Vizcaya were hauled down, and she ran upon the shore, a hopeless wreck.

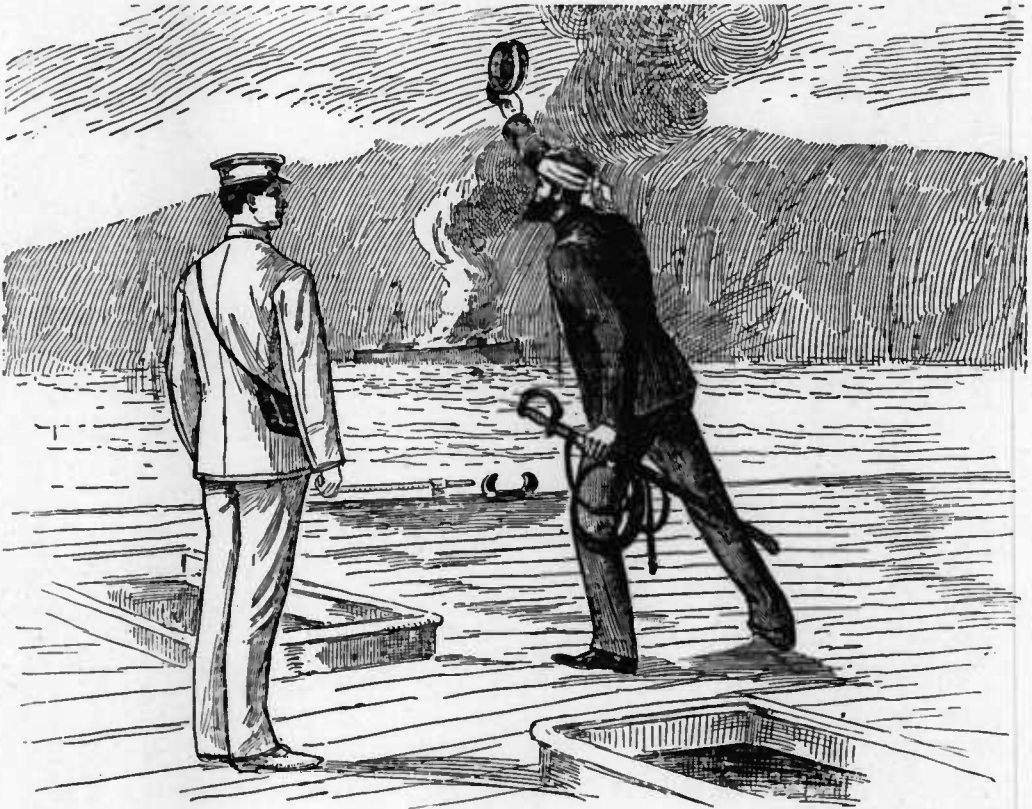
The Oregon, who had come from San Francisco by way of Cape Horn, was getting her share of the battle. During those thirteen thousand miles of sea the hope of revenging the Maine had inspired her crew. When the signal was first displayed, the men danced about the deck, cheering, shouting: "There they come! There they come!"

The opening fire of the Oregon was directed upon the Teresa, and her eight-inch gun was answered with a shower of shot and shell. As the column of Spanish ships cleared the harbor, the Oregon moved farther to the westward in order to head them off.

The gun crews settled down to steady and deliberate work, but down below the protective decks, in the white heat of the furnace room, were the men who enabled the Oregon to accomplish what she did on that eventful day.

After assisting the destruction of the *Teresa*, the *Oregon* turned upon the *Oquendo*. When flames burst from the Spanish ship and she turned in shore, Captain Clark called out: "We have settled another, now look out for the rest." This was answered by a tremendous cheer, which was repeated through the ammunition passages and magazines and down in the boiler and engine rooms.

The forward guns of the *Oregon* were now firing on the *Vizcaya*. When that ship finally gave up and headed for the shore, another cheer



ADIOS, VIZCAYA !

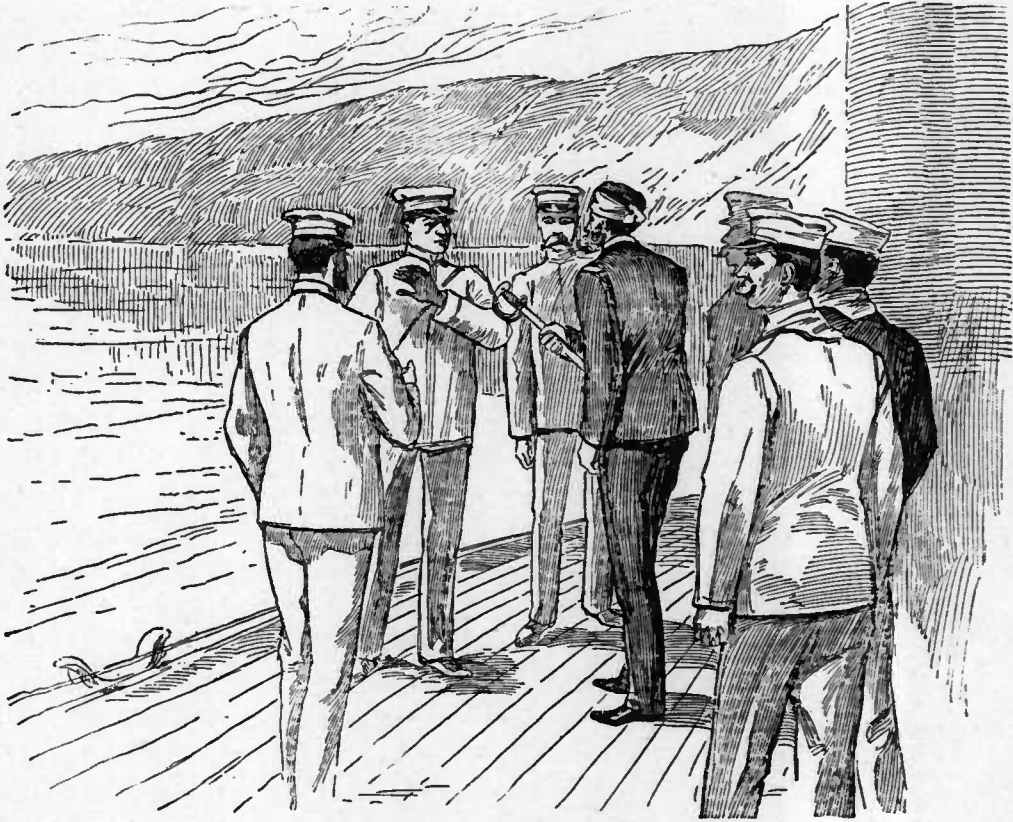
from five hundred throats sounded above the din of the guns. From the masthead of the *Brooklyn* fluttered the signal, "Well done, brave *Oregon*."

The *Brooklyn* and *Oregon* then began the long chase of the *Colon*. The *Brooklyn* was steadily heading for a distant point of land to head her off, while the *Oregon* was forcing her further in shore. The *Brooklyn* signaled, facetiously, "She seems built in Italy." The flags of the

Oregon answered, "She may have been built in Italy, but she will end on the coast of Cuba."

With a bone in her teeth, the Oregon dashed forward. The heroes below decks were almost fainting at their tasks. Even the officers of the engineer force were feeding the roaring furnaces. From the mast-head of the Oregon flew the battle slogan of the army and navy, "Remember the Maine!"

An old boatswain's mate, stationed in the fighting top, yelled



CAPTAIN EVANS REFUSING EULATE'S SWORD.

through his megaphone, "Oh, I say, Captain, can't you give her a thirteen-inch shell, for God's sake!"

The forward thirteen-inch guns began to fire, slowly and deliberately. The crew were cheering wildly, and just after one o'clock a thirteen-inch shell struck under the Colon's stern and her colors fell. The bugle sounded, "Cease firing," and the last shot had been fired.

The pall of smoke had not lifted nor the last note of the bugle died

away when the thunder of the guns was replaced by the strains of the "Star Spangled Banner," from the band. On the forward deck of the Oregon, five hundred and fifty men, not one of them injured, were dancing about in a fever of joy. There were rousing cheers for the Captain, and amid cheers the Brooklyn signaled, "Congratulations upon the glorious victory."

The welcome of the fleet and the ovation given Captain Clark on board the New York must have made the stately Oregon proud of her day's work, while the message that fluttered from the Brooklyn, "Welcome back, brave Oregon," made her crew cheer again.

The rescue of the Spaniards was an act of simple mercy. In this work the Iowa took a leading part. Captain Eulate, of the Vizcaya, wounded, was received aboard the Iowa with military honors. He offered his sword to Captain Evans, but the tender was magnanimously refused. Two hundred and fifty of his men were on the deck of the Iowa. Afar on the horizon, the magnificent ship he had so lately commanded was a mass of flame. With heartbreak in his voice he stretched out his arms toward the ship that he loved, and cried, "Adios, Vizcaya."

The plucky little Gloucester had been busy with the wounded for some time. Admiral Cervera surrendered to Lieutenant Commander Wainwright. The men of the Gloucester clambered on board the burning Maria Teresa until Admiral Cervera remonstrated.

"The fire is very near her magazines," he said.

"It does not matter, Admiral," returned Lieutenant Wainwright, "we will not go until we have rescued all your men." And go she did not, though the armored sides of the flagship were almost red hot.

As the Iowa resumed her blockading station, the Gloucester brought her prisoners upon board. All preparations were made to receive the Admiral with the honors due his rank. The full marine guard of eighty men were paraded, the officers and crew of the Vizcaya stationed to do him honor, and the crew of the Iowa clustered over the turrets, naked as they came out of battle.

Lieutenant Wainwright accompanied the Admiral. The guard presented arms, the officers uncovered, the bugles sounded, and the crew of the Iowa, with instinctive pride in a brave man who took his defeat like a soldier, broke forth into cheers that lasted fully a minute. The Admiral bowed his thanks. He was scantily clad, bare-headed, and without shoes, yet he was every inch a soldier and a man.

Most of the prisoners were on the Iowa, and out of respect to the dead and wounded and defeated, there was little cheering done. The

dead Spanish seamen, covered with their country's flag, were buried in the sea from the deck of a conquering ship, with their own chaplain performing the service.

Yet throughout the fleet enthusiasm ran high. The men on the Oregon were hoarse with cheering; the crew of the Brooklyn were wild with delight.

"Three cheers for Commodore Schley," shouted some one, and the decks of the Brooklyn echoed a resounding cheer. The officers were grouped upon the forward deck, and then there was a scene which could have taken place nowhere in the world but on the deck of an American battleship. Commodore Schley, deeply touched, stepped forward.

"Thank you, boys," he said, "but I didn't do it. You're the boys who did it. Let the officers cheer the crew."

Hats came off instantly and the officers paid their tribute to the crew—the men who swabbed the decks, hoisted ammunition and ran the furnaces; then three times three for the men behind the guns.

On the American side throughout was a superb indifference to danger. The men were calm and collected, with the cool Anglo-Saxon courage which faces imminent death simply as a matter of discipline and duty. A cadet on the Iowa, where the fire was thickest, coolly tilted a camera to get a snap shot of the enemy. The men on the Gloucester rescued the seamen from the Furor and Pluton in the face of a heavy fire from the Spanish battleships. On the Brooklyn, a man overcome by the heat of the furnaces was carried to the deck. Four of his fellow workers were around him when he opened his eyes. He looked around at them and said, "Why the devil don't you fellows get back to work? What are yer standin' there for?" And as they slunk away, he said to the doctor: "Say, Doc, are we catchin' the dago?"

It was also on the Brooklyn that a man replaced the battle flag, which had been shot away, in the face of a heavy fire, and there that a man crawled out on the muzzle of a gun to ram out a shell. The enemy was firing and death was certain if he dropped off, but his attempt was successful and he returned amid the cheers of his mates.

Up to July 3, 1898, the British navy had held the record for gunnery at forty-two per cent. At the battle off Santiago the American navy advanced it to eighty-two per cent.

Surely the Fourth of July never held a greater significance. Put to another fearful test, the undefeated flag shone with a newer light. The city of Santiago had been taken by as brave a charge as an army ever made. Over the far-off Philippines, the Stars and Stripes floated.

CHAPTER XIII.

ADMIRAL GEORGE DEWEY.

Sometimes men attain to fame gradually, sometimes by one deed that makes nations pause and hold their breath in wonder. Of these was Dewey.

Before the battle of Manila, the great mass of his countrymen, even, had never heard of him. Now his name is spoken with awe and respect in two continents and he will go down to history as Admiral Dewey, hero, who altered the map of the world in a single hour.

Success seemed sudden—the matter of a moment. But through sixty-two inconspicuous years, while discipline and experience were accomplishing their perfect work, Dewey was making ready for the battle of Manila. That he should use the opportunity when it came was as inevitable as the conclusion of a logical premise.

Dewey as a boy, however, had only latent possibilities. He was a leader among his playmates even then, but his accuracy of judgment, and his rare power of counting the cost, were acquired later. Fifty years or so ago he was a hot-headed, generous, obstinate schoolboy in the bleak, barren village school house, with its stiff wooden benches and rough desks. His most innocent pastime was carving his initials wherever space offered, and the G. D.'s appearing all about, even now, testify to the good edge of his jackknife. These were the days when he acted his own pleasure, and when his definition of pleasure was not the one given in the dictionary.

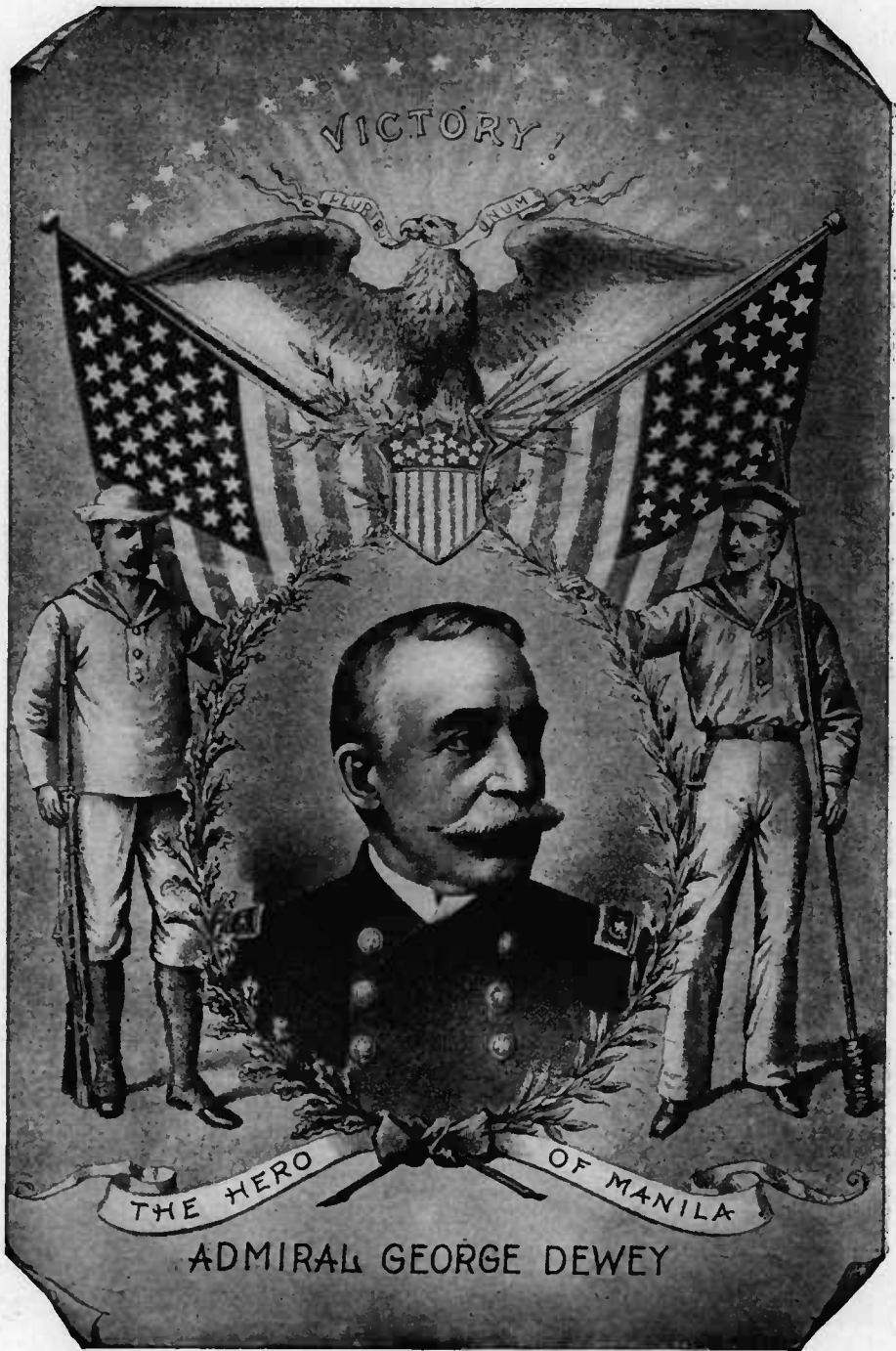
With two other strong, muscular boys, he formed a kind of invincible triangle that kept the whole school in subservience, terrorized the school trustees and made the school such an extremely unpleasant place for the teacher that one pedagogue after another left it in despair.

But the haughty triumvirate was destined to meet a most humiliating Waterloo at the hands of a teacher half their size, weighing just ninety pounds.

The man who inflicted the defeat is now Major J. K. Pangborn, but then he was only Mr. Pangborn, the new teacher fresh from college. The boys thought they had found an easy victim and began with their usual tactics.



OFFICER DEWEY THE LAST TO LEAVE THE BURNING SHIP
"MISSISSIPPI"



VICTORY!

E PLURIBUS UNUM

THE HERO OF MANILA

ADMIRAL GEORGE DEWEY

"I took charge of the school," Major Pangborn says in telling the story, "and for the first week there was no outbreak. George Dewey was one of the boldest and brightest of the younger lads, and above all things loved a fight. He was ever looking for trouble. He had the personal qualities of a leader, and while there was nothing you could call bad about him, he resented authority and evinced a sturdy determination not to submit to it, unless it suited him.

"The crisis arrived in this fashion: After the usual afternoon recess one Monday, Dewey did not return to the school room. I sent for him, but the messenger returned with the message that George had declared that he wasn't coming and that I might go to the devil. After school that day, George, who had climbed into the cupola of the old statehouse, amused himself by pelting the children with snowballs, and when I went out and commanded him to come down, he again advised me to go to the devil.

"I was mad, and when I got home I spent the evening perfecting a plan of campaign for the next day. I first of all provided myself with a very substantial rawhide, and at a late hour that night took it to the school room and placed it over the ledge of the entrance door, where it would be ready to my hand when I entered school next day. I also secured two or three round sticks of cord-wood and placed them on top of the wood box in the school room where I could reach them easily. I then went to bed and slept like a baby, for I had resolved that when the rumpus started I would be the first to fire a broadside.

"Dewey came to school the next day as if nothing had happened and took his place at his desk as demurely as any young miss of them all. His smile was both child-like and bland. I wasted no time in preliminaries, but as soon as the scholars were in their places I summoned Dewey to the platform in a terrible voice.

"He came with a saucy twinkle in his eyes, and seemed to survey my slender proportions with a contempt bordering on amusement. Then I began to talk. I summed up the head and front of his offending in a voice that brought ice to the window-panes, and wound up by saying that he must forthwith say he was sorry for having misbehaved himself, apologize both to me and to the school for what he had done and promise to be obedient and orderly in the future. I told him if he did not do this I should punish him then and there.

"Dewey laughed. * * * The next instant, I and the rawhide were winding and tossing around him like the fire of one of the warships that have made his name famous the world over. I was little and slender,

but so also was the rawhide, and the two of us so demoralized Dewey that almost before I was aware of it he was lying in a heap on the floor. He was bleeding from a wound in the hand, and whimpering as any boy would at receiving so tremendous a thrashing. He was conquered, while I glared over his prostrate form at the other rebellious spirits in the school.

"For an instant they sat motionless, so extreme was their surprise. Then seven of them started up the defile formed by the row of desks, to have my blood. But I was ready for them. Seizing a stick of cord-wood from the firebox I dealt the first boy who crossed into my territory a blow between the eyes that sent him to the floor with a crash. The others paused.

"'Sit down!' I roared, and down they all sat.

"That ended the Dewey revolt."

Mr. Pangborn took the boy home to his father, "somewhat the worse for wear," he told him, "but still in condition for school work." Dr. Dewey thanked him with his fine old-fashioned courtesy, and said that if the lesson needed emphasis it should have it. But Dewey knew when he had had enough, and when he had met his master.

He turned over a new leaf and soon was transformed into one of the best pupils Major Pangborn had. The other boys followed his example, and the school became as famous for its order, as in the past it had been notorious for disorder. Dewey and his teacher grew to be such friends that when Mr. Pangborn went to another school Dewey accompanied him.

Many years afterwards there was a meeting of the two. Dewey was then a lieutenant in the navy. "I shall never cease to be grateful to you," he said to his old teacher. "You made a man of me." Then he added with a smile, "But for that thrashing you gave me in Montpelier I should probably have been in state prison before this."

Admiral Dewey was born in his father's old colonial house in Montpelier, Vermont, the day after Christmas in the year 1837. His mother, Mary Perrin, died in his childhood, and when he was eight years old, his father, Dr. Dewey, was married again to Susan Edson Tarbox. Dr. Dewey was a courtly, polished gentleman of the old school, honored throughout the whole village for his integrity and force of character. In his early life, he studied medicine and settled in Montpelier as a physician. Until he was fifty he continued in the active practice of his profession. Then he founded the National Life Insurance Company, to the success of which he devoted his time and energy for the rest of his life.

The family kept up always its old-time style and stateliness, and Dewey came rightfully by the love of form and ceremony that is characteristic of him. Mrs. Dr. Dewey drove about Montpelier in a low-hanging barouche. Silver-plated harness clanked on her horses, and when the townspeople saw the barouche approaching, half in awe and half in jest, they whispered:

“Here comes the Prince of Wales’ carriage.”

Dr. Dewey was a man with a deep religious nature. He founded Christ Episcopal Church of Montpelier, and in many other ways contributed to the benevolent institutions of the town. His second wife died also, and at the age of fifty-four he married the third time. In 1877, at the age of seventy-six, he died full of years and honor.

It was fortunate that the Admiral had such a man for a father. He guided him without constraining him where it was possible. But in an active boy’s childhood are compassed so many misdemeanors, that the boy George reaped many times the just punishment of his mischief, which his father did not fail to inflict when there was need. The village life gave him much freedom, and the opportunity to develop physically which has served him in good stead all his life through.

On the banks of the “Onion” River, which swept through the meadows at the rear of his home, he carved little boats and sent them floating off, until he was strong enough and large enough to join in the sports which the river afforded. In swimming and skating, he at once became a leader, outstripping all his other companions with his feats, causing them often, it is likely, to break the tenth commandment as they watched him.

It was in this same little innocent “Onion” River, if accounts are true, that Dewey had a narrower escape from death than in all the rest of his perilous career afterwards. The best swimmers in the neighborhood one afternoon were vying with each other to see how long each could stay under water. Dewey’s turn came last and he went down with a determination to beat all previous records. But he did not come up again. The seconds lengthened and the boys realized that something must have happened. Their cries for help brought men from a field near by, and the boy was finally pulled out limp and unconscious and laid on the bank. His friends worked over him anxiously until the color came into his face again, and when he opened his eyes, they felt almost as if a miracle had been performed in his behalf. But the first words that Dewey’s gradually returning breath enabled him to utter showed his unconquerable spirit. This was the question that his best friend of all

heard him ask when he bent over him affectionately to hear what he was saying: "Did—I—beat—them?"

Other athletic sports besides aquatic feats also came within his province. The day when the legislature opened its session each year was his great opportunity. People from all the country about thronged to the capital city. The little boys munched gingerbread and peanuts and the big boys of the several towns drank sweet cider and engaged in feats of strength. In these competitions, young Dewey invariably came off victor, and the moment when all eyes were turned upon him, as he bore off the championship for another twelve months, must have been as sweet as any later victory.

He was not a great reader, but what he did read he put as quickly as possible to a practical use. "Robinson Crusoe," for instance, was one of his favorite works, because a boy could get so many new games to play out of it. The life of Hannibal, also, was very interesting, as giving a fine chance for thrilling scenes from life. Sometimes, however, these realistic reproductions were attended with much inconvenience, as when Hannibal, in the person of young George, attended by his army, composed of his little sister Mary, plunged through the Alps, represented by a huge soft snowdrift. As a result of the campaign, the army went to bed for a week, to recover from a heavy cold, and during that time Dewey was deprived of his most efficient assistant.

This faithful sister was a very necessary part of the circuses, dramas and minstrel shows given in the Dewey barn. George on these occasions was playwright, director, prompter, business manager, stage director and star actor. Mary only liked these things for her brother's sake, and, when she could, shunned an appearance before the footlights, but sometimes it was necessary for her to come to the rescue. Once the ten-year-old leading lady, after the irresponsible fashion of dramatic geniuses, failed to put in an appearance. George, not to be overcome by any situation, however serious, announced to his sister that she must take her place. Mary protested that she did not know her lines. But George said that made no difference, he would fire his pistol whenever she stumbled. The scheme worked so well that shooting became a regular feature of the shows until Dr. Dewey discovered it and put a stop to it before any casualties occurred.

George and this accommodating little sister acted out many stirring dramas together, and their acting always belonged to the realistic school. One of their favorite subjects was some old-time legend with modern stage setting. A neighbor, who used to observe their fertility of

resource with much interest, describes one of their histrionic attempts thus: "I saw Mary wade into the river where the water was up to her knees, and then George, with a wild yell, dashed out after her, brandishing a big stick, with which he beat the water in every direction. He threw his left arm around her and escorted her to shore. When they came up the bank I asked what the matter was, and the little girl, with a charming lisp, said: 'I was being rescued from a ferocious alligator by my brother George, who came in time to save me,'" What was said to Mary when she reached home with her fresh, clean dress, ready once more for the ironing board, is not included in the neighbor's tale.

Many other stories are told about Dewey by his townspeople. One of them, known as the Admiral's first cruise, shows a diplomacy prophetic of his later achievements.

When he was about eleven, he started out one day with his father's horse and buggy for a tour of adventure, with his friend, Will Redfield. Incidentally they were to drive the cows home. When they came to Dog River, however, which enters the Winooski River (known in Dewey's boyhood as the Onion River), some miles from the town, they found it higher than the oldest inhabitant in the town had ever known it to be. The ford was impassable and William wished to turn back, but George would hear nothing of it.

He plunged into the ford at full speed and found no bottom. The light buggy went adrift and floated off toward Lake Champlain, while the two boys scrambled to the back of the horse and managed to land with no personal discomfort except a good wetting. When George reached home, his father was away on a professional call. The buggy was gone and the horse seemed rather shattered as to his nervous system. It was a very sad state of affairs, but the boy did not meditate long. He went straight to bed without waiting for his supper.

In due course of time his father arrived, and sought out his erring son. George was apparently asleep, but when his father in round terms began to tell him what he thought of his rashness, George, in a small voice, replied from under the covers:

"You ought to be thankful that my life wath thpared."

The hero of Manila comes of a race of fighters. Enthusiastic genealogists trace the Dewey family back through forty generations, even to Charlemagne himself, gathering into the relationship Pepin, King of Italy, and half a dozen other kings and noblemen. However that may be, it is a fact beyond dispute, that as far back as the average mind can trace the Dewey family, it is one of patriots and fighters. Thomas

Dewey, known in history as "Dewey the Settler," was the first of his name on American soil. He was one of the splendid band of sturdy dissenters that left old England for the freedom of the new world. George Dewey is a representative of the ninth generation since his time, and between the earliest American Dewey and the latest there have been many brave men of the name who have fought Indians, or any other foe that menaced the safety of their country or fireside during the dramatic chapters of our country's history.

With such an inheritance, it is not strange that the thought of wars and battles should come early to the boy's mind and that his training should have made him fit to take part in them.

When he was sixteen he went for a year to the Norwich Military School at Norwich, Vermont. From there, his father intended to send him to the West Point Military Academy. But the boy's heart was set on the navy. His father did not think much of sailors and told him so. Still he was unwilling to thwart his son and yielded to his desire. One of his schoolmates, George Spalding, had the same ambition, and it must have been a bitter disappointment to the boy Dewey when Senator Foote of Vermont, who had the choice to make, gave the appointment to his friend and named him as the alternate. George Spalding's mother interfering, however, withdrew her son from the competition, and the appointment fell to Dewey after all.

George Spalding is now a minister in Syracuse, New York, and after the battle of Manila he preached a sermon commemorating the victory of his old schoolmate.

At seventeen, in 1854, Dewey put the village life with its sorrows and its joys, its defeats and triumphs, behind him to enter the Naval Academy at Annapolis. The entrance requirements there have always been severe. A candidate must be, first of all, over fifteen and under twenty. The boy who passes the best examination is usually selected and the next best is made alternative to take his place if for any reason the first candidate is rejected at the academy.

Examinations are held in May and September. When the preliminary tests are successfully over, the boy presents himself at the academy. There a number of rigid examinations await him. To begin with, three medical officers of the navy pronounce on his physical fitness. Weakness of the eyes, impaired hearing, impediment of the speech, even the loss of a number of teeth will throw a candidate out, for Uncle Sam's sailor boys must be as sound as a man can be.

When the medical board has passed a boy with a favorable report,

his troubles are only half over. The academic board then takes him in charge, and tests his proficiency in reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic, geography, English grammar, United States history, and algebra. If he fails to reach the standard in any one of these branches, away he goes back home again, with his hopes of Annapolis shattered for that year at least. Forty per cent only of the candidates are able to pass the two boards. Of these Dewey was one.

Those who enter the academy bind themselves by oath to serve in the navy of the United States, unless discharged, forever. But even so, only about half finish their course. The rest of them find that the study and discipline are too severe and they drop out of the ranks. But Dewey held on to the end and received his reward.

The four years at Annapolis were very important in the boy's development. The discipline of the school was strict, but did not prevent him from fighting for his personal rights. He took advantage of this leniency more than once to establish his position. For though he was not quarrelsome he resented insults.

Even at that time, the line between Northern boys and Southern boys was sharply defined at the Naval Academy just as it was at West Point. Dewey did not hesitate to array himself with the Northern faction. The Southern boys found him an unyielding opponent, and they made a concerted effort to provoke a quarrel. The effort was most successful, for while Dewey accepted the name of "Yankee" with evident pride and enjoyment, "dough-face" and the other appellations which the Southern boys bestowed upon him tried his soul exceedingly.

When he could stand it no longer, he waited one day for his principal tormentor as he was coming from the mess-room, knocked him down and punished him thoroughly. Soon after, an inkstand was thrown at Dewey's head in the reading-room. Again he sought out the offender and again won a decisive victory. His antagonist, however, was not willing to let the matter drop so, and sent a challenge to Dewey, saying that he would prefer pistols at close range and that the duel must be to the death.

The challenge was accepted. On the day appointed, everything was ready at the place of meeting. The distance had been paced off, and the seconds were just ready to place their principals, when the officers of the Academy, warned by one of the frightened students, appeared and ended the proceedings.

Sixty-five boys began the course with Dewey. Of them all, only four-

teen received diplomas at the end of four years. Dewey, then not twenty-one years, ranked fifth in his class.

The next two years were passed on shipboard. Dewey's first cruise was on the old steam frigate *Wabash*, under the command of Captain Barron of Virginia, who afterwards held to his State in the war and served in the Confederate navy. The *Wabash* was on the European station and the greater part of the time was spent in the Mediterranean, with the shores of which Dewey became very familiar.

In 1860 Dewey returned to Annapolis for his final examination. He had made good use of the two years, and this time he led all his classmates. Combined with his former grade this gave him the final position of third in his class and the rank of passed midshipman. He obtained a furlough and went home to Vermont to visit his father before starting out on another cruise.

In February, 1861, he received his first commission. Rumors of war were floating about. Everyone felt the suspense of a delayed crisis. Many Southern officers resigned, and Dewey was consequently promoted to the grade of master, a title no longer in use, corresponding to that of a lieutenant of the junior grade in the modern navy.

On the twelfth of April, Fort Sumter was fired upon. Dewey was at the old home in Montpelier, enjoying his well-earned period of leisure, when the news came. Six days afterwards, he received his commission as lieutenant and was assigned to duty aboard the *Mississippi* under Captain Melancton Smith. Dewey was destined to see fierce fighting and to do many brave deeds before he left the ship. For the *Mississippi* was made a part of the West Gulf blockading squadron, under the command of Captain David G. Farragut, the grand old hero of many battles.

On the twentieth of January, 1862, the fleet sailed for the Gulf of Mexico, to capture the City of New Orleans, one of the most formidable Confederate strongholds. Farragut's first act when he reached the mouth of the Mississippi River was to send his chief of staff, Captain Bell, up the river with two gunboats to reconnoiter. Captain Bell returned with the report that the approach to the city was strongly fortified. Two forts were to be passed, thirty miles above the head of the passes, Jackson on the right bank, and St. Philip a little farther up the stream on the left. The Confederate government had taken possession of both of these and had put them in thorough repair. Large hulks were moved in line across the river, with heavy chains extending from one to the other. The enemy had used rafts of logs also and the passage between the forts was entirely closed. Moreover, along the banks of the

river were ranged two hundred sharpshooters to pick off Federals wherever they could and to give the forts warning of their movements.

Beyond the forts, a Confederate squadron of fifteen vessels was gathered, under Commodore J. K. Mitchell, to mete out punishment to the Federals in case the grim lessons the forts would give should not prove effective enough.

The task that lay before Farragut seemed dangerous and difficult beyond hope of success. To break through these obstructions, pass up the channel between the forts, conquer the Confederate fleet, steam up to New Orleans, and demand the surrender of the city,—this seemed a fairy tale, but Farragut made it history, and Dewey took lessons.

The first difficulty lay in getting some of the boats through the passes into the river. The Colorado, which drew twenty-two feet of water, could not be taken in at all, as there were only fifteen feet of water on the bar, and the Mississippi, after being lightened in every possible way, was dragged ignominiously in by tugboats through a foot of mud. On the afternoon of April 27, the mortar boats were placed in position to open fire on the forts. For six days, with little interruption, the bombardment continued. Then Farragut decided that an attempt might be made to pass the fort. On April 24, therefore, the Federal fleet got under way. As soon as the advance ship of the column came within range, the enemy opened fire, but one by one the Union ships went by.

The Confederate gunboats were gathered together above the forts and they met the attacking fleet with a rapid, heavy fire. But they were overmatched and proved only an incident in the general progress. Just one hour and ten minutes after weighing anchor, the vessels had passed the forts and were on their way to New Orleans.

It was one of the greatest feats in the history of naval warfare. With seventeen wooden vessels, against the swift current of the stream, little more than half a mile in width, running the forts, imperilled by burning rafts, Farragut went to meet the enemy's fleet, two of whose vessels were ironclad. He either captured or destroyed every vessel of it and lost but one of his own squadron. The achievement was not to be repeated until the war with Spain gave another great man a great opportunity.

On the morning of April 25, the fleet reached the Chalmette and McGehn batteries, three miles away from New Orleans. Here Farragut's right of way was hotly disputed. But the batteries were silenced and the fleet pushed on until the City of the Crescent was fairly under

their guns. They had reached the vantage at the cost of thirty-seven men killed and one hundred and fifty-seven wounded.

An incident is told of Dewey during the progress of the fleet up the Mississippi that illustrates well his coolness and self-control. The Union ships went up the river so near to one shore that the muzzles of the Southern guns protruded almost over the decks of the vessels. This was a piece of strategy on the part of the old sea warrior that saved him the life of many a man. For instead of being raked from both shores, as would have been the case if the vessels had gone up the middle of the stream, they were so far from one shore that the projectiles could not reach them and so near the other that it was almost impossible to depress the guns sufficiently to do them very great damage.

Dewey was executive officer on his ship, and during the forward movement he stood on the bridge looking about him with calm unconcern whenever the smoke lifted. A brother officer thus describes him:

“He could be seen in the red and yellow glare flung from the cannons’ mouths. It was like a thunderstorm with almost incessant lightning. For a time all would be dark. Then the forts would belch forth, and there was Dewey in the midst of it, the flames from the guns almost touching him, and the big shot and shell passing near enough to him to blow him over with their breath, while he held firmly to the rail. His hat had been blown off and his eyes were aflame. He gave his orders with the air of a man in thorough command of himself. He took in everything. He saw a point of advantage and seized it at once.”

Suddenly a Confederate ram darted out from the opposite shore. One of the other vessels barely escaped destruction from it, then the little death-dealing craft turned her attention to Dewey’s vessel. She ran off for a considerable distance, and coming about, started for the Mississippi with a full head of steam. To the wooden ships of that day, a blow from one of these rams was necessarily fatal, and it looked as if the ship was inevitably doomed. But Dewey did not swerve or flinch. He gave an order to a non-commissioned officer by his side, in an ordinary tone, and the officer disappeared to the gun deck. The ram was coming nearer every instant. Dewey paced back and forth on the bridge apparently oblivious.

Just at the instant, when it seemed as if every man might put up his last petition and prepare to die bravely, Dewey’s vessel swerved to one side and then was hauled up sharp, so that her broadside was presented full towards the ram.

The tables were turned. Every gun on the Northern vessel centered

its missiles of destruction on the little Confederate ram. Her inefficient armor was pierced in a dozen places and she settled so rapidly that it was found necessary to ground her in order to save her crew.

Dewey came down from the bridge, when the vessel had gone on a mile or so. His hat was blown away, and he was so begrimed by the smoke of the guns that he resembled nothing so much as a coal heaver. One of the men in the vessel says that he did not even look disturbed and that he was not nearly so excited as the men on the ships ahead, beyond the danger line, who were looking back with dread, expecting to see the ship go to the bottom at any moment.

It is characteristic of Dewey that, as soon as the danger was over, he took a leisurely course to his cabin, and did not emerge until soap, water and fresh clothing had brought him to that pitch of cleanliness and order which his fastidious taste demanded.

On the twenty-fifth of April, the fleet anchored opposite New Orleans and the formal capitulation of the city followed a few days later. Everything on shore was in confusion. The levees were ablaze and the mob element threatened to break out at any moment. Marines were sent ashore and the public buildings put under guard until the arrival of General Butler on the first of May.

At that time Admiral Farragut sent seven of his vessels up the river and Natchez and Baton Rouge surrendered without resistance. For several months the Mississippi, with the other vessels of the fleet, patrolled the river between New Orleans and Vicksburg, ascending the bayous and doing good work for the Federal cause.

During this time Farragut visited the Mississippi on several occasions, to steam up the river for reconnoitering purposes. The Southerners had a trick of rushing a field-piece to the top of a high bank, firing pointblank at the vessel and then ducking down again. On one occasion Dewey dodged a shot and Farragut noticed him.

"Why don't you stand firm, Lieutenant?" he asked. "Don't you know you can't jump quick enough?"

Very soon after, under similar circumstances, the Admiral jumped to one side as a shot came whistling through the air.

The Lieutenant smiled but kept quiet. The Admiral's conscience, however, was troubling him. He cleared his throat once or twice, shifted from one foot to the other and finally exclaimed:

"Why, sir, you can't help it, sir. It's human nature!"

DESTRUCTION OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

In March it was decided to pass Port Hudson, in order to blockade the river above it. Port Hudson is at a bend in the Mississippi, where there are bluffs a hundred feet high. On those of the east bank, the Confederates had mounted nineteen heavy guns and on the opposite shore just below the bend a dangerous shoal was located.

Commander Farragut had with him the flagship *Hartford*, the *Monongahela*, the *Mississippi*, the *Richmond*, *Genesee*, *Albatross* and *Kineo*. On the night of March 14, at ten o'clock the signal was given to advance. As the ships drew near the batteries, the enemy threw up rockets and opened fire. Along the shore, at the foot of the bluffs, powerful lamps were placed like locomotive headlights, and bonfires already stacked were touched off. The ships hugged the east shore to avoid the dangerous shallows, passing so close to the Confederate gunners that they could be heard swearing as they worked.

The smoke from the guns and from the shore soon covered the ships like a cloud and involved them in even more danger than the Confederate batteries. The pilots could see nothing.

Sometimes the flagship in the lead pushed ahead of her own smoke, but the rest of the ships were as helpless as if they had been adrift without rudder or compass. The *Hartford* was caught by the current at the bend of the river, and swept around nearly on shore with her head toward the batteries. Her stern grazed the ground, but with the assistance of the *Albatross*, she was backed clear, and passed by the batteries without serious injury. Only one man killed and two wounded was her record.

One man fell overboard, and his agonizing cries for help were heard on board the other ships as they passed, powerless to save him.

The Confederates did not depress their guns sufficiently to hit the *Hartford* as often as the ships that followed. The *Richmond* and her consort, the *Genesee*, were damaged and compelled to turn downstream, with three killed and fifteen wounded. The *Monongahela* went aground, but she finally floated free and drifted back the way she had come, with a loss of six killed and twenty-one wounded.

Next came the *Mississippi*, firing whenever her guns could be brought to bear. She was just passing the last and most formidable battery, and all on board were breathing a sigh of relief at danger over, when she grounded and heeled over. The engines were reversed at

once, and the port guns run in to bring her on an even keel, while the fire from her starboard battery was reopened on the forts. Steam was increased to the last ounce of pressure which the boilers would bear. Shot and shell fell all about in a deadly shower, raking the decks again and again. In the fearful purgatory, the engines strained and tugged without avail, for an eternity of thirty minutes.

Captain Smith then saw that it would be impossible to get the ship afloat, and he gave the order to spike the port battery and throw the guns overboard. But before it could be carried out, the enemy's firing became so rapid and severe, that the captain decided to abandon the ship at once in order to save the lives of the men. They were exposed to the crossfire of three batteries, with the shot hulling the vessel frequently. Sick and wounded were ordered up. The three small boats, all the Mississippi had, were immediately employed in landing them and the crew. There were nine chances out of ten that the men would be taken prisoners; but whatever happened to them, they, as well as their commanders, were determined that their ship should not be captured by the enemy, and their own guns trained against them by Confederate hands.

All the small arms were thrown overboard, the engineers were ordered to destroy the engine, and the ship was set on fire in the forward store-room. A yeoman was sent below to make sure that this was thoroughly done, when three shots entered the store-room, letting in the water and putting out the flames before his eyes.

The ship was then set on fire in four places aft. Every man left the ship except Captain Smith and his first lieutenant, George Dewey. "Are you sure she will burn?" the captain asked anxiously. "I'll give a last look," Dewey answered.

He took his life in his hands, and the few moments before he reappeared were full of suspense for the captain. But the young lieutenant's time had not yet come. He could not be spared from the future of the United States. He reported that all was well and then the two men, with heavy hearts, abandoned the ship that had carried them so well through other hot contests.

By the removal of the crew, and the destruction of her upper works, the Mississippi was relieved of so much weight that she floated off the bank and drifted down the river. This circumstance, which would have been the deliverance of the crew an hour before, became only a menace and danger to the Union vessels below, who could not bring any rules of navigation to bear when the great burning hulk swept towards

them. But, fortunately, she passed them without doing any injury, and at half past five in the morning blew up with a terrific crash. The sound of the explosion was like a knell to the sailors of the Mississippi, but the Confederates gave a shout of joy for miles around.

One of the crew of the Mississippi at Port Hudson describes Dewey as the coolest man on the ship. He tells of a command which illustrates well his practical genius.

"The order," says this man, "to attack Port Hudson came at night. Dewey, on his own responsibility, ordered us to whitewash the decks, so that the gun crews would have a chance to see the running gear of the guns. Such an order had never been given before, to the crew of a man-of-war."

Another marine tells how Dewey, for the second time that night, risked his life without a thought.

"The crew were told to save themselves," he says. "Lieutenant Dewey could have escaped easily, as he was a bold and powerful swimmer, but he was too unselfish to think only of himself so long as any of his comrades were in danger. Not far from him he spied a seaman who was trying his best to keep above water, after his right arm had been paralyzed by a bullet. Dewey struck right out for him and gave him a lift, till they reached a floating spar. Then the wounded man was towed ashore in safety."

Even at this time Dewey was beginning to make his personality felt in the navy. He was cautious in forming his plans but fearless in carrying them out.

Captain Smith in his report of the battle says: "I consider that I should be neglecting a most important duty should I omit to mention the coolness of my executive officer, Mr. Dewey, and the steady, fearless and gallant manner in which the officers and men of the Mississippi defended her, and the orderly and quiet manner in which she was abandoned after being thirty-five minutes aground under the fire of the enemy's batteries."

No one knows the exact number of lives lost on the Mississippi, but when the ship's company was mustered after the action, sixty-four were found missing out of a total crew of two hundred and ninety-seven. Fully twenty-five of the missing were believed to have been killed. After the loss of the Mississippi Lieutenant Dewey was transferred to one of the smaller gunboats, which Admiral Farragut used as a dispatch boat. Closer relations were thus brought about between the two men, and the Admiral became much attached to his young lieutenant,

while Dewey could have found no better school of experience for his future needs if he had hunted the world over than this association with the great naval genius.

On the fourth of July, 1863, Vicksburg surrendered, and the Mississippi was open from Cairo to the Gulf. Down to New Orleans, the command of the river was given to Admiral Porter, and Farragut was ordered to confine himself to the coast blockade.

Dewey was transferred to the steam gunboat, *Agawam*, which was attached to the North Atlantic blockading squadron. He was made executive officer of the vessel, and Clark Fisher, the chief engineer, was a messmate of his. Even at that time, Mr. Fisher says that Dewey was considered one of the best men in the service. He was prompt without being hasty, a good disciplinarian, and active, energetic and alert in everything he undertook.

Mr. Fisher knew the executive officer's capabilities well. He saw him meet many a crisis with the same wise, clear, direct judgment that carried him into Manila Bay. For the *Agawam* was in the heat of battle much of the time, and those tense moments when whistling bullets and screeching shells are bearing death all about, test men's souls as nothing else can do. The *Agawam*, too, was in constant danger of destruction from the torpedoes released up the river by the enemy, but Dewey took the hour and the day as it came, undisturbed and imperturbable.

Dewey and Fisher became very good friends during their service together, but even with so close a friend it was difficult for Dewey to overcome the natural reserve of his nature.

He was an obscure young officer then, now he is a hero whom the whole world delights to honor, and whose lightest wish is a law. But his consideration for others, and his fear of causing trouble, are just as marked as when he stood on the *Agawam*, watching Mr. Fisher making ready to go North on a furlough.

"I was packing my trunk," says the engineer in telling the story, "when Dewey came up with his hands in his pockets. He was always a reticent sort of fellow, even with his most intimate friends, and he hadn't talked long before I knew that he wanted to say something that he hated to, so I finally asked him why he didn't drive straight at the mark. I told him that I knew he was simply beating around the bush, and suggested that we had been good friends enough for him to speak right out and let me know exactly what he wanted.

"'Well, Fisher,' said he, 'you know I don't like to trouble anybody, but I do want you to do me a favor if you will when you get North.'

“‘Now,’ said I, ‘what is it, old man?’

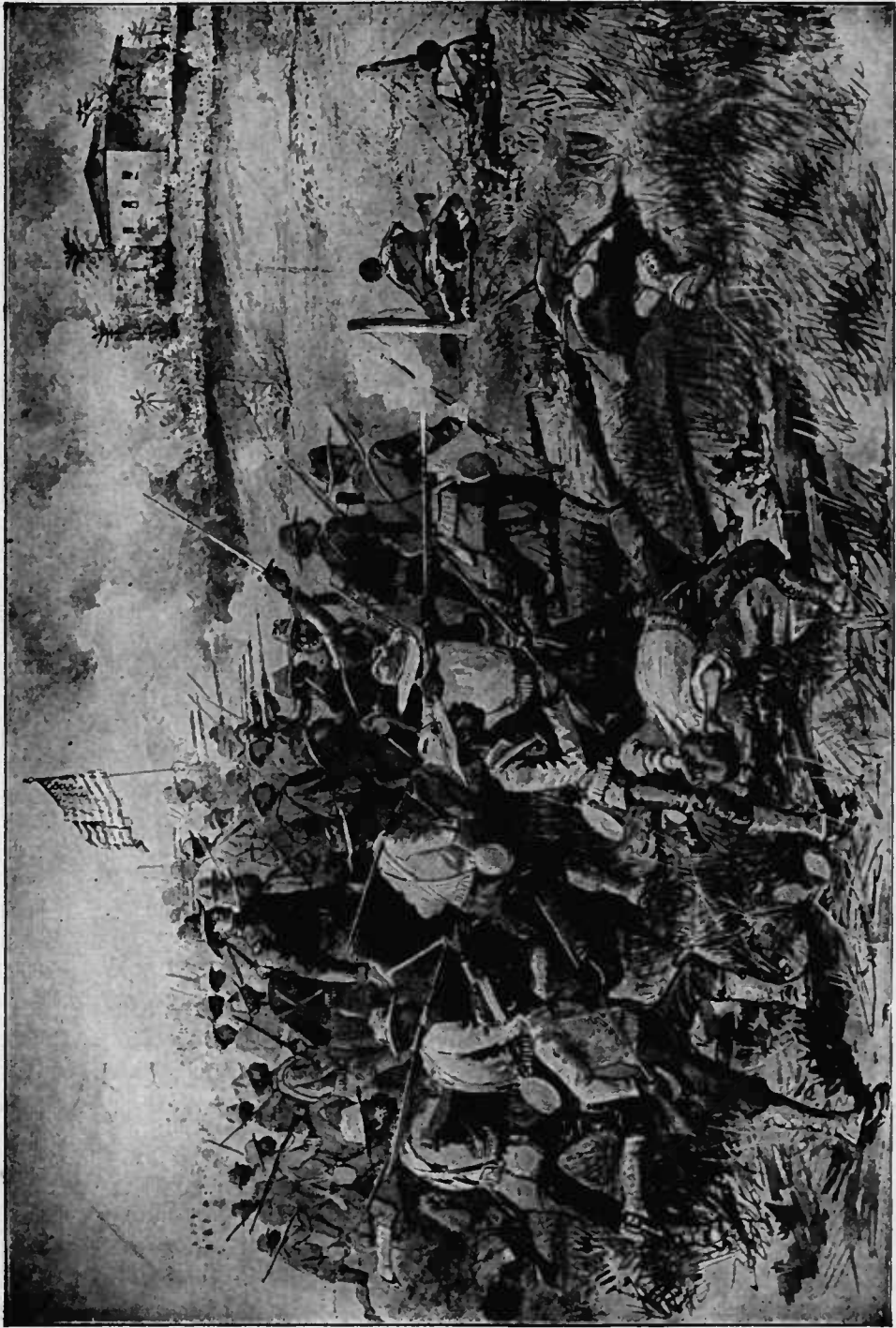
“‘You see, Fisher,’ said he, ‘a fellow corked up here like a mouse in a trap hasn’t much use for money and I have saved a little. It has been rattling around in my trunk for several months doing nobody any good, and I want to get it to my father; he might invest it for me, and when I need it, it may amount to something. I thought that it might not be too much trouble for you to take it to the old gentleman while you are up in his neighborhood. I’d mail it, but you know that under the present circumstances it would probably never reach him.’

“‘Probably not,’ I answered; ‘and if I can get it to him I shall be very glad to do so.’

“Dewey pulled a roll of money out of his pocket and counted it. ‘There’s four hundred dollars, even,’ said he; ‘it isn’t much, but it will come in handy if a fellow is ever laid up.’

“He handed me the money, and I tucked it away in an inside pocket of my coat, along with some money of my own. The next day I started for home. On the way our train was held up by a band of guerrillas. I tried to escape, but one of the thieves caught me by the coat tails. The coat that he had hold of was a trifle loose for me, and I slipped out of it, leaving it in the hands of the guerrilla, jumped for the bushes and made my escape. The fellow sent a bullet after me, but he was probably too astonished to take good aim. When I reached a point where I felt that I was safe, I sat down and thought the situation over. It occurred to me for the first time, then, that Dewey’s money had gone with the coat. I regretted it, of course, but I didn’t feel like going back and making an effort to get it. My own money went along with it. The money was never invested for Dewey, but I guess he has managed to get along pretty well without.”

While Dewey was attached to the North Atlantic squadron, the famous attack on Fort Fisher took place. This fort was in North Carolina at the entrance of Cape Fear River, and it was from here that the principal operations of the blockade runners were carried on. They were so successful in getting clothing, food and arms to the Southern army, that the Navy Department realized that unless these supplies were cut off, the war would be greatly prolonged. Accordingly an attack was planned by land and sea. In December, 1865, the largest fleet that had ever sailed under the Union flag gathered twenty-five miles away from Fort Fisher. The story of the fight is full of picture and incident. The first assault was a negative victory, owing to the lack of co-operation of the land forces, but about two weeks later the fort fell



HEROIC CHARGE OF THE TENTH CAVALRY (COLORED) AT SAN JUAN

ARTILLERY MEN TRYING TO LOCATE THE ENEMY'S BATTERIES WHILE UNDER FIRE.



before the combined forces of the army and navy. The battle began at nine in the morning and waxed hotter and more furious as the day went on. The vessels, each anchored in its respective place, poured forth deadly volleys, and on shore, the Union soldiers pushed the Confederates back and back, from traverse to traverse, till they broke ranks and fled in panic.

When the result of the battle was summed up, it was found that seven hundred men had been killed and wounded, and eighteen hundred taken prisoners. Moreover, the Confederates had lost one of their safest and securest strongholds and the end of the war was in sight.

Dewey, who was then on the ship *Colorado*, came out of the battle with another honor to his credit. Towards the end of the fight, he suggested a certain manoeuver which Commodore Thatcher carried out. Afterwards, Admiral Porter congratulated Commodore Thatcher on its success, but with a cordial ring in his voice, that must have been as gratifying to his lieutenant as his words, he disclaimed any credit for the manoeuver, and said:

“You must thank Lieutenant Dewey, sir.”

Immediately after the battle of Fort Fisher, Commodore Thatcher was made acting rear-admiral, and a few weeks later was ordered to Mobile Bay to relieve Farragut. He rated his former lieutenant at his true worth and recommended him for his fleet captaincy, but the department did not see fit to follow his suggestion and appoint Dewey.

However, the reward of his ability and bravery was not long in coming. For on the third of March, 1865, he was made lieutenant-commander. War brings about rapid changes and quick promotions. If a man is made of heroic stuff, he has an immediate opportunity of showing his worth, without passing through the tedious processes necessary to times of peace. Thus Dewey, only eleven years after he had entered the Naval Academy, attained a rank which under ordinary circumstances would have required a service of thirty years.

Dewey's association with Farragut, Porter, Thatcher, Smith and many other naval heroes of that day, was invaluable to him in the tasks that fell to him in later years. His conduct throughout the war won him an enviable reputation, and he stood high in the estimation of his superior officers. In the period between the wars, many desirable assignments fell to his share.

Immediately after peace was declared he served for two years in the European station as lieutenant-commander. He was first assigned to duty on the famous old *Kearsarge*, whose overwhelming victory over

the Confederate sloop-of-war *Alabama* at Cherbourg, was still fresh in the annals of the navy.

The old ship, which now lies rotting away on Roncador Reef in the tropics, where Commander Oscar F. Hayerman put her, through a mistake of a new navigating officer, was very near to Dewey's heart. The new *Kearsarge* will take the place of the old so far as may be, but it has no associations yet. In Manila, not many months ago, Dewey met an old friend.

"Bob," he said, "do you remember when we were in the old *Kearsarge* together? I loved that ship, Bob, better than I ever loved a thing that couldn't talk. But I shouldn't say the old tub couldn't talk. Even now I can recall the pleadings and chatter of her bulkheads when we used to drive to windward against a beam sea. How she used to put her nose into it!

"Away up to the cat heads, the mighty combers used to come, her heaving cutwater hurling fathoms of foam to either side and her rigging as taut as harpstrings. I shall never forget the old hulk and I am particularly anxious to see the new one."

From the *Kearsarge*, Dewey was transferred to the steam frigate, *Colorado*, the flagship of the European squadron.

He was called by those who cruised under him one of the kindest officers to the men forward who ever commanded a ship. He was tender-hearted and tolerant, reluctant to punish the harmless little sins which a sailor falls into. But he never allowed his natural compassion to interfere with his duty. Absolute discipline prevailed aboard, and serious offenders found him implacable.

With lying and deceit he had no patience, and his sailors soon discovered that it was much wiser to own up to a fault frankly, for, though they would be sentenced to punishment according to regulations, the chances were good that they would be released from the brig before their time was half out.

Drunkenness was a vice he could not abide, and he would not have a drunkard about him. The story is told, that on one cruise, a petty officer went ashore and returned very far from sober. The next morning he was brought before Dewey at the mast, and began a trumped-up story about being ill. Dewey stopped him abruptly.

"You are lying," he said shortly. "You were very drunk. I heard you myself. I will not have my men lie to me. I don't ask them not to drink, but I do expect them to tell me the truth. If you had told me frankly you had taken a drop too much on liberty, you would have been

forward by this time, for you returned to the ship. But for lying you get ten days in irons. Let me have the truth hereafter. I am told you are a good seaman. A good seaman has no business telling lies."

Dewey felt so strongly on the subject of drunkenness, that he exclaimed once:

"You can never tell what harm a drunken man will do. I would much rather be compelled to be shipmate with a lunatic. Him I could restrain, but not the drunkard. If I had my way, no officer in either army or navy who had been court-martialed and dismissed the service for drunkenness should ever be restored to the active list unless his reformation was absolutely sure."

There is another story told of Dewey which illustrates the maxim of tables turned very well. As a boy he was particularly fond of practical jokes and never lost an opportunity to play one. But on one voyage he met his match in one of his own sailors.

On this cruise, one of the men had delirium tremens. It was an excellent object lesson, and Dewey used it upon his men with good effect. Once or twice when the sailors had shore leave, Dewey admonished them not to bring any snakes on board when they returned. One day, while the ship was in an East Indian port, a sailor came crawling up the side, seemingly much the worse for liquor. Dewey looked him over for a moment.

"So you've brought some snakes back with you?" he said severely.

The man saluted with all due respect, and replied: "Yes, sir, here it is." Putting his hand in his shirt he drew out a squirming rock python which he had secured from a native who had caught it ashore.

Dewey realized that he had been caught and dismissed the man with a secret smile. He made no more allusions to snakes on that cruise.

His sense of humor is one of the most delightful things about his charming personality, and an incident comes from his time of service in the Mississippi, showing that he could appreciate a joke then as well as he can now. The ship's cook was an old darky morbidly afraid of sharks. The ship was lying in Mobile Bay at the time, and he and Dewey had many arguments on the subject, in which the future Admiral maintained that sharks could not be induced to bite a human being.

One day he was sent ashore in the ship's dingey for some unimportant errand. He had on, as usual, a frock coat, with very long tails, such as all naval officers wore in those days. In obedience to orders, he hurried back, the sloop being on the point of getting under weigh, and, as he sat in the stern of the skiff, his coat tails trailed in the water. Just as

the dingey was on the point of reaching the vessel a shark rose to the surface—perhaps attracted by the gilt buttons on the coat tails afore-said—and bit off the starboard side of the lieutenant's after uniform. Dewey jumped to his feet, and, well satisfied under the circumstances to relinquish his coat tails, ran up the side of the ship. The "Doctor," who had viewed the proceedings from the rail of the vessel, approached him presently with a grin of the utmost width.

"Ah, ha!" he said, taking advantage of the familiarity customarily allowed him on board. "Perhaps, Massa Dewey, yo' b'lieve now dat sharks won't bite a pusson. Whar' you' coat tail, eh?"

"My coat tail," replied the lieutenant, with his habitual sangfroid, "has been removed by an act of Providence."

Profanity involving the name of the Deity is as obnoxious to Dewey as drunkenness. A certain amount of vigorously exclamatory language seems to be necessary to get any body of men through a voyage or a battle, and the Admiral is not exempt from the practice, but he never allows it to go beyond a certain point, nor will he tolerate blasphemy from any one with whom he is associated.

Many years ago, when the task was very difficult, he stood by his convictions in rather a remarkable manner. He happened to be serving as watch officer under an Admiral, who was as famous for his rough language as for his bulldog courage.

He was what is called a "jacky officer," which signifies that his manners were fitted rather for the fore-castle than the quarter-deck. One day something roused his wrath and, as his custom was, he swore at everything and everybody in sight. Dewey happened to be in range, and after standing the tirade for a few moments, he walked up to the furious commander of the fleet, and saluting, said:

"Admiral, I will not allow you nor any man living to address me in the language you are using."

The captain of the flagship and almost all of his officers were near enough to hear the conversation, and a breathless silence followed the words of the bold young officer. The old Admiral turned red and then purple. He was perfectly quiet for several minutes. In the meantime, Dewey had left the group to attend to his duty.

"Tell Mr. Dewey I wish to speak to him," said the Admiral to an ensign.

"Dewey's going to catch it now," whispered the officers.

Lieutenant Dewey came in a moment.

"You sent for me, sir?" he asked, saluting.

"Yes, I did, sir," answered the Admiral. "I wanted to say to you that I was not addressing you in my remarks a few minutes ago. That is all, sir."

The Admiral resumed his promenade and the incident was closed. But it was noticed during the rest of their service together that the Admiral treated his lieutenant with unusual courtesy and consideration.

The men under Dewey were fond of him, and no one had more loyal crews. Charles E. Rand, who served with Dewey during the Civil war, gives an example of the bravery and self-control under trying circumstances that made his sailors trust him implicitly.

"I remember," he says, "when I was with Admiral Dewey on the flagship Colorado; he was then lieutenant-commander and executive officer. Once during a terrific gale, we were off the Bay of Biscay, oftentimes a nasty place, too, and the command was given to save the ship. The old Colorado could not move faster than eight knots an hour, and we were on a lee shore. I tell you, it looked bad for us.

"At the height of the storm the Admiral took the bridge, relieving Dewey, and the order was given to set sails to help us out to sea. We fellows had to hustle into the riggings, and just to encourage us Dewey himself mounted the ladder, and in less time than I can tell it was on the yard unfurling sail. It was an exciting scene and a dangerous situation, but in a short time we were clear of the coast, and safe from wreck on one of the rockiest shores I know of."

DEWEY ON SHORE.—HIS FIRST MARRIAGE.

Early in 1867, Lieutenant-Commander Dewey was ordered home from the European station and assigned to duty at the Kittery Navy Yard at Portsmouth, New Hampshire. There he had the entree to the homes of all the most exclusive families of the place, and enjoyed society as only a handsome, popular young officer of thirty could enjoy it. During this time he met Miss Susie Goodwin, who afterwards became his wife. He did not win her, however, without opposition. For there was another gallant naval officer also paying court to her,—Commander S. C. Rhind. He was nearly twenty years older than Dewey and he had a rare record of brave deeds to his credit.

But fortune was with the younger man and Commander Rhind struck his colors before Dewey and sailed away.

Governor Goodwin, the father of Miss Susie, had a great admiration for his new son. He was himself a popular hero of the time and to this

day is known as "Fighting Governor Goodwin." He found a responsive chord in the young lieutenant and made a prediction of him which the future was to verify.

"George is sort of reckless sometimes," the Governor remarked, "but hang me if I can help liking him. He's honest and full of grit, and he'll be heard from one of these days."

Dewey was married in 1867, and soon after was detailed for service at the Annapolis Naval Academy as an instructor. Two years afterwards, he was placed in command of the Narragansett, and in 1872, was promoted to the rank of commander.

It seemed as if great happiness were opening up to him with these new honors. Everything was prosperous in his material affairs, and his home life was ideal. On the twenty-third of December, a little son was born. But just a week later, the great sorrow of Dewey's life came to him in the death of his young wife. The son, George Goodwin Dewey, grew to vigorous manhood, was graduated from Princeton College, in 1898, and since that time has been in business in New York City.

Soon after the death of his wife, Dewey sailed as commander of the Narragansett for the Pacific coast, where he was engaged in making surveys. In 1876 he was called to Washington to act as a lighthouse inspector for two years, and as the secretary of the lighthouse board for four years afterwards.

Dewey's first experience in Asiatic waters came in 1882, when he was assigned to the Juniata. He spent two years there, and subsequent events have proved that he put in his time to the very best advantage in making a close study of the people and in learning all there was to know about the different ports.

It was during his command of the Juniata that Dewey became so ill as to be compelled to stop at Malta and submit to a very delicate surgical operation by which part of his liver was removed. His life hung on a thread, but it was saved by the incessant care and watchfulness of his physicians and nurses. He has often been known since as the man without a liver.

When he went back on his ship again, one of his men exclaimed in a burst of admiration:

"Was there ever a more courageous, able seaman?"

And another answered:

"There's one thing sure about what liver Dewey has,—it's not white."

In 1884 Dewey was made captain, and was put in charge of the Dolphin, one of the four new vessels which formed the original "White

Squadron." Soon afterwards, he paid a visit to his old home in Montpelier. The citizens of the town gave him a cordial welcome, but the children stood in awe of him and were a little afraid of his keen eye and bushy eyebrows and his big moustache.

"That did not please Dewey," says one writer, for he loves children. "So he took the trouble to win the children of Montpelier to him. He gathered the boys and girls in the afternoon from the capitol grounds across the way, into the grounds around his home; he took them driving, he told them stories about sailor men, until the little girls were almost frightened and all the boys were determined to be captains in the United States navy. He had one fine story about the voyage of Noah's Ark that Montpelier boys who are now men remember."

Dewey did not rest until the victory was complete and he had won the hearts of every child in Montpelier.

In 1885, he was given command of the *Pensacola*, the flagship of the European squadron. He remained in that station for three years, gaining the familiarity with European naval conditions, officers and fleets which only a shrewd, open-eyed, alert man could get.

One story told of him during his command of that vessel is worth repeating to show his intolerance of unjust interference. Some of his sailors went on shore while the boat was stopping at Malta and were mixed up some way in a street fight. Though the alarm was given, they managed to escape to the ship.

"The next morning," says Mr. Clemens, who tells the story, "the captain of the port came out to the *Pensacola* to complain to Captain Dewey of the action of the sailors.

"'What can I do?' asked Dewey.

"'Why, your men raised a riot on shore, and you can assist me in arresting and punishing them,' was the reply.

"The American captain was very courteous in the expression of regret that sailors of the *Pensacola* should be lawless while on shore leave, but could see no way in which he might assist his visitor in searching out the guilty ones.

"The reply of the naval officer angered the redcoat, who said, somewhat peremptorily: 'You certainly can parade your crew before me in order that the rioters may be identified.'

"Looking aloft and pointing to the Stars and Stripes waving at the masthead, Dewey made the reply: 'The deck of this vessel is United States territory, and I'll parade my men for no foreigner that ever drew breath.'"

No one knows better than the Admiral how to handle sarcasm when it is necessary, but it is usually sarcasm with a twinkle in it, and the men who were on the Pensacola with him will never forget the effectiveness of one of his rebukes. The ship was in the Mediterranean at the time of this incident, and a rapid fall in the barometer, and a shift of wind gave warning of a change in the weather. Very soon a white squall came up, and every man had his hands full. The executive officer was in the waist, the officer of the deck on the quarter-deck, and the midshipman in the fore-castle bellowing and repeating orders, and the sailors were jumping through the tops like squirrels. Just then something fouled the clews of the maintopsail, at the very moment the squall struck, and bungling for a moment or two nearly cost the vessel a spar. Dewey, from the bridge, was looking on, and everybody was in tremulous anticipation of a severe rebuke. But he only turned to the officer of the deck and said mildly:

"Will you kindly tell me what was the matter just now with the agricultural population on the maintopsail yard?"

The men wilted when the remark came to their ears, and it is said that they did not recover from it for days.

Another bon mot of Dewey's which has become famous through the length and breadth of the country was his reply to one of the bureau chiefs. The canny Admiral while at Manila accumulated a great pile of coal at Cavité. He received a cablegram from this bureau chief one day saying:

"What have you bought such an enormous quantity of coal for?"

And Dewey cabled back:

"To burn."

APPOINTMENTS IN WASHINGTON.

In 1888, Dewey gave up seafaring life for awhile to become chief of the bureau of equipment and recruiting. This appointment followed in the natural order of things, for early in his career, his unusual administrative ability, and his clear understanding of naval matters in detail and in their general bearing impressed the minds of those with whom he came in contact.

Although this position carried with it the rank of commodore, Captain Dewey was not formally appointed commodore until February 28, 1896. In this important position, he won new honors for himself. Whatever he undertook, he did thoroughly, promptly and effectively. His uniform kindness and courtesy also to those with whom he came

in contact, made him as much appreciated for his own personality as for the excellent quality of work he did. Socially, also, he was always an addition to the charming circles that claimed him as a friend. His keen sense of humor and his witty stories made him a companion much to be desired.

One of the tales he used to tell, which through his love of animals appealed to him particularly, was of a certain captain and his pet parrot. Dewey was a young lieutenant on the captain's ship at the time, and when it put in at Rio de Janeiro the commander became so greatly worried about the health of his remarkable bird that he asked the ship's doctor to prescribe. He said that all the bird needed was a chance to climb into the green trees on shore, chew bark, and disport itself. So the captain summoned his steward and bade him take the parrot ashore and give it some exercise. The captain's steward was an important person then. This one was a conceited old ducky, who aped absurdly the authoritative ways of his master, and the men were always on the lookout for a chance to play him some trick. When he stepped to the port gangway to get into the liberty boat, with the cage containing the bird enclosed in an old ammunition bag, they saw their opportunity. There was a sea running in the harbor, which made it difficult for the boat to keep alongside, and, just as the steward put out a foot toward the gunwale, they purposely eased her off, so that he tumbled into the sea. He was pulled out in a minute, but the parrot and the cage went to the bottom.

The steward was distressed. He dreaded punishment by the captain, who had said that he would hold him responsible for the safety of the bird. Having shore-leave for three days, he spent his time wandering about the city and figuring to himself how he would put in the balance of the voyage in the ship's brig, on bread and water, double-ironed, and exposed to the derision of the crew. At length he was struck with a brilliant idea. Rio was full of parrots, and one parrot is much like another, especially green ones. He bought, for the equivalent of seventy-five cents, a green bird with a yellow head which looked to him like the twin brother of the one drowned. He was also lucky enough to find a cage like the lost one, and in it he took his precious purchase back to the frigate.

Now, as Dewey tells the story, the captain was delighted to see his pet once more, and especially to see how much its plumage was improved and how much more sprightly it had become. But his astonishment may be imagined when, being asked whether it would like a cracker, the

bird responded with a string of Portuguese oaths. Being fed, it expressed its satisfaction with a lot of swear words in Spanish, and this so amazed the commander that he felt obliged to share his feelings with somebody. Dewey, who had been walking the quarter-deck, was summoned to the cabin, and the parrot was persuaded to swear some more for his benefit.

“Mr. Dewey,” said the captain excitedly, “that is a most remarkable bird. He has been ashore only three days, and in that time, upon my sacred honor, he has picked up a thorough working knowledge of the Spanish and Portuguese languages.”

Another story of a later date, told by Dewey in Manila, was considered worthy of good attention by the man who listened. Admiral von Diedrichs and the British captain of the cruiser *Immortalite*, one day had a conversation in which the former asked what attitude the latter would assume in case of trouble between the Americans and Germans, whereupon Chichester replied that Dewey was the best bureau of information on that subject. Very soon afterwards, Dewey was dining with Chichester and they began matching stories. The host spoke with much admiration of the confidence of victory exhibited by the Yankee sailors. The Admiral, with the humorous light in his eyes that his friends know so well, replied that it was possible to have too much confidence in his ability to win a fight. The Englishman was doubtful, so Dewey to point his remark told the following anecdote:

“An old friend of my grandfather’s, up in Vermont, lent some help to his country’s cause in the war of 1812 by fitting out a fine privateer. He took command of her himself, having had some experience in sailing, and called her the *New Jerusalem*. She was a smart little barkentine, and mounted six 12-pounders and a 16-pound pivot gun forward. In the course of the first voyage she took two or three prizes of no great value, and two months or so elapsed before she got a whack at something really worth capturing.

“It was in a foggy morning, in the region of the tropics, the wind having died down to a mere catspaw, that she sighted the royals and gallant stuns’ls of a huge merchantman carrying the British flag. It was a spectacle to make any piratical person’s mouth water. The privateer, being to windward, crept up to the prey, herself unobserved in the mist, and presently hove to within half a cable’s length of her.

“‘Heave to, or I’ll sink you,’ yelled my grandfather’s friend, thinking gloatingly of the silks and laces, with who knows what other spoil, he was going to take back to Vermont.

"There was no reply, and just then a puff of wind blew away some of the fog, revealing, instead of a merchantman, a full-fledged line-of-battle ship with rows of frowning ports.

"'I was about to say,' shouted the commander of the privateer, 'that while inviting you to surrender, in case you don't want to do so, I will.'

"And he did," said Dewey. "Which will serve to illustrate my meaning when I say that too much confidence in warfare is not always a good thing. Your very good health, Chichester."

After four years' service as chief of the Bureau of Equipment, Dewey again became a member of the Lighthouse Board. In 1896, about the time that he received his commission as commodore, he was made president of the Board of Inspection. This position he retained until he was placed in command of the Asiatic station in January, 1898.

Since Dewey became famous, many interesting sidelights have been thrown upon him, and his Washington experience particularly has furnished much material to those who find every detail about their hero worth hearing. He was one of the men who has proved that fastidiousness in dress, bravery and hard work, combined in a single person are not at all impossible. For during his Washington experience, he had the reputation of being the best dressed man in the service.

"He carried out the demands of his nature and training, for trimness and accuracy," says one writer, "to the very verge of the Beau Brummelistic in dress. If a drumhead court-martial had been a Washington penalty for being caught in afternoon costume after 6 P. M., he could not have been more punctual in donning evening costume. It was said of him that the creases of his trousers were ever as well defined as his views on naval warfare."

But his punctilious observance of the etiquette of dress made him none the less brave or efficient as sailor and officer, and when the time arrived to place someone in charge of the Asiatic squadron, it was Dewey who came to the fore.

Theodore Roosevelt as Assistant Secretary, had put his indomitable energy and thoroughness into the affairs of the naval department. He had much to do with the appointment of men to important stations, and when the naval council was looking about for a man to take command of the Asiatic squadron, Roosevelt named George Dewey.

"Dewey!" exclaimed one of the board who knew the sailor well. "Dewey is a dude."

"What of it?" asked Roosevelt.

"Why, you are the last man I should expect to want to advance a dude."

Roosevelt's reply is one that will go down among the traditions of the war:

"I didn't want to advance him," said Roosevelt. "I'll leave that to you afterward. All I want is a man over there. Some fellow who will fight and make war. I don't care what kind of a collar he wears; that is, so long as it is some kind of a linen collar."

But Dewey did not want the appointment. He wanted the command of the European station where Selfridge was due to be detached early in the new year. Commodore Howell wished it also and to him it was given. By such a small chance, the opportunity of Dewey's lifetime was forced upon him, and he arranged his affairs to go to Hong Kong, where his duty lay, disappointed probably in the thought that the Spanish war, if it came, would be fought and won while he was tucked away in the conrer of another world. But he made no protest.

During his life in Washington he had won for himself many friends both in the department and in the social world of the Capital. As a token of the esteem in which he was held, a farewell dinner was given to him at the Metropolitan Club in Arlington. Colonel Archibald Hopkins read the following verses, which had a ring of prophecy in them, which those who heard did not appreciate until afterwards:

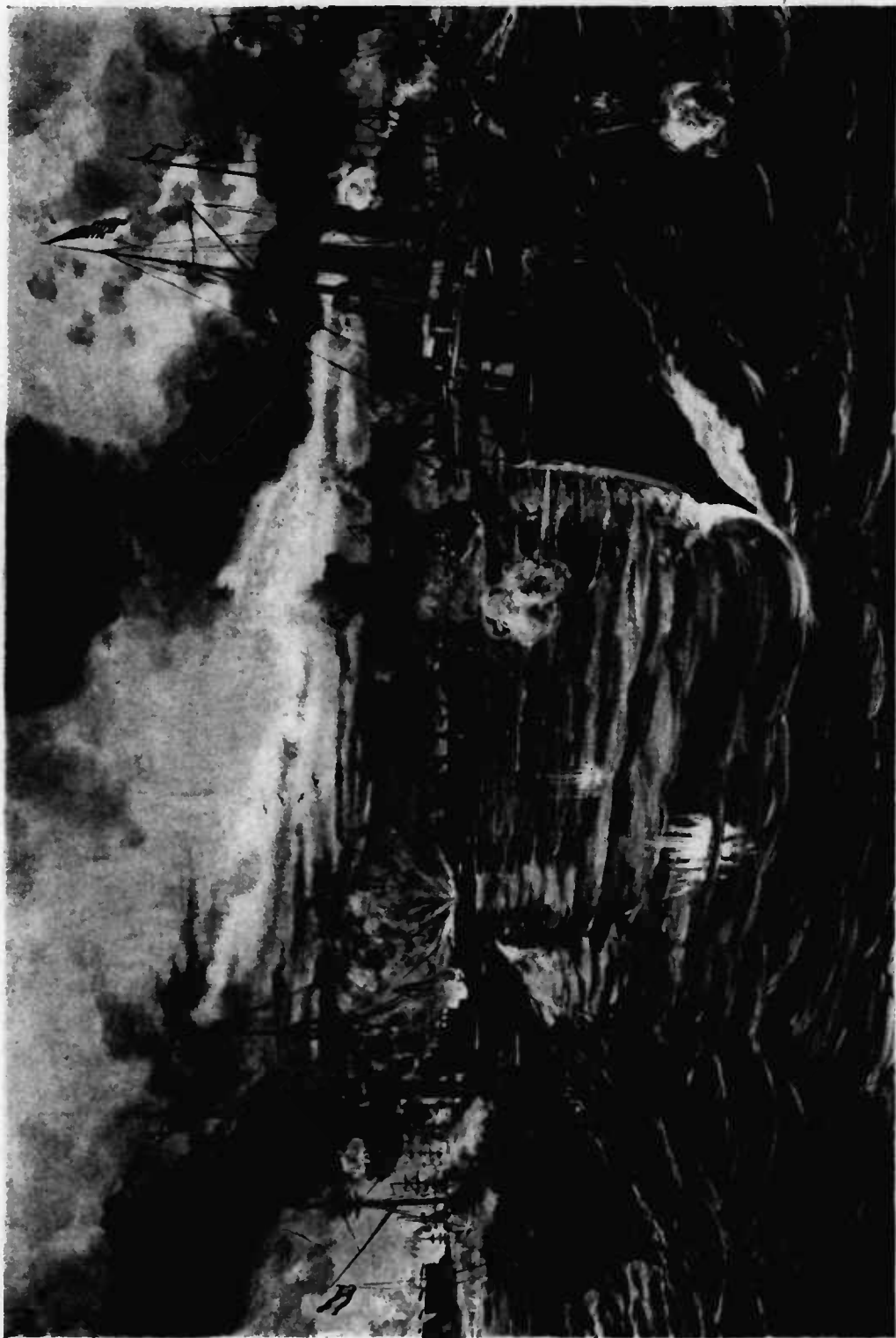
"Fill all your glasses full to-night;
The wind is off the shore;
And be it feast or be it fight,
We pledge the Commodore.

"Through days of storm, through days of calm,
On broad Pacific seas;
At anchor off the isles of Palm,
Or with the Japanese;

"Ashore, afloat, on deck, below,
Or where our bulldogs roar;
To back a friend or breast a foe
We pledge the Commodore.

"We know our honor'll be unstained
Where'er his pennant flies;
Our rights respected and maintained,
Whatever power defies.





DEWEY'S VICTORY AT MANILA.

“And when he takes the homeward tack
 Beneath an admiral’s flag,
 We’ll hail the day and bring him back,
 And have another jag.”

Six months later, Colonel Hopkins added this postscript:

“Along the far Philippine coast,
 Where flew the flag of Spain,
 Our Commodore to-day can boast
 ’Twill never fly again.

“And up from all our hills and vales,
 From city, town and shore,
 A mighty shout the welkin hails:
 ‘Well done, brave Commodore!’

“‘Now, let your admiral’s pennant fly;
 You’ve won it like a man
 Where heroes love to fight and die—
 Right in the battle’s van.’”

BATTLE OF MANILA BAY.

“I am going to fight the first battle of the war and I will fight it before breakfast.” These were the words of Admiral Dewey to a friend who expressed regret that he was to leave the seat of the war. His words found their fulfillment on May 1st in Manila harbor.

When war broke out Admiral Dewey was at Hong Kong, commanding the Asiatic squadron. On April 24th he received the following dispatch from the Navy Department at Washington:

“War has been commenced between the United States and Spain. Proceed at once to the Philippine Islands. Commence operations at once, particularly against Spanish fleet. You must capture vessels or destroy. Use utmost endeavors.”

Great Britain had issued a proclamation of neutrality as soon as Spain and the United States had declared war, and, as Hong Kong was a British port, the governor of the colony asked Dewey to leave the harbor. This he did, going to Mirs Bay, a Chinese port, thirty miles away. Here preparations were completed, and on April 27th the fleet sailed for Manila. The squadron was made up of Admiral Dewey’s flagship, *Olympia*, Captain C. V. Gridley commanding; the *Baltimore*, under Captain N. M. Dyer; the *Raleigh*, under Captain J. B. Coghlan; the

Boston, under Captain Frank Wildes; the Concord, under Commander Asa Walker; the Petrel, under Commander E. P. Wood, and the dispatch boat Hugh McCullough.

On April 30th, when the shores of Luzon were sighted, the ships were cleared for action. An hour before midnight the fleet came to Manila Bay, and, headed by the Olympia, with the Baltimore, Raleigh, Petrel, Concord and Boston, following in order, steamed through a channel that was commanded by batteries on Corregidor Island, and possibly laid with mines.

Commodore Dewey had surprised the Spanish. Not until his flagship was a mile beyond the fortress guarding the channel was the entrance of the fleet discovered. Then the guns of El Fraile opened fire, but the Raleigh, Concord and Boston pounded it into silence. It was at this time that Engineer Randall of the McCullough was stricken by heat, or apoplexy, and died—the only loss of life during the attack.

Daylight found Admiral Dewey facing Rear-Admiral Montojo's fleet, which lay under the protection of the guns of the fortress at Cavite. The fleet consisted of his flagship *Reina Cristina*, the *Castilla*, the *Don Juan de Austria*, the *Don Antonio de Ulloa*, the *Isla de Cuba*, the *Isla de Luzon* and three light gunboats. This squadron was much inferior to Admiral Dewey's, but it had the advantage of position, and the aid of shore batteries.

As the American vessels steamed slowly past Manila city the forts opened fire but failed to stop the progress of the stately procession. The heat was intense.

Men stood at their posts, stripped to the waist, depressing the guns to the range-finder's call, "4,000 yards,—3,500,—3,000," not firing though the guns of the Cavite forts and Montojo's ships began to get the range and plowed the water with their shells about the American vessels. All was silent on Admiral Dewey's fleet; the commanders waited for the signal from the flagship. At nineteen minutes to six Admiral Dewey is reported to have turned quietly to the commander of the Olympia and said:

"You may fire when ready, Gridley."

For two hours the line of American vessels passed back and forth before the Spanish squadron. The American marksmanship was as splendid as that of the Spanish was execrable. With seventy guns firing at objects within easy range for two hours they did practically no damage. One shell exploded on the Baltimore, slightly wounding eight men. On the other hand, the fire from the American guns was simply withering.

Despite the awful bombardment, the Spaniards made a gallant fight. The *Cristina's* guns were fired until only two gunners remained unhurt. Then, with more than half her crew dead or wounded, the ship blazing in several places and hopelessly disabled, Montojo moved his flag to the *Isla de Cuba* and continued to direct the battle from this little boat, while his men jumped overboard and saved themselves in whatever way they could.

After passing five times by the Spanish line and practically silencing and wrecking it, Admiral Dewey, at twenty minutes to eight, ordered his ships to cease firing and withdraw. His men had been under a constant strain for twenty-four hours and had had no breakfast, except a cup of coffee. At a quarter past eleven the order again went up for "close action." In a short time the work was completed. The *Manila* and some smaller boats were captured, the rest of Montojo's fleet sunk or destroyed and with 381 killed and wounded, and the Cavite batteries silenced.

Thus Spain, by one of the most complete defeats in naval warfare, had lost a fleet and an Asiatic archipelago, and the United States had practically acquired the responsibility for the government of a foreign country, the enlightenment of a half civilized people and the maintenance of a wider place in the congress of nations.

THE HOME-COMING OF DEWEY.

When the *Olympia* sailed into New York harbor two days before time the people of the city were taken as completely by surprise as the Spaniards in Manila Bay. The news spread like wild fire and before Dewey's ship had been an hour in sight a whole army of paper boys, with their huge piles of extras, had carried the word to the farthest parts of Harlem. What could be found of the Reception Committee hastily gathered itself together to decide on a course of action. The workmen on the Dewey Arch looked at each other in dismay, and dilatory decorators brought out their flags and bunting with the promptitude of firemen when the clarion rings. The little boys who sold Dewey buttons, found their stock going like hot cakes and almost turned somersaults in their excitement. Never before had the staid old city found itself in such a state of activity and pleasant confusion. The welcome was intended to be a kind of mammoth surprise party for the great hero, but the guest had turned the tables.

However, the Admiral felt that he was acting under the unwrit-

ten orders of the public, and when the reception committee steamed out to tell him something of the preparations for his reception, he promptly decided that officially he had not arrived and that he would not for any consideration throw the plans of a million people into confusion by a premature appearance within the confines of the city.

But the Olympia became for the time being the center of the universe. With hundreds of boats flying about her, circling nearer and nearer from all directions the warship seemed like a huge magnet that drew irresistibly toward herself everything that could ride the water. From the earliest moment that visitors were allowed in the morning, until the warning bell sounded at night, her decks were thronged with humanity of every sort and condition.

The most distinguished men of the country went out to greet Dewey during the days of his voluntary exile, General Miles and members of the Washington committee, General Merritt and a host of others. Again and again the guns boomed forth a welcome. The other warships followed the lead; people shouted and cheered incessantly and there was a kind of joyful pandemonium all the time.

Governor Roosevelt visited Dewey to welcome him in the name of the State of New York, and also to renew his warm personal relations with him. His reception was a dramatic one. The visitors cheered, and as he and the Admiral pushed through the crowd toward the men of the Olympia, who had been gotten up to see the Governor, they gave vent to a tremendous ringing cheer, and some one cried "Speech, speech." The Governor took off his hat with the words:

"There is just one thing I will say. As we were coming down the bay, at sight of the Olympia Capt. Coghlan said to me, 'There is the Olympia over there. Aren't you proud of her?' I want to say that I am not only proud of her, but I am proud of every man on her, from the Admiral down, and nothing could give me so much pleasure as to welcome home so brave a body of men. Since the Admiral and I met last he has grown up alongside of Nelson and Farragut."

Then the crew gave another cheer, which in volume and heartiness even exceeded the first.

The Admiral took the Governor and his party below to his room, and then said, speaking to the five Captains of the warships that fought at Manila, who were with Governor Roosevelt: "The last time we all met was on the thirteenth of April, 1898, the night before the scrimmage, wasn't it? And now I want to propose the health of the

man who had more to do toward making me an Admiral than any other man in the United States, Governor Roosevelt!"

No other visitor had such honors at the hands of the Admiral as the Governor. He was the only one for whom all hands on the flagship were mustered, that he might see the whole ship's company. At his departure, too, seventeen guns were fired, as many as the Admiral himself is entitled to receive.

By his consideration of the humblest as well as the highest of his guests Dewey endeared himself to all who came in contact with him and made the whole nation feel as if it were saying "Welcome," to a personal friend.

One of the most touching things that happened during Dewey's stay in New York harbor was the presentation of Admiral Farragut's flag to him by Commander George W. Baird, into whose possession the flag had come. Commander Baird was an old shipmate of Dewey's. The Admiral was taken by surprise and when he learned that the flag was to be given to him, he was too much overcome to say a word. As the Commander handed him the flag he said:

"Admiral, I wish to present to you the first Admiral's flag ever floated out in the Navy of this country. That grand old Admiral, whose name and memory we all so revere, first hoisted this ensign upon the good ship Hartford before New Orleans and afterward upon the Franklin, and since it came down from that masthead it has never been whipped by the wind nor worn by the elements. And you, the worthy successor of that great Admiral, whose tactics you so successfully followed a short while ago, I deem the proper person for Farragut's mantle to fall upon."

Admiral Dewey did not speak for a moment. Then he said, his voice trembling:

"This is the last flag I'll fly. It was the first Admiral's flag, and I feel the honor that it brings to me."

The tears were still in his eyes as he turned to the committee with Commander Baird and said:

"You do me too great an honor by bringing me this beautiful flag."

Under this flag, the next day, the hero of Manila received one of the greatest ovations ever given by the people of the United States to a single man. By ten o'clock the harbor was filled from shore to shore with boats crowded to their utmost capacity. A whole cityful seemed to be afloat, and yet on land were a million people watching the magnificent display. At one o'clock the stately Olympia led the

way up the river, the snowy warships following. Behind were a thousand craft in line.

"The North River," says one spectator who watched the scene from the flagship, "was the stage of a theater ten miles long. The huge buildings in the lower part of the city and in Jersey City, the higher grounds further up and finally the Palisades themselves became the sides of this theater, and from the stage every seat seemed to be taken. To say that a million people lined the shores is in all probability an underestimate. They were not to be counted, but everywhere, from the Battery to One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street on the New York side, it looked as if every foot of space in view of the river had a human occupant from the other side, from Staten Island itself to Fort Lee and beyond was almost the same. Up the center of this stage Admiral Dewey and the *Olympia* sailed, the air rent with the squalls and the roars of a thousand whistles. It was noise, noise, noise everywhere, until one was driven almost mad. The shrieking of the multitude of whistles was punctuated by the booming of cannon, the thunder of exploding bombs and the cheers of the multitude afloat."

As the *Olympia* reached the stake-boat the scene was one never-to-be-forgotten. Beyond the kaleidoscopic, shifting mass of boats the river lay serene and blue. To the right the high columns of Grant's tomb caught the sunlight, and as the *Olympia* rounded it she saluted for another great fighter, lying silent at the top of the height. From the river bed the hill looked like a mountain spotted here and there with color, as if it had suddenly blossomed with strange flowers. Individuals looked no larger than bees, and they covered the hill tier after tier until it seemed an unbroken mass of humanity. At the salute the whole hillside seemed to become alive. There was a rush of movement over it. Flags waved and the multitude sent forth a mighty cheer, which rose for a moment above the din of the guns.

Each warship in turn saluted General Grant as it began its return journey. Then one after another they steamed slowly past the *Olympia*, which had anchored below, and the other boats in the endless procession followed. For two hours and a half the Admiral reviewed them, until the last of the varied collection of water craft had gone on its way. There was everything in the procession, from the most graceful modern yacht to the old hulk that could scarcely hold water. But it was an American day. The principle of equality was ever uppermost, and the day laborer was just as free to look upon the face of his hero as the millionaire.

The sun had gone down before the Admiral left the bridge, and the most momentous day of his life ended with a salute to the flag, which, through him, had set its authority over the uttermost parts of the sea. Every man on shipboard stood at attention facing the ensign and the band played the Star Spangled Banner. Not a soul stirred until the last note was struck. Then the ensign came down and every one, raising his right hand to his forehead, saluted with a bow. And the man who at that moment commanded more attention than any other man in the world, stood there, and as simply as the rest owned his allegiance to his country's flag.

The naval parade on Friday was wonderful enough to set it apart from all other welcomes, but the reception given to the Admiral on land the next day eclipsed even that. The people had seen him from afar on the bridge of his ship, like a figure on a pedestal, the very ideal of a hero, and their enthusiasm then rose to a high pitch. But when he came down among them, a man with his countrymen, the demonstration was something so extraordinary and unique that the city has never known its equal before.

The first ceremony of the day was the presentation of the gold loving cup by the Mayor in behalf of the city. It was at the hour when most people are leisurely sipping their last cup of coffee, and looking over the morning paper. But it was not too early for the admirers of Dewey. When he drove up to the stand erected for the occasion he looked down upon a mass of seething, jostling, cheering humanity that strained and stretched for a sight of him. The illimitable vista of people almost took one's breath away, as does the immensity of the ocean. But it was a miniature, as it were, of the experience that repeated itself for Dewey through every hour of that memorable day.

From the City Hall the Admiral was escorted up the river to Grant's tomb, and near it the great procession fell into place. Everywhere along the line of march were people, people, people, bounded by walls, whose windows opened for yet more people, and whose roofs were fringed with faces; wherever there was space were flags and bunting, which rose like a background behind the mighty crowds. From One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street to the reviewing stand at Twenty-third street, there was an unbroken series of decorations, until it seemed as if New York had borrowed all the national colors in the United States to honor the Admiral.

The spectacle made one feel as if history had turned back nineteen centuries to the time of Emperors and Roman triumphs. But

there were no gaudy chariots, no captives at the wheels, only a modest man, bowing and smiling and saluting in the foremost carriage, over whom the crowds went almost delirious with enthusiasm.

Along the seven miles of the course were packed three million people, shoulder to shoulder, and in the middle, as if some mighty hand had parted the crowd as the Israelites did the Red Sea, was a clear space where the procession passed through. The cheers that greeted it were beyond description. They were like a mighty burst of composite thunders that rose and ebbed, and rose again in a joyful crash, which echoed and reverberated as Dewey rode through the human lane until he took his seat on the reviewing stand on Twenty-third street, behind the twenty thousand roses, constructing it into a victor's throne, under the wonderful white triumphal arch, which threw its shadow protectingly over the Admiral.

For hours he stood there watching and saluting, as soldiers and generals and governors and statesmen did him homage, and then passed on through the Admiral's gateway.

Nearly every State in the Union had sent her troops, some with flags rent into ribbons in Cuba or Manila.

The grand old veterans of the Civil War were there, too. All the flower of the American soldiery marched by the Admiral that day, and shared in his ovation under sunny blue skies, while bands played stirring music and the crowds cheered and cheered, and the sound of the tramp, tramp, tramp sang itself into the American brain with a new rhythm. For the man in his Admiral's uniform reviewing the troops had had a hand in the destiny of nations. By force of arms he had blazed out new territory for the United States, and in that steady march of feet was the old force and power of the army with all the new possibilities that victory brings. It was this unconscious recognition of the mighty strength of the nation that made every loyal American's heart beat a little faster, when flag after flag was carried by and the Admiral swept off his hat and bowed before it.

When the last of the thirty-five thousand men in the procession had gone beyond the arch, the city breathed a sigh of satisfaction. Dewey Day was over and the welcome to the hero had even surpassed the most extravagant dreams.

For weeks the thought of it had been foremost with innumerable people. Busy men had lent their time, statesmen their services, and artists their genius. But the climax and the fulfilment had repaid them for every care. Before the multitude dispersed at Twenty-third

street it was dusk, and a flashlight played upon the arch brought out its decorations with a kind of unearthly beauty. It seemed again as if the ghosts of conquerors in the world's history must be making an invisible obeisance to the Admiral, who, in the annals of time will find his name beside theirs.

Even the most unimaginative, however, could but feel that the day was the culmination of great events, of which they had just witnessed the climax. Dewey's achievement stands single and alone, without a counterpart.

But the reception given him by the people of New York was perhaps as significant in its way, not only because of the splendid pageant which greeted him. The Dewey Arch, too, was a remarkable conception, a signal honor, not paid to an American before. Cut in marble, near Grant's tomb, it will stand as a perpetual reminder of the victory and the victor, linking in the minds of those who see the old war and the new war together.

But, after all, the Dewey Arch was not the greatest factor in that day. It was the fact that on American soil three million people, forgetting race and nationality, birth and circumstance, joined as if with one voice in a mighty cheer of welcome for an American hero. In union there is strength and in such union of many elements in one harmonious whole is the foundation on which will rest the glory and prosperity of the United States, wherever the Stars and Stripes shall lead her.

On the third day of October, 1898, the magnificent sword awarded by the act of Congress was presented to Admiral Dewey in Washington in the presence of the President, the members of his cabinet and the judiciary, the highest officers of the army and navy, and a vast crowd of the plain people. From a beautifully flag decorated stand in front of the shining Capitol the ceremonies took place, and were opened with prayer by the Rev. Frank Bristol, D. D. The day was as perfect as a day in June. Amid the brilliant presence on the platform and before the immense assemblage the Admiral stood at the close of Secretary Long's eloquent address, with bowed head, to receive the sword at President McKinley's hands. The President said:

"Admiral Dewey: From your entrance in the harbor of New York, with your gallant crew and valiant ship, the demonstrations which everywhere have greeted you reveal the public esteem of your heroic action, and the fulness of love in which you are held by your country.

"The voice of the nation is lifted in praise and gratitude for the

distinguished and memorable services you have rendered the country, and all the people give you affectionate welcome home, in which I join with all my heart.

"Your victory exalted American valor and extended American authority. There was no flaw in your victory; there will be no faltering in maintaining it.

"It gives me extreme pleasure and great honor in behalf of all the people, to hand you this sword, the gift of the nation, voted by the Congress of the United States."

The President handed the Admiral the sword with a deep bow, and there was a roar of applause as Dewey received it. All were still as he turned to reply.

Admiral Dewey then said:

"I thank you, Mr. President, for this great honor you have conferred upon me. I thank the Congress for what it has done. I thank the Secretary of the Navy for his gracious words, I thank my countrymen for this beautiful gift, which shall be an heirloom in my family forever, as an evidence that republics are not ungrateful, and I thank you, Mr. Chairman and gentlemen of the committee, for the gracious, cordial, and kindly welcome which you have given me to my home."

After the tumultuous exhibition of satisfaction on the part of the delighted crowd had ended, Cardinal Gibbons pronounced the benediction.

On the thirteenth day of October the city of Boston gave the gallant Admiral a magnificent reception, on his return from laying the cornerstone of Dewey Hall, which is to be a part of Norwich University, at Northfield, Vermont, the institution in which the Admiral received his earliest military training.

Chauncey M. Depew delivered a beautiful address on the occasion of this ceremony. Among other utterances he said:

"The cheering millions along the route of his homeward journey voice the acclaim of the whole people for the American who has done so much for the country, and the sailor whose deeds have given greater luster to our navy, whose record has always been illustrious. The presentation of the sword voted by Congress by the President of the United States, in the presence of the Cabinet, the Supreme Court, the Senate, and the House of Representatives, at the Capitol was the crowning glory of this marvelous ovation. Not yet its culmination and its lesson—not yet. That is reserved for his alma mater. With the associations and surroundings of this seat of learning the faculty and students receive

their fellow-student and honored alumnus. The building which will rise upon the corner-stone now laid by Admiral Dewey will remain for unnumbered generations as a monument to the advantages of a liberal education and the possibilities of American citizenship.

"The victory of Admiral Dewey has a far wider significance than the heroism of the fight. It opened a new chapter in the history of the United States. The lifting of the cloud of battle smoke from the waters of Manila Bay revealed a new and potential power in the affairs of the world. We must first subdue the rebellion. The more quickly, the more energetically, and the more overwhelming the force with which it is done the more merciful will be the war and the earlier will come the regeneration of the Philippines.

"The demonstration for a brief period of a government which gives protection to life and property, which grants liberty and law, which plants schoolhouses and encourages thrift, will be conditions for happiness they have never experienced and only vaguely imagine possible through the anarchy they would now inaugurate.

"Forty years ago, standing as a young cadet in the Capitol at Montpelier and gazing upon the statue of Ethan Allen, he exclaimed: 'Life can achieve no greater reward than that.' He has won that reward. Beside the hero of Ticonderoga will stand a companion figure.

"Under the one will be the immortal words which began the first victory of our revolutionary war:

"'I demand your surrender in the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress,' and under the other, the statue of Admiral Dewey, the sentence which opened the gates of the Orient for his country:

"'You may fire when you are ready, Gridley.'"

An unexpected event (the unexpected was always happening with Dewey) took place on November the ninth, in the Capital City. This was his marriage to Mrs. Mildred McLean Hazen, widow of the renowned General Hazen. Only a few of his most intimate friends had known that he had lost his heart to this charming woman. As Mrs. Hazen was a member of the Catholic church they were married by a special dispensation from Cardinal Gibbons of Baltimore.

Then another unexpected circumstance took place. Previous to his marriage Admiral Dewey had been presented with a fine house by a large number of admiring friends. He accepted the gift as expressive of the feelings of the American people towards him. Immediately following the wedding he deeded the house to his wife. Some carping

critics began to find fault with what he had done. A few newspapers tried to fan a flame of discontent among the nation at large for his act. It seemed for the moment as though the idol of the country was about to be hurled down beneath the feet of an indignant people.

But the New York Journal expressed the feeling of the overwhelming majority of Americans when it said:

"Admiral Dewey may undo the deed to the house presented him by a small portion of his fellow countrymen, but he can never undo the deed of May 1, last year. He asked no favors of his country or of his countrymen. He asked no favors of Montojo. He asked no favors of foreign fleets anchored at Manila. He asked for no demonstration in his honor, and, lastly, he did not ask for a house.

"But what he does ask at present is to be let alone. He has spent almost all his life at sea, and the least this country can do is to allow him to enjoy his 'shore leave' to the end of his days.

"Suppose a war were to break out to-morrow. Ah! there is where the shoe pinches. It would be, 'For God's sake, send Dewey to the front;' 'By all means, hurry Dewey after them;' 'Let the country rely on Dewey.'

"Wall Street would go down on its marrow-bones and perform rites to him. The persons who regret their miserable contributions would turn to Dewey with prayers.

"Then do you know what this grizzled old sailor would do?

"Newly married, and with almost the only domestic happiness he has ever known before him, he would buckle on his sword, hoist the four-starred flag of Farragut, and go to battle for the honor of his country and the welfare of his selfish countrymen."

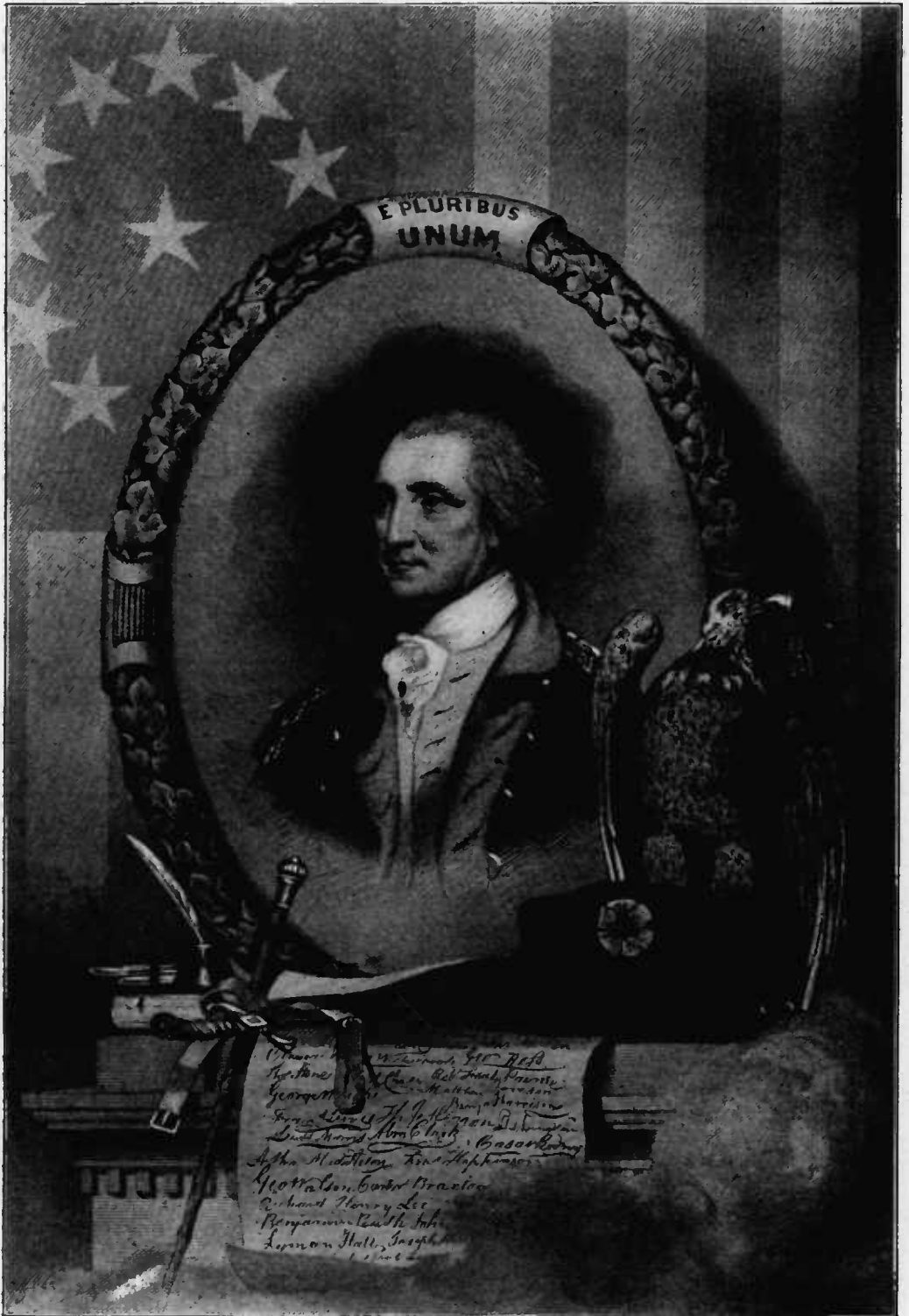
But it would seem that the house was deeded to Mrs. Dewey in order that it might be transferred, without any claim whatever against it, to George Dewey, the Admiral's only son.

The Brooklyn Eagle therefore justly said:

"Let us all learn charity, while also learning a little law. When held in the name of the Admiral, the house was subject to dower rights. Since deeded to the son by the gracious woman to whom the Admiral lovingly gave it all, the house has had an indivisible Dewey title. This not only perfects the intent of the gift in the present but secures that intent for the future. The result is better than the case was before the incident began, which is now so happily closed. Out of the bitter has come sweet."

WASHINGTON TAKING COMMAND OF THE ARMY AT CAMBRIDGE, 1775





GEORGE WASHINGTON

From an original portrait, "First in War, First in Peace, and First in the Hearts of his Countrymen"

CHAPTER XIV.

THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

June 17, 1775.

Such wild days!

New England blood had never been so hot before. Everybody was excited in those four brave colonies all the way from Portsmouth on the Piscataqua to New Haven on "The Sound." Most of the people were feeling fierce and were willing in their anger to kill the men who had come from Old England with swords and muskets to make them bow to a king they had learned to hate for his pride and folly.

Only a few weeks since they shot two hundred and seventy of these soldiers in red coats on a furious chase of almost twenty miles from Concord to Boston.

Eight Americans had dropped dead on Lexington Green, about sunrise of April 19, 1775; shot down like dogs by King George's troops—a cowardly killing, for the British with four hundred to our fifty, needed not to hurt a man, and yet have had their way all the while.

But they paid a great price for that morning murder.

The country turned out and soon had the thousand proud Englishmen on the run. Hundreds of "Yankees" were there stinging the frightened soldiers to death, crowding close to their line of march, making every stone wall a little fort, shooting the wretches who had butchered their brethren, and teaching an all-the-afternoon lesson of terror and vengeance to a haughty enemy.

That dreadful and glorious day had brought twenty thousand men from the New England farms down to Boston, with flint-lock guns over their shoulders. It was a crowd rather than an army that had rushed together, a crowd of plain and sober country folks, just common every-day men who earned their living by hard work all the year around.

They were peaceable people, too, and great lovers of good order and quiet, but they had come out now on purpose to fight, and had shut up in Boston ten thousand British soldiers, trained and plucky fighters, famous fellows for a battle, admired and feared the wide world over for their terrible valor. But the angry New England farmers had come to

let these powerful men know that Americans loved liberty well enough to die for it, and that it was dangerous business for foreign soldiers to be meddling where they were not wanted. Not a man in the British ranks dared come out of the town. There they were, an army of them, corked in by the despised "Yankees."

This was how matters stood June 16 in and about Boston. It had just been found out by the quick-witted Boston people that General Gage, the British commander, meant, on June 18, to seize the hills on two sides of the city, and hold them with his army. Of course the news straightway got out of town and into the American camp. The patriot leaders resolved to get the start of their enemies, feeling that they had the first right to their own hill tops—so one thousand men were marched out of Cambridge late in the evening, June 16, across the narrow isthmus of Charlestown "Neck" to Bunker hill, a height rising one hundred and ten feet above the water on either side of it. These men carried guns, pickaxes and spades, and were ordered to build a dirt fort before morning, and be ready to keep the British at the bottom of the hill if they should cross the river from Boston and want to climb up.

Colonel William Prescott, a farmer from Pepperell, Mass., led this tiny army, a bold man with a cool head, a first-rate commander.

Brave Israel Putnam of Connecticut was there too, the man who had become known all through the colonies as a hero, who dared, single-handed, to fight wolves, Indians, or even that swarthy old rascal Satan, himself.

Before the fight began next day General Warren went, too, as noble a spirit as ever dwelt in man's form, a well beloved physician, the favorite of all Boston, and one of the most valuable leaders of opinion in all the colonies. Warren chose to go as volunteer, taking his place, gun in hand, among the soldiers.

By midnight the men were hard at work on their little fort or redoubt, having concluded to go forward to Breed's Hill, a third of a mile nearer Boston, than at first intended.

Four busy hours went by, pick and shovel doing their best, and with the morning light came a vast surprise to the British, who saw almost more than they could believe to be so; stout fortifications crowned the Charlestown hill and were alive with a thousand saucy rebels.

"Boom, boom!"

The cannon begin to roar from the English war-ships in Charles River at the base of the hill. The great iron balls rush at the bold fort and plunge wrathfully into the patriotic dirt-heap of the Americans.

Nobody hurt, but everybody who is yet in bed scared and shaken half out of his wits, for the racket of a hundred cannon at once so early in the day is a sound as frightful as if Boston were being torn to pieces.

Into the streets hurried the people, then to the tops of their houses, to the church steeples, to the hills—all for a chance to see what was going on at Bunker and Breed's hills.

What they then saw, was their friends digging away as hard as ever, getting more dirt every minute between them and the British.

“Bang-bang!”

It is war thundering from the ship and the shore. King George the Third is bellowing with anger at these Yankee boors on the hill who dare to throw dirt in his face. No wonder, either, for the British king had always supposed that these Americans were made on purpose for his personal convenience, and that if they did not act to suit him they not only insulted the king but also abused God, who created the common man for the special benefit of the king. So the storm of fire and iron is crashing upon that hill, where the plain people are bidding defiance to their king.

The uproar is horrible, and the air is full of flying destruction. One would think those rustics up there would drop their work and run for their lives. The Yankee spade doesn't stop, however, and the saucy breastworks on the hill grow fast.

But the great guns have shaken good-natured General Gage out of bed, and he comes forth dressed in a beautiful uniform to learn why his big iron war-dogs are barking so furiously. It almost spoils his good nature, though, to see that big bank of fresh dirt across Charles River, and a thousand Continentals making it bigger every minute. That is really ridiculous, or something worse.

What shall be done about it? Why, first, of course, eat our breakfast. When did gallant Englishman ever refuse to perform that foremost duty of the day? So General Gage began the battle of Bunker Hill by an able and successful attack on two mutton-chops and a coffee pot, completely wiping out everything standing in his way. Much encouraged by this event, the general calls in his chief officers for a council of war. All agree that the “Rebels” must be brushed off that Charlestown hill top. Of course, it would only be necessary to send a few thousand British soldiers across the Charles River and start them up the hill.

Those farm laborers at the top will be glad enough to get out of the way as soon as they see the terrible troops coming. By noon the English

army is across the river. Its first attack is made on its own provisions, and after having gotten the better of much beef and bread, it begins to think about walking up the hill and taking possession of those offending earthworks.

Meantime the Americans have never stopped shoving their spades. Hour after hour the work has gone on. Tired and hungry and thirsty—from sunrise till mid-day under a scorching summer sky, they fling that important dirt where it can be most useful. It was really wonderful, and only lion-like men would or could have done it.

Sure now that the British really meant to attack the new works, Prescott and Putnam sent back to Cambridge for more soldiers, knowing that a thousand worn-out men were not enough for the great fight that was coming. There were almost five thousand of those brave and proud English veterans down there by the river only a thousand yards away, almost ready now to make a rush for the little band of exhausted heroes.

The American General Ward, at Cambridge, is very slow in sending out the fresh troops called for, but at last about two thousand five hundred Americans joined their comrades and were ready for the bloody work waiting them. Colonel Stark had come with his New Hampshire riflemen. The farmer and blacksmith from Northampton, brave Seth Pomeroy, is there, too, a famous soldier in the French and Indian war twenty years before, and now a general. He, like Warren, has to come to fight in the ranks, and is welcomed with a mighty cheer.

The Yankee spade has now stopped. The men who have handled it so well are resting. The dinner hour goes by and leaves them neither food nor drink, but does not take their grit away with it. They will stay to fight, though it be against hunger, thirst, weariness and British lead all at once, so they are soberly waiting for the deadly business to begin.

The American officers now go up and down the lines with cheering words. Colonel Prescott mounts the redoubt to get a look at the enemy. Tall and powerful in person, he was, of course, at once seen by the British, as he had been by General Gage in the early morning.

“Will he fight?” asked the General of Prescott’s brother-in-law, who stood at his side.

“Yes, sir, depend upon it, to the last drop of blood in him, but I cannot answer for his men.”

As we shall now see, the men soon made out to answer for themselves in an emphatic manner.

Three o’clock, afternoon.



AT VALLEY FORGE—WASHINGTON AND LAFAYETTE



BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL
From the celebrated painting by Trumbull

The British are starting. Splendid! They march to music—thousands of them—firm and fearless—clothed in bright colors, straight up the hill. The Americans look on and wait. Prescott and Putnam are very busy among their men with last orders.

“Wait, men! Patience. Let them come close. Not a shot till you can see the whites of their eyes! You are all marksmen; any man of you can kill a squirrel at a hundred yards. Aim at the handsome coats; pick off the officers. Steady! Fire low, and you will destroy them all!”

Thus exhorted, the men lay quiet—waiting.

But that splendid army is coming on—glorious, terrible—the hundred British cannon keeping time to their steady tramp. In perfect order the men move up the slope, General Howe at the right of their strong lines. Behind the American works fife and drum are playing “Yankee Doodle,” but all is silent where those men are waiting with their loaded guns for the enemy.

Nearer—the British are within musket shot—out from their thick ranks suddenly leaps a sheet of fire, and a thousand bullets hiss over the heads of the Americans.

No answer from the hill top; again and again the British fire as they come steadily on—but not a shot comes back.

“Ha! It’s as we thought. The Yankee rebels can never stand before the king’s brave men. They have skulked away from their useless dirt heaps. On to the works—and confusion to all rebels!” How close they are—hardly more than a hundred feet away. Are they really going over? Will they win without a fight? Will nothing stop them? What is that! A terrible cry down the length of the silent works, fierce with defiance, dreadful with death, one word, awful as the wrath of God:

“F-i-r-e!”

A burst of lightnings, a hurricane of death. Those once dull earth-works are ablaze with destruction. British soldiers never faced such a tempest of fire before. The whole front line falls before it. The living try to stagger forward—it is only eight rods to victory.

“Forward for King George!”

Again the blaze of those terrific rifles, and men go down by scores.

“Up, comrades.”

And the scarlet ranks try to push on, but those patient men who waited so well are hot with the battle, and kill without pity. It is no use. The whole British line breaks to pieces—and the proud army runs down the hill, beaten.

It is wonderful!

Nothing like it was ever seen on earth before, a rabble of rustics fighting a king's army half as large again as itself, and knocking it out of breath in a quarter of an hour.

What a cheer! It is the American hurrah. Brave men, they have gloriously earned the right to it!

Putnam and Warren and the rest of the leaders are busy everywhere among their troops, praising their firmness, and making them ready for the new attack they are certain is speedily to come.

Sure enough, the red coats are getting into line. Now they are marching up the hill again, firing as before on the American works as soon as their bullets can be made to reach them.

Meanwhile, red-hot balls from the British batteries on Copp's Hill in Boston have set Charlestown in a blaze, adding new horror and sublimity to the hour of battle. The fated town was of wood, closely built, and it burned with great fury. Vast volumes of smoke rolled over the hill as the fight went on. The Americans waited again in courageous silence—while the enemy drew near. They suffered them to come even closer than at the first attack, without an answering shot. The British felt sure now that they were going over the works, and came hotly on. At six rods only the Americans hurled a monstrous volley into the English ranks, shattering them as before.

The brave troops tried to stand fast, to struggle through the awful fire of those unerring rifles, but it was impossible to endure such a storm of slaughter more than a few minutes—and again the English gave way, rushing down the slope of the hill, now ghastly with a multitude of the wounded and dead.

Again that glorious cheer!

Liberty has found her voice, having found her heroes. It looks as though the fight was done. And our soldiers are almost ready to believe that they are to hold their fort without more bloodshed.

But the English are brave.

Their generals resolve to try once more for the coveted hill top. It is difficult to persuade their troops to venture the new danger. But at last the lines are in shape, and the most of the survivors are moving toward the attack—though hundreds refuse to march.

The Americans wait for the third time.

But they are well nigh helpless to resist. They have spent almost their last bullet. On the British come, furious, burning to destroy, with fixed bayonets this time, and fierce for revenge. The Americans fire their last "round" straight in the faces of their foe, killing a multitude,

and then the fight is over, for the patriots can do no more. They clutch at the stones their spades had loosened, and fling them at the men who are swarming over the breastworks. This however, only makes known their helplessness to the enemy, and hastens the disaster.

“Retreat!”

Sadly Prescott gives the order, his stout heart breaking with grief at the need of it. So the brave fellows go back, leaving the works they have held with matchless valor, and have twice made glorious with triumph.

The British are quite too worn out with the fight to follow, although they succeed in sending a volley into the retreating columns, that kills and wounds more of our people than the whole fight had done before. General Warren was slain at this last moment—a loss to the American cause as great as the destruction of an army.

Five o'clock now, and the two hours just passed have added a crimson page to American history, and brought to the American name a glory that will last forever.

We lost in the battle, all told, four hundred and fifty men. General Gage confesses that one thousand and fifty-four of his men fell. We had to give up the field, it is true, but as all the world now looks at it, we (“we” means Americans) won a magnificent victory. The fight told the nations that Americans were fit to be free, and were able to be their own masters. It gave notice to humanity that a nation was born devoted to human liberty, and able to defend it. Humanity understood it so, for, as our own Ralph Waldo Emerson proudly says:

“Here once the embattled farmers stood
And fired the shot heard around the world.”

And what was thus heard said that five thousand of the best soldiers warlike England ever sent out to battle had twice in a single hour run away from a little more than half their number of untrained militia men who had been picked up in a hurry from the villages and farms of New England.

The battle of Bunker Hill proved to be what the English general, Burgoyne, declared it, “a final loss to the British empire in America.”

People who could and would fight for the common rights of man as did those heroes of June 17, 1775, could not be kept beneath the feet of a king.

So “Bunker Hill” was a tremendous declaration of American inde-

pendence, uttered with the voice of loud battle and recorded in the blood of brave and generous men—a declaration, sacred with sacrifice unto death and glorious with deeds as great as ever shone in the story of the soul or added splendor to the memories of a nation.

WASHINGTON AT VALLEY FORGE.

All the heroism, the patience, the fidelity, the fortitude of Washington may be seen illustrated in the ever memorable period of the Revolutionary War, during which he encamped with the remnant of his army at Valley Forge.

This noted place is a small and shallow valley in Chester county, Pennsylvania, about twenty miles from Philadelphia, formed between rugged hills, containing iron ore, from the working of which it derived its name.

There is now a town of some importance on the site of the old camping ground, but during the Revolution there were only a few scattered settlers on the banks of the little stream which flows through the bottom of the valley.

On the sides of the hills Washington proposed to encamp his troops and there winter them in the huts to be built out of the forest timber growing wildly about, and having interstices filled with clay from the untilled soil.

The motive which governed the commander-in-chief in selecting this position was explained by him in the following order to his army previous to taking up his march:

“The General,” he said, “ardently wishes it were now in his power to conduct the troops into the best winter quarters.

“But where are these to be found? Should we retire to the interior parts of the State, we should find them crowded with virtuous citizens, who, sacrificing their all, have left Philadelphia and fled thither for protection.

“To their distresses, humanity forbids us to add.

“This is not all: we should leave a large extent of fertile country to be despoiled and ravaged by the enemy.”

Washington believed Valley Forge to be the position which would enable his army to inflict the least distress and give the most security; and there “we must make ourselves,” he said, “the best shelter in our power.”

While the huts were yet unbuilt, Washington, conscious of the trials

to which his badly-clothed troops unprovided with shelter in the midst of winter, would be subjected, expresses, in an appeal to their fortitude, the hope that the "officers and soldiers, with one heart and one mind, will resolve to surmount every difficulty, with a fortitude and patience becoming their profession, and the sacred cause in which they are engaged.

"He himself," adds the General, "will share in the hardships and partake of every inconvenience."

Never was human endurance more severely taxed than in the trials of the whole American army during the hard winter of 1777-78.

When the troops moved from Whitemarsh to Valley Forge they were already so destitute of shoes and stockings that their footsteps might be traced in blood on the hard frozen ground.

It seemed the most solemn mockery that on the very day before the army entered the valley which was destined to be the scene of so much deprivation and suffering was that which, in accordance with the appointment of Congress, was to be kept as "a day of thanksgiving and praise."

Weary, travel-stained and footsore, the army halted, and the solemnities of the day being reverentially observed by every officer and soldier, the whole body of troops, on the following morning resumed the march to Valley Forge, where they arrived the same day.

The troops were at once scattered over the rugged hills, and, being divided into parties of twelve men each, were busily occupied in constructing those rude structures which were to be their only shelter from the severity of a wintry North American climate.

The very orders of the army, giving uniformity to misery, show the hard necessities to which all alike were now compelled to submit.

The huts were to be fourteen feet by six feet; the sides, ends, and roofs to be made with logs; the roofs to be made tight with split slabs, or in some other way; the sides to be made close with clay; a fireplace to be made of wood and secured with clay on the inside eighteen inches thick.

The fireplace to be in the rear of the hut; the door to be in the end next the street; the doors to be made of split oak-slabs, unless boards could be procured; the side-walls to be six and a half feet high.

One such hut was apportioned to each twelve soldiers, while no person under the rank of a field officer, was entitled to the privilege of a hut to himself.

The whole were to be arranged, as is usual with an encampment, in regular streets.

Should necessity alone not prove a sufficient stimulus to labor the soldiers were encouraged "to industry and art" by the promise of a reward of twelve dollars to the party in each regiment which should finish its hut in "the quickest and most workmanlike manner."

And, as boards for the covering of the huts were difficult to be had, a provocative to the exercise of ingenuity was offered in the prize of one hundred dollars to any officer or soldier who, in the opinion of three gentlemen appointed to be judges, should devise a substitute equally good, but cheaper, and more quickly made.

Colonel Joseph Trumball, who had been appointed commissary-general by Washington, resigned at the beginning of the year in consequence of the officious intermeddling of Congress with the department, and ever since the commissariat had been at the mercy of improvident folly and cunning dishonesty.

"I do not know," wrote the commander-in-chief, "from what cause this alarming deficiency, or rather, total failure of supplies, arises."

Again he says: "Unless some great and capital change takes place in that line this army must be inevitably reduced to one or the other of these three things—starve, dissolve, or disperse, in order to obtain subsistence in the best manner they can."

But few days had passed in Valley Forge when this "melancholy and alarming truth" was discovered, that the commissary in the camp had not "a single hoof of any kind for slaughter, and not more than twenty-five barrels of flour," to feed some twelve thousand hungry men!

"The soap, vinegar, and other articles," wrote Washington, "allowed by Congress, we see none of, nor have we seen them, I believe, since the battle of Brandywine. The first, indeed, we have now little occasion for; few men having more than one shirt, many only the moiety of one, and some none at all.

"In addition to which, as a proof of the little benefit received from a clothier-general, and as a further proof of the inability of an army, under the circumstances of this, to perform the common duties of soldiers (besides a number of men confined to hospitals for want of shoes, and others in farmer's houses on the same account), we have, by a field-return this day made, no less than two thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight men now in camp unfit for duty, because they are bare-foot and otherwise naked."

Thousands of soldiers were without blankets, and many kept cow-

ering and awake the whole night about the campfires for fear lest, if they went to sleep, they might be frozen to death.

It was with the greatest difficulty that a sufficient number of men could be found in a condition fit to perform the ordinary routine of camp duty; and men able-bodied but comparatively naked, were often obliged, when ordered out, to borrow clothes from those who were so fortunate as to have any.

One of the foreign officers, while walking with Washington through the encampment, looked with such alarm upon the poor, miserable soldiers (as their famished, shrunken frames, scantily covered with a dirty blanket, slunk in the biting, wintry air from hut to hut) and heard with such dismay, through the open crevices between the logs of their wretched dwellings, the woful, heart-rending cry: "No pay, no clothes, no rum!" that he despaired of the independence of the country.

"The unfortunate soldiers," declared Lafayette, "were in want of everything; they had neither coats nor hats, shirts nor shoes. Their feet and legs froze till they became black and it was often necessary to amputate them.

"From want of money the officers could obtain neither provisions nor any means of transport; the colonels were often reduced to two rations, and sometimes even to one. The army frequently remained a whole day without any provisions whatever."

Still, ever on the alert for the performance of his duty as a military commander, Washington, hearing of a movement of the British, would have sent out a force to check it.

He accordingly ordered some of his troops to be ready to march; when from General Huntington, who commanded one division, came a letter saying: "I received an order to hold my brigade in readiness to march.

"Fighting will be preferable to starving; my brigade are out of provision, nor can the commissary obtain any meat. I am exceedingly unhappy in being the bearer of complaints to headquarters. I have used every argument my imagination can invent to make the soldiers easy, but I despair of being able to do it much longer."

From General Vernon, too, came a letter: "According to the saying of Solomon," wrote the general, "'hunger will break through a stone wall.'

"It is therefore a very pleasing circumstance to the division under my command that there is a probability of marching. Three days suc-

cessively, we have been destitute of bread; two days we have been entirely without meat.

"The men must be supplied or they cannot be commanded. The complaints are too urgent to pass unnoticed. It is with pain that I mention this distress.

"I know it will make your excellency unhappy; but, if you expect the exertion of virtuous principles while your troops are deprived of the necessaries of life, your final disappointment will be great in proportion to the patience which now astonishes every man of human feeling."

Washington, always trustful in the holiness of his cause, never despaired of its ultimate triumph.

We can readily believe that, in these times of trial, with the piety which never forsook him in adversity or prosperity, he often on his knees implored in prayer the mercy of God upon his suffering troops.

It is recorded by a contemporary witness, a Quaker farmer, that, on one occasion while strolling along the valley stream he heard a voice, as of one in supplication and prayer, coming out of a secluded spot.

On approaching the place Washington's horse was found tied near by.

The intruder immediately turned his steps homeward; and, as he told his wife what he had seen, he said, with a burst of tears:

"If there is any one on this earth whom the Lord will listen to, it is George Washington." The Quaker was Isaac Potts.

The commander-in-chief would, however, have been more or less than human if his patience had not been disturbed by the officious interference of the Pennsylvania legislature with his plans, and its censorious strictures in a "Remonstrance" against his conduct.

"I can assure these gentlemen," he wrote, "that it is a much easier and less distressing thing to draw remonstrances in a comfortable room, by a warm fireside, than to occupy a cold, bleak hill, and sleep under frost and snow, without clothes or blankets.

"However, although they seem to have little feeling for the naked and distressed soldiers, I feel superabundantly for them, and from my soul I pity those miseries which it is neither in my power to relieve nor to prevent."

That the army, in the state of destitution and suffering in which it was, should occasionally break out in mutinous complaints and refuse to do duty, was naturally to be expected.

The long forbearance of his soldiers surprised Washington himself, and won from him a grateful tribute to their patient endurance.

"Naked and starving as they are," he said, "we cannot enough admire the incomparable patience and fidelity of the soldiery, that they have not been, ere this, excited by their own sufferings to a general mutiny and desertion."

In order to make up for the deficiencies of the ill-managed commissariat, Congress authorized Washington to resort to the desperate expedient of exacting supplies from the people by force.

Washington unwillingly consented to avail himself of this legal authority, in the pressing necessities of his army, but declared that it would never do to procure supplies of clothing or provisions by coercive measures.

"Such procedures," he emphatically adds, "may give a momentary relief, but if repeated, will prove of the most pernicious consequence.

"Besides spreading disaffection, jealousy and fear among the people, they never fail, even in the most veteran troops, under the most rigid and exact discipline, to raise in the soldiery a disposition to licentiousness, to plunder and robbery, difficult to suppress afterward, and which has proved not only ruinous to the inhabitants, but in many instances to armies themselves.

"I regret the occasion that compelled to the measure the other day and shall consider it among the greatest of our misfortunes if we should be under the necessity of practicing it again."

Was there ever a leader of armies who thus spoke and acted like a brother-man and fellow-citizen?

When this reserve in regard to private property was observed, too, in a country hostile to American interests, how much greater appears Washington's honorable fastidiousness!

When, in order to save his men from absolute famine, he reluctantly exercised the power conferred upon him by Congress, the inhabitants resisted his authority, even unto arms.

Washington issued a proclamation, in which he required all the farmers within seventy miles of Valley Forge to thrash out one-half of their grain by the first of February, 1778, and the other half by the first of March, under the penalty of having the whole seized as straw.

Many of the disaffected Pennsylvanians, who abounded in that quarter, refused to comply with the requisition, and when the troops were sent out for supplies, and a fair price offered for them, the farmers defended their grain and cattle with violence, and in some instances

burned what they could not protect, so resolutely hostile were they to the American cause.

Without the necessities of life, man and beast soon began to sicken. The horses died for lack of forage; and the poor, wearied, worn-out and famishing soldiers were forced to yoke themselves to wagons and sledges to bring in what fuel and scanty stores could occasionally be obtained.

There was as yet no improvement in the commissary department.

The suffering army was constantly being tantalized with accounts from all quarters of the prodigious quantity of clothing which was purchased and forwarded for their use, while little or none reached them, or that little so badly sorted as to be practically useless.

The poor soldier had a pair of stockings given him without shoes, or a vest without a coat or blanket to his back.

The little man had a large pair of trousers, and the large one a small coat, so that none were benefited.

"Perhaps by midsummer," said Washington, with bitter irony, "he (the soldier) may receive thick stockings, shoes, and blankets, which he will contrive to get rid of in the most expeditious manner.

"In this way, by an eternal round of the most stupid management, the public treasure is expended to no kind of purpose, while the men have been left to perish by inches with cold, hunger and nakedness!"

A putrid camp-fever was the natural consequence of this terrible suffering and destitution of all the necessities of life; and so many sickened, while such numbers deserted daily, that the army was thought to be in danger of dissolution.

"The situation of the camp," wrote General Varnum to General Greene, "is such that, in all human probability, the army must soon dissolve."

It did not dissolve. The bravery of Washington conquered the situation. The clouds rolled away. The surrender at Yorktown came. Independence was gained. The United States took its place among the nations of the earth.

CHAPTER XV.

GENERAL JACKSON AND THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS.

General Jackson established his headquarters at New Orleans, December 1st, 1814.

The whole population of white and black of Louisiana at that time hardly numbered one hundred thousand souls.

New Orleans itself contained but thirty thousand people, more than half of whom were black. The whites formed a mongrel population, made up of French, Spaniards, and adventurers from all parts of the world.

Jackson found that little reliance was to be placed upon such a heterogeneous body of citizens. Many were known to be hostile, and were suspected of carrying on treasonable correspondence with the enemy.

Claiborne, governor of Louisiana, had been urged by General Jackson to use every effort to rally the inhabitants of the territory to the defense of their homes. The call was made, but with feeble response. The resolute Jackson, however, was not to be balked. He wrote to the Governor:

“Whoever is not for us is against us.”

“Those who are drafted must be compelled to the ranks or punished. It is no time to balance; the country must be defended. He who refuses to aid when called on, must be treated with severity. To repel the danger with which we are assailed requires all our energies and all our exertions. With union on our side we shall be able to drive our invaders back to the ocean. Summon all your energy and guard every avenue with confidential patrols, for spies and traitors are swarming around.

“Remember our watchword is

“ ‘Victory or death.’

“We will enjoy our liberty or perish in the last ditch.”

Jackson did not fail even to appeal to the “noble-hearted, generous free men of color,” and they, with more patriotic fervor than the whites, quickly responded by banding themselves into a distinct corps and offering their services.

Several companies of citizen militia were then formed, consisting of French and American residents, and enrolled.

A thousand regulars were immediately ordered to New Orleans, while the Tennessee militia, under General Carrol, and the mounted riflemen, under General Coffee, hastened as of old to Jackson's side.

Jackson's energy and courage soon changed the whole current of feeling, and, day and night, the sounds of martial preparation echoed along the streets of the city.

New Orleans, from its position, was exposed to attack from several quarters.

A fleet of more than eighty sail, under the command of Admiral Cochrane, carrying on their decks eleven thousand veteran troops, the very flower of the British army, fresh from the bloody fields of Spain, and led by the gallant and renowned Sir Edward Kakenham, the brother-in-law of the Duke of Wellington.

To resist all these New Orleans had no vessels of war, no strong fortresses, no army of veteran troops.

General Jackson, with his undisciplined and half-armed yeomanry, alone stood between the city and destruction.

He was not ignorant of the fearful odds he had to encounter but still he could say to the panic-stricken women who roamed the streets filling the air with shrieks and cries of alarm:

"The enemy shall never reach the city."

Their fears were at once allayed.

In the meantime, while he watched the approaching force, he kept his eye on the city.

The press did not manfully sustain him and the legislature, then in session, looked upon his actions with suspicion, if not with hostile feelings.

When Judge Hall liberated a traitor whom he had imprisoned, Jackson sternly ordered the Judge himself into confinement.

At length Jackson received the intelligence of the arrival of the British and the anchoring of their fleet at Cat and Ship islands, off the entrance to Lake Borgne.

After making a most heroic defense, Lieutenant Jones, who had been sent out to ascertain the force of the enemy, was compelled to surrender. He himself, and Barker, his second in command, were severely wounded. But he had succeeded in inflicting great injury upon the foe and had sunk a number of their vessels.

Drawing up his little force Jackson reviewed it and reminded the

troops in inspiring phrase that they were about to fight for all that could render life desirable. He said:

“For your property and lives; for that which is dearer than all, your wives and children; for liberty, without which country, life, and property are not worth possessing, you are to battle.

“Even the embraces of wife and children are a reproach to the wretch who would deprive them, by his cowardice, of those inestimable blessings.”

He said to his immediate friends about him, with a confident ring in his impassioned words:

“The redcoats will find out whom they have to deal with!

“I will smash them, so help me God!”

Jackson now bent all his energies to erect defenses and make his position as impregnable as possible.

Incapable of fatigue himself, he suffered no one to lag in effort. His men were kept constantly at work; and such was his own unceasing activity, that it is said he never slept for four days and nights.

He deepened and widened the ditch which had been dug. The levee was cut through, about a hundred yards below, and a broad stream of water, some three feet in depth, let in, to impede the approach of the enemy's infantry.

The intrepid Coffee was placed here, who, with his heroic followers, day after day, and night after night, stood knee-deep in the mud and slept on the brush which they had piled together to keep them from the water.

Cotton bales were brought and covered over to increase the breadth and depth of the breastwork. Having completed these fortifications Jackson mounted five pieces of heavy cannon on the summit.

Thus prepared, the Americans resolutely awaited the approach of their British assailants.

Jackson now learned of a contemplated “fire in the rear.”

He was told that the legislature had become frightened, and was discussing the propriety of surrendering the city to the English. While harboring this traitorous design the legislature sent a committee to inquire of Jackson what he designed to do if compelled to abandon his position.

“If,” he replied, “I thought the hair of my head could divine what I should do, I would cut it off immediately.

“Go back with this answer to your honorable body:

"If disaster does overtake me, and the fate of war drives me from my line to the city, they may expect to have a warm session."

Jackson at once issued this order to Governor Claiborne:

"Closely watch the conduct of the legislature, and the moment the project of offering a capitulation with the enemy is disclosed, place a guard at the door of the chamber, and shut the members in."

The governor, in his zeal and overflowing patriotism, determined to make sure work of it, and so turned the whole of them out of doors.

His secretary said to Jackson, after his victory:

"General, what would you have done if you had been forced to retire?" He replied:

"I should have retreated to the city, fired it and fought the enemy amid the surrounding flames."

On Sabbath morning, January 8th, General Pakenham, leading his force of 12,000 picked men, made a direct assault upon Jackson's redoubt, behind which were 6,000 poorly drilled but determined American troops.

New Orleans was startled from its slumbers by an explosion of cannon that shook the city.

The battle had begun. On came the enemy in two columns. They swept in double quick action across the plain.

Three thrilling cheers rose over the dark intrenchments, at the sight, and then all was still again.

Onward they pressed, confident of victory, but the moment they came in range, a murderous artillery fire from the cannon was opened upon them.

Frightful gaps were made in their ranks at every discharge, which were closed up by living men, only the next moment to be reopened.

Still on they came, those men of iron, who had fought gloriously under the Iron Duke.

But as the two doomed columns reached the farthest brink of the ditch, the command rang along the whole American line:

"Fire!"

The next moment the intrenchments were in a blaze.

It was a solid sheet of flame rolling on the foe.

Stunned by the tremendous and deadly volleys, the front ranks stopped and sank to the ground.

But high over the booming of cannon were heard the shouts of the officers, and the roll of drums beating the charge.

Still, bravely breasting the fiery hail, the ranks were urged forward, but only to melt away on the edge of that fatal ditch.

Jackson, with flashing eye and flushed brow, rode slowly along the lines, cheering the men with words of encouragement, and issuing his orders, followed by loud huzzas as he passed.

From the effect of the American fire, he knew, if the troops stood firm, the day was his own.

Every man was a marksman, although not a soldier drilled in tactics, and every shot told. No troops in the world could withstand their destructive aim.

Mowed down by companies, they fell back in terror.

Pakenham at once put himself at the head of his troops, shouting:

“On, men! On, men! don’t give way!”

A musket ball struck him in the knee; another killed his horse.

“Here, quick, give me another horse,” he cried out.

Again he was at the head of the renowned Forty-fourth, which had never failed him on other fields of slaughter.

Another ball struck him. Reeling from his saddle he fell, mortally wounded.

Generals Gibbs and Keane were also wounded while trying to rally their commands. Then the maddened columns turned and fled.

General Lambert, hastening up with the reserves, endeavored to stop their flight. He partially succeeded, and again they advanced.

But all in vain! They could not stand the hail of death. They retreated in utter dismay.

The battle of New Orleans was over.

Two thousand six hundred brave British soldiers were killed and wounded, while the American loss was eight killed and thirteen wounded.

With the humaneness and generosity which has ever distinguished American soldiers, Jackson’s men hastened, as soon as the firing was over, to succor the wounded, console the dying and bury the dead.

The hero of the battle made his triumphal entry into the city.

Bells were rung, maidens dressed in white strewed flowers in Jackson’s path; the heavens echoed with acclamations, and blessings unnumbered were poured on his head.

But he reverently acknowledged that the God of nations had given him the victory. That divine Hand he recognized in all the periods of his stormy, adventurous and wonderful life.

In 1840 he made a public profession of the Christian faith and united with the Presbyterian Church.

Of his regard for the Bible he left this testimony:

"This book is the bulwark of our republican institutions, the anchor of our present and future. . . . The Bible is true. Upon that sacred volume I rest my hope of eternal salvation."

GENERAL WINFIELD T. SCOTT.—THE CAPTURE OF MEXICO.

On the 13th day of September, 1847, General Scott began his attack upon the strongly fortified heights of Chapultepec which commanded the City of Mexico.

At daybreak of that beautiful morning the American artillery began to play.

Each shot told with terrible effectiveness upon the columns massed within the fortifications. At nine o'clock, after an impatient waiting on the part of the American forces for the order to charge, General Scott rang out the welcome command,

"Forward!"

The intrepid soldiery now began the toilsome ascent, the batteries clearing the way before them. General Pillow bravely led his men through the forest filled with the enemy's sharpshooters and came to the open ground just under the rocky height. While thus riding victoriously onward this noble officer fell mortally wounded. General George Cadwallader, who afterward served with distinction in the Civil War, assumed command and above the tempest of battle his voice was heard:

"Forward! my men, forward!"

Up those rugged steeps they went, fearless of the fatal fire which was thinning their ranks. On the summit of the redoubt, erected between them and the castle, the enemy's batteries had been placed, which poured incessant shot upon the American infantry as they crossed the intervening space, broken by rocks and chasms.

The Mexicans had honeycombed the redoubt with mines, which they were ready to explode if the American soldiers should capture it.

Again Cadwallader's sonorous voice was heard:

"Now for the final charge, my men. Charge!"

Up in one swift and terrible movement they went. So sudden and rapid and completely successful was it that the gunners had barely time to leave their smoking pieces.



GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT



GENERAL SCOTT ENTERING THE CITY OF MEXICO

Death below the ground did not emerge in the thunder and lightning which the enemy expected would attend his coming by the firing of the mines.

Scott had watched with anxious heart the advance of his valorous troops as they now reached the ditch just below the castle walls.

Will they now be able to scale those frowning battlements?

The ditch must be filled with fascines, scaling ladders must be put against the castle's sides.

Down upon these heroes comes the hail of lead. Still they did not flinch. Again Cadwallader's voice was heard:

"Hurry up, my men. Here, throw them in. Down with them. That's all right. Now we can go."

Thus the fascines went in and then the scaling ladders went up against the rock-ribbed fortress. Balls and bayonets met the leaders of the assaulting host. Down they went to help make, by their mangled bones, a pathway with the fascines for their undaunted comrades to reach the summit. And up those comrades climbed. Those below shouted to those above on the swaying ladders:

"Go on, go on, we're coming after."

On they went. They have reached the top. Face to face with the foe for a moment, then face to back.

The enemy have fled. "The streams of heroes," like an inundation, have swept over the walls and now rush on, on like a mighty tidal wave after the panic-stricken foe.

Lieutenant Ried, of the New York Volunteers, was the very first man to stand on the ramparts. Steele, of the Second Regular Infantry, was the next. Wounded and weak from loss of blood Ried still kept on. Higher and higher he went toward the Mexican banner that waved above him.

Reaching up and exerting his utmost strength he tore it down and then fell fainting on it.

But now, as the American flag and the regimental standard were waving and men were shouting themselves hoarse over the victory, Scott saw a sight that pained him beyond expression.

At Molino del Rey the Mexicans had shown no mercy to the wounded and helpless American soldiers within their lines:

"Revenge! Revenge! Remember Molino del Rey!" was the cry of the troops as they shot and bayoneted the shrieking Mexican fugitives.

Riding among his men, Scott cried out with all the vehemence of

his nature, although he knew the terrible provocation under which, in the almost uncontrollable excitement, they labored,

“Soldiers, soldiers, deeds like yours are recorded in history. Be humane and generous, my boys, as you are victorious, and I will get down on my bended knees for you to-night.”

The carnage ceased; mercy reigned.

The capital was now at the feet of Scott. The agonized populace had watched with hope and fear the progress of the fight. And when they saw the Stars and Stripes waving over the last stronghold of their country and the Mexican infantry and artillery rushing toward them in wildest confusion, a cry of despair rent the very heavens.

A little handful of soldiers had conquered. Scarcely six thousand men had encountered thirty thousand Mexicans intrenched in a seemingly impregnable fortress. They were three hundred miles from their ships, and were without depots and garrisons.

It was a fearful risk to take. It would seem as though no government could ever allow such a condition of things to prevail. Both indifference and intriguing at Washington had brought about the perilous situation.

If the Mexican war “was conceived in sin and brought forth in iniquity,” as its opponents averred, still, having declared war, the valiant American forces, with their intrepid commander, should have been supported heart and soul by the American government.

A glory to be forever undimmed crowned the deeds of these volunteer and regular soldiers of our army. General Scott entered in triumph the City of Mexico. The ultimate result of the war was the annexation of an empire of territory to the United States.

When the Civil War broke out, General Scott was too old and infirm to take an active part in it. All who appreciated his wonderful military genius greatly regretted that he could not direct the Union army.

In a few words his character may be summed up. General Scott was very exacting in his discipline—that power which Carnot calls “the glory of the soldier and the strength of armies.” His stately figure, which like that of Saul made him tower head and shoulders above the ordinary man, combined with his exactness in dress and rigid requirements of discipline, gave him his only nickname of “Fuss and feathers.” But his soldiers loved him none the less for the peculiarities which gave him the appellation.

He was a thoroughly religious and patriotic man, and exemplified in his conduct the attributes of a loyal, courageous, upright soldier,

well worth the imitation of every young American. He had a passionate love for the magnificent animal which had carried him on so many memorable occasions.

The last words of the grand old veteran were those spoken to his servant. He said:

“James, take good care of the horse.”

General Scott was born near Petersburg, Virginia, June 13th, 1786, and died as Lieutenant-General of the army at West Point, New York, May 29th, 1866.

It is very gratifying to note as an evidence of the good feeling now existing between the United States and our sister Republic of Mexico, that all the battle trophies brought from that country by our victorious soldiers were recently returned to the Mexican government by the authority of the American Congress.

CHAPTER XVI.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Abraham Lincoln was born in Hardin—now Larue—county, Kentucky, on February 12, 1809. His ancestors were among the early settlers of Rockingham county, Virginia, whither they had gone from Berks county, Pennsylvania, and from which his grandparents removed to Kentucky about the year 1781. His father, Thomas Lincoln, was born in Virginia, and married Nancy Hanks, also a Virginian, in 1806. Mrs. Nancy Lincoln died in 1818, and in a year and six months Thomas married again, this wife being an old neighbor, a widow named Johnston. During the life of his first wife, in 1816, Mr. Lincoln settled in what is now Spencer county, Indiana, where Abraham's early life was spent in toiling on the farm, cleaning up fresh land and doing what was heavy work for a lad of seven or eight years. It was here he received the one year's schooling which was all he ever had. He became expert at figures, and read over and over the few books he could lay hands on in that wilderness home, often reading by the ruddy blaze of a log fire when the others were fast asleep. Among these scant books were Weems' "Life of Washington," "The Pilgrim's Progress," and the Revised Statutes of Indiana. He kept a commonplace book, into which he copied such passages as struck him as particularly fine. Out of these meager surroundings grew into shape the man who ruled and guided the nation in its critical hour.

THE BOYHOOD OF LINCOLN.

"Uncle Dennis" Hanks, an old friend of the Lincoln family, tells of a visit to them, "when Abe was about nine" years of age. A glimpse of boyish enthusiasm is afforded by his recollection that "Abe had killed a turkey the day we got there, and couldn't get through tellin' about it."

The kind old uncle began to teach the boy to write, but great difficulty was experienced in providing writing materials. These were overcome, however, in this way, as described by Uncle Dennis:

"Sometimes he would write with a piece of charcoal, or the p'int of a burnt stick, on the fence or floor. We got a little paper at the country town, and I made ink out of blackberry briar-root and a little copperas in it. It was black, but the copperas would eat the paper after awhile. I made his first pen out of a turkey-buzzard feather. We had no geese them days. After he learned to write he was scrawlin' his name everywhere; sometimes he would write it on the white sand down by the crick bank and leave it till the waves would blot it out."

That humble name was destined to be written one day where not all the waters of the seas could ever wash the mark away.

Uncle Dennis continues:

"Abe was at this time not grown, only six feet two inches high. He was six feet four and one-half inches when grown—tall, lathy and gangling—not much appearance, not handsome, not ugly, but peculiar. He was this kind of a fellow:

"If a man rode up on horseback, Abe would be the first one out, up on the fence, and asking questions, till his father would give him a knock side o' the head; then he'd go throw at snowbirds or suthin'; but ponderin' all the while.

"I was ten years older, but I couldn't rassel him down. His legs was too long for me to throw him. He would fling one foot upon my shoulder and make me swing corners swift, and his arms were long and strong. My, how he would chop!

"His ax would flash and bite into a sugartree or sycamore, and down it would come. If you heard him fellin' trees in a clearin' you would say there were three men at work by the way the trees fell. But he was never sassy or quarrelsome."

An old neighbor of the Lincoln family testifies:

"Whenever the court was in session he was a frequent attendant, as often as he could be spared from the labors of the farm, and especially when a lawyer of the name of John A. Breckenridge was to appear in any case. Breckenridge was the foremost lawyer in that region, widely famed as an advocate in criminal cases. Lincoln was sure to be present when he spoke.

"Doing his 'chores' in the morning, he would walk to Boonville, the county seat of Warrick county, seventeen miles away, and then home again in time to do his 'chores' at night, repeating this day after day. The lawyer soon came to know him. Years afterward, when

Lincoln was President, a venerable gentleman one day entered his office in the White House, and standing before him, said:

“‘Mr. President, you don’t know me.’

“Mr. Lincoln eyed him sharply for a moment, then quickly replied, with a smile:

“‘Yes, I do; you are John A. Breckenridge. I used to walk thirty-four miles a day to hear you plead law in Boonville, and listening to your speeches at the bar first inspired me with the determination to be a lawyer.’

“After he had heard a fine argument at court or a sermon at ‘meet-in’ the boy would argue and preach ‘in and out of season,’ fired with ambition to shine as an orator. The awkward, half-clad, bashful boy was burning with enthusiasm, with ambition, and vague premonitions of a great career.”

In 1830 a traveling peddler came one evening to a cabin in Illinois and asked the farmer’s wife if he could stay at the house all night.

“We can feed your beast,” was the answer, “but we cannot lodge you unless you are willing to sleep with the hired man.”

“Let’s have a look at him first,” said the peddler.

The woman pointed to the side of the house, where a lank, six-foot man, in ragged but clean clothes, was stretched on the grass reading a book. “He’ll do,” said the stranger.

The “hired man” was Abraham Lincoln.

LINCOLN’S MAIDEN SPEECH.

Judge Bell, of Mount Carmel, Ill., gives the maiden speech of Abraham Lincoln, delivered in Pappsville, near Springfield, Ill., nearly fifty years ago. Mr. Lincoln was not then a lawyer, and had no intention of becoming a lawyer. He had then made up his mind to learn the blacksmith trade. His genius was recognized, and he was suddenly nominated for the legislature. His first speech is most interesting reading at this time. It was as follows:

“Gentlemen and fellow-citizens: I presume you all know who I am. I am humble Abraham Lincoln. I have been solicited by many friends to become a candidate for the legislature. My politics are short and sweet. I am in favor of a national bank; am in favor of the internal improvement system and a high protective tariff. These are my sentiments and political principles. If elected, I shall be thankful; if not, it will be all the same.”

OLD ABE OF SANGAMON COUNTY.

Judge Alexander Jameson, LL. D., relates the following incidents:

"In the summer preceding the election of 1856 some one suggested one evening that we go over to Dearborn Park to hear a Republican speech. Entering the park, which was ill-lighted, so that our crowd could hear, but see little or nothing, we found a crowd surrounding a stand, on which spot there has since been a feeble effort to erect a fountain. On the stand was some one speaking. No name was given me and I began to listen.

"It was not long before I found myself, unimpressionable as I am usually, cheering at some remarkably well-put point of Republican doctrine. By and by I swung my hat in the air, and before many minutes elapsed my hat went up again with others amid a whirlwind of shouts, so clear, forcible and decisive were the arguments of the speaker, a tall man as I could see.

"I then asked a bystander who that man was.

"'Why, don't you know?' was the reply; 'that's Old Abe, Abe Lincoln from Sangamon County.'

"That was my first sight of the heaven-sent liberator, Abraham Lincoln.

"From that evening I have never had a doubt of the supreme ability of that great and good man. I saw him three times afterwards: once when he was counsel for the Illinois Central Railroad Company, in a suit brought against it by George C. Bates, and in passing I will mention a little incident that occurred in my presence in the court room during the trial.

"I was sitting with Mr. Moulton, late master-in-chancery of the United States Circuit Court, a man of infinite jest, when Mr. Lincoln came up to him and showing him a letter they had a hearty laugh over its contents.

"It was from Mr. Lincoln's little son, who said: 'His mother wanted him to tell his papa not to forget to put on his clean shirt in the morning.'

Judge Jameson continues: "When Lincoln came to speak in closing the case for the defendants, I felt a little disappointed. His voice was high, thin, almost screechy, and his argument was labored. I could not help feeling that his judgment was not fully convinced that his case was a just one, and it is well known that he never made a successful argument when such a condition existed. His integrity so permeated

his mind and all its faculties that it refused to act at its highest if his conscience was not thoroughly in accord with his official position. This may be an error, but his speech, though aiding in securing a judgment for the defendants, was not what I call a great forensic effort.

"The second time I saw him was when he had a reception at the Tremont House after his election to the Presidency. His face already wore the impress of the immeasurable burden beginning to settle down upon him, the look of one who suffers but will not flinch, whatever may befall him.

"The last time I saw him was on his return to Chicago, the victim of an assassin, followed by the tears and lamentations of our whole people and of the people of all lands."

LINCOLN THE TYPICAL AMERICAN.

At the famous New England dinner in New York, the lamented Henry W. Grady, the late brilliant editor of the Atlanta Constitution, referred to Abraham Lincoln as the First Typical American. We give the address as it was delivered, properly punctuated with the enthusiastic applause which it received:

"Pardon me one word, Mr. President, spoken for the purpose of getting into the volumes that go out annually freighted with the rich eloquence of your speakers—the fact that the Cavalier as well as the Puritan was on this continent in its early days, and that he was 'up and able to be about.' [Laughter.] I have read your books carefully and I find no mention of that fact, which seems to me important for preserving a sort of historical equilibrium.

"With the Cavalier once established as a fact in your charming little books I shall let him work out his own salvation, as he has always done with engaging gallantry, and we will hold no controversy as to his merits. Why should we? Neither Puritan nor Cavalier long survived as such. The virtues and traditions of both happily still live for the inspiration of their sons and the saving of the old fashion. [Applause.]

"But both Puritan and Cavalier were lost in the storm of their first revolution, and the American citizen, supplanting both, and stronger than either, took possession of the republic bought by their common blood and fashioned to wisdom, and charged himself with teaching men government and establishing the voice of the people as the voice of God. [Applause.]

“Great types, like valuable plants, are slow to flower and fruit. But from the union of these colonists, from the straightening of their purposes and the crossing of their blood, slow perfecting through a century, came he who stands as the first typical American, the first who comprehended within himself all the strength and gentleness, all the majesty and grace of this Republic—Abraham Lincoln. [Loud and long-continued applause.]

“He was the sum of Puritan and Cavalier, for in his ardent nature were fused the virtues of both, and in the depths of his great soul the faults of both were lost. [Renewed applause.]

“He was greater than Puritan, greater than Cavalier, in that he was American [renewed applause], and that in his homely form were first gathered the vast and thrilling forces of this ideal government—charging it with such tremendous meaning and so elevating it above human suffering that martyrdom, though infamously aimed, came as a fitting crown to a life consecrated from the cradle to human liberty. [Loud and prolonged cheering.]

“Let us, each cherishing his traditions and honoring his fathers, build with reverent hands to the type of this simple but sublime life, in which all types are honored, and in the common glory we shall win as Americans there will be plenty and to spare for your forefathers and for mine.” [Renewed and long prolonged cheering.]

CHARACTER OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

BY COL. ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

Abraham Lincoln was one of the few who saw that slavery could not exist forever. He was born in a cabin—laid in the lap of the poor—born in a cabin in the wilderness of Kentucky, yet he rose to such a supreme and splendid height that fame never reached higher than his brow when putting its laurels on the brow of a human being. He was a man who was true to himself, and for that reason true to others.

He was a strange mingling of mirth and tears, of the perfect and grotesque, of Socrates and Rabelais, of Æsop and Marcus Aurelius, of all that was noble and just, of mercy and honesty, merciful, wise, lovable and divine—and all consecrated to the use of man, while through all and over all was an overwhelming sense of chivalry and loyalty, and above all the shadow of a perfect mind.

Of nearly all the great characters of history we know nothing of

their peculiarities. About the oaks of these great men, and about the roots of these oaks, we know nothing of the earth that clings to them. Washington himself is now a steel engraving. About the real man who lived, who loved, who schemed and who succeeded, we know nothing. The glass through which we look at him is of such high magnifying power that the features are indistinct. Hundreds of people are now engaged smoothing out the lines in Lincoln's face so that he may be known, not as he really was, but, according to their poor standard, as he should have been.

Abraham Lincoln was not a type; he stands alone—no ancestors, no followers and no successors. He had the advantage of living in a new country, the advantage of social equality, of personal freedom, of seeing in the horizon of his life the perpetual star of hope. He knew and mingled with men of every kind, and became familiar with the best books. In a new country you must possess at least three qualities—honesty, courage and generosity.

In cultivated society cultivation is often more important than soil; and, while a polished counterfeit sometimes passes more readily than the blurred genuine, it is necessary only to observe the uncertain laws of society to be honest enough to keep out of the penitentiary and generous enough to subscribe in public when the subscription can be defined as a business investment.

In a new country character is essential; in the old, reputation is often sufficient. In the new they find what a man is; in the old he generally passes for what he resembles. People separated by distance are much nearer together than those divided by the walls of caste.

Lincoln never finished his education, although he was always an inquirer and a seeker after knowledge. You have no idea how many men are spoiled by what is called education. For the most part colleges are where pebbles are polished and diamonds dimmed.

If Shakespeare had graduated at Oxford he might have been a quibbling attorney or a poor parson. Lincoln was a many-sided man, as reliable as the direction of gravity. His words were kind as mercy, and gave a perfect image of his thought. He was never afraid to ask, never too dignified to admit that he did not know.

Lincoln was natural in his life and thought, master of the story-telling art, liberal in speech, using any word which wit would disinflect. He was a logician. He did not say what he thought others thought, but what he thought. He was sincerely natural. If you wish

to be sublime you must keep close to the grass. Too much polish suggests insincerity.

If you wish to know what is the difference between an orator and the elocutionist read Lincoln's wondrous words at Gettysburg and then read the speech of Edward Everett. The oration of Lincoln will never be forgotten; it will live until languages are dead and lips are dust. The speech of Everett will ever be read.

Lincoln was an immense personality, firm but not obstinate—obstinacy is egotism, firmness is heroism. He influenced others and they submitted to him. He was severe to himself, and for that reason lenient to others, and appeared to apologize for being kinder than his fellows. He did merciful things as stealthily as others committed crimes.

He did and said the noblest deeds and words with that nobleness that is the grace of modesty. Everything for principle, nothing for money, everything for independence. Where no principle is involved easily swayed, willing to go somewhere if in the right direction; willing to stop sometimes; but he would not go back, and he would not go away.

He knew that fight was needed and full of chances; he knew that slavery had defenders, but no defense, and that those who advocated the right must win some time. He was neither tyrant nor slave. Nothing discloses real character like the use of power, and it was the quality of Lincoln that, having almost absolute power, he never abused it except upon the side of mercy. Wealth could not purchase power, could not awe this divine, this loving man.

He knew no fear except the fear of doing wrong. He was the embodiment of self-denial and courage. He spoke not to upbraid, but to convince. He raised his hands not to strike, but in benediction, and lived to see pearls of tears on the cheeks of the wives whose husbands he had saved from death. Lincoln was the grandest figure of the greatest civil war of our world."

THE SYMPATHY OF LINCOLN.

The greatness of a man's nature comes out more beautifully, perhaps, in sympathy than anywhere else. A new and beautiful story has recently been published concerning Abraham Lincoln. It was while he was a member of Congress, and was home in Springfield, Ill., during the Congressional recess. He was going down the street one morning,

when he saw a little girl standing at the gate with her hat and gloves on, as if ready for a journey, sobbing as if her heart would break.

"Why, what's the matter?" inquired the great, tall Congressman. And then she poured her broken little heart out to him, telling how she had arranged to take her first trip on the cars that day, and the expressman had failed to come for her trunk and she was going to miss the train.

"How big is the trunk? There's still time, if it isn't too big." And he pushed through the gate and up to the door.

She took him up to her room, where her little, old-fashioned trunk stood, locked and tied. "Oh!" he cried. "Wipe your eyes and come on, quick."

And, before she knew what he was going to do, he had shouldered the trunk, was downstairs and striding out of the yard. Down street he went, as fast as his long legs could carry him.

The little girl trotted behind, drying her tears as she went. They reached the station on time, and Abraham Lincoln sent his little friend away happy. I doubt if any other scene in the splendid life of that noble man reveals more beautifully the simplicity and grandeur of his noble heart. It is of the same grade and quality of action that afterward, when applied to national affairs, made men love him all over the world.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S PRAYER.

The following touching story of Lincoln is related by Colonel Dayton; "Shortly after the battle of Gettysburg, General Sickles, badly wounded, was brought to Washington by some members of his staff and was taken to the private house of a Mr. Dule, on F street, opposite or nearly opposite the Ebbitt House. The brave hero of many a hard won field we thought was very near his last muster.

"The morning after his arrival President Lincoln, with his boy, Tad, was announced. He walked with solemn tread into the room where the general lay hardly gasping. We all thought he was dying. Dr. Simms was holding his pulse, and as Mr. Lincoln approached the bedside with Tad he was much affected. He raised his head to heaven, while big drops of tears fell from his eyes, and offered up the most fervent prayer I ever heard. Not a dry eye was in that room, all, even Tad, were sobbing. I cannot remember the exact words of the prayer, but this portion will never be effaced from my memory: 'O God, let me not lose all my friends in this war.' Mr. Lincoln was very fond of

General Sickles and visited him almost every day, and sent flowers of the choicest kind to his room daily from the White House conservatory."

General James F. Rusling, of Trenton, N. J., in an article in the *Independent* enlarges upon the incident.

"It may be his early beliefs were unsettled and variable, but it is certain that our great war, as it progressed, sobered and steadied him, and that in the end he came to accept as the rule of his life 'to do justice, to love mercy, and to walk humbly before God.' As striking evidence of this I beg to give a significant conversation of his in my presence in July, 1863, in Washington, D. C., on the Sunday after the battle of Gettysburg. General Sickles, of New York, had lost a leg on the second day at Gettysburg, while in command of the Third Corps, and arrived in Washington on the Sunday following (July 5). As a member of his staff I called to see him, and while there Mr. Lincoln also called, with his son Tad, and remained an hour or more. He greeted Sickles very heartily and kindly, of course, and complimented him on his stout fight at Gettysburg, and then, after inquiring about our killed and wounded generally, passed on to the question as to what Meade was going to do with his victory. They discussed this pro and con at some length, Lincoln hoping for great results if Meade only pressed Lee actively, but Sickles was dubious and diplomatic, as became so astute a man. And then presently General Sickles turned to him, and asked what he thought during the Gettysburg campaign, and whether he was not anxious about it.

"Mr. Lincoln gravely replied, no, he was not; that some of his cabinet and many others in Washington were, but that he himself had had no fears. General Sickles inquired how this was, and seemed curious about it. Mr. Lincoln hesitated, but finally replied: 'Well, I will tell you how it was. In the pinch of your campaign up there, when everybody seemed panic-stricken, and nobody could tell what was going to happen, oppressed by the gravity of our affairs, I went to my room one day, and locked the door, and got down on my knees before Almighty God, and prayed to him mightily for victory at Gettysburg. I told him this was his war, and our cause his cause, but that we couldn't stand another Fredericksburg or Chancellorsville. And I then and there made a solemn vow to Almighty God that if he would stand by our boys at Gettysburg I would stand by him. And he did, and I will. And after that (I don't know how it was, and I can't explain it), soon a sweet comfort crept into my soul that things would go all right at Get-

tysburg. And this is why I had no fears about you.' He said this solemnly and pathetically, as if from the very depths of his heart, and both Sickles and I were deeply touched by his manner.

"Then he added, 'I have been praying over Vicksburg also, and believe our heavenly Father is going to give us victory there, too, because we need it, in order to bisect the Confederacy, and have the Mississippi flow unvexed to the sea.' Of course he did not know that Vicksburg had already fallen, July 4, and that a gunboat was soon to arrive at Cairo with the great news that was to make that Fourth of July memorable in history forever."

LINCOLN'S ADDRESS AT GETTYSBURG.

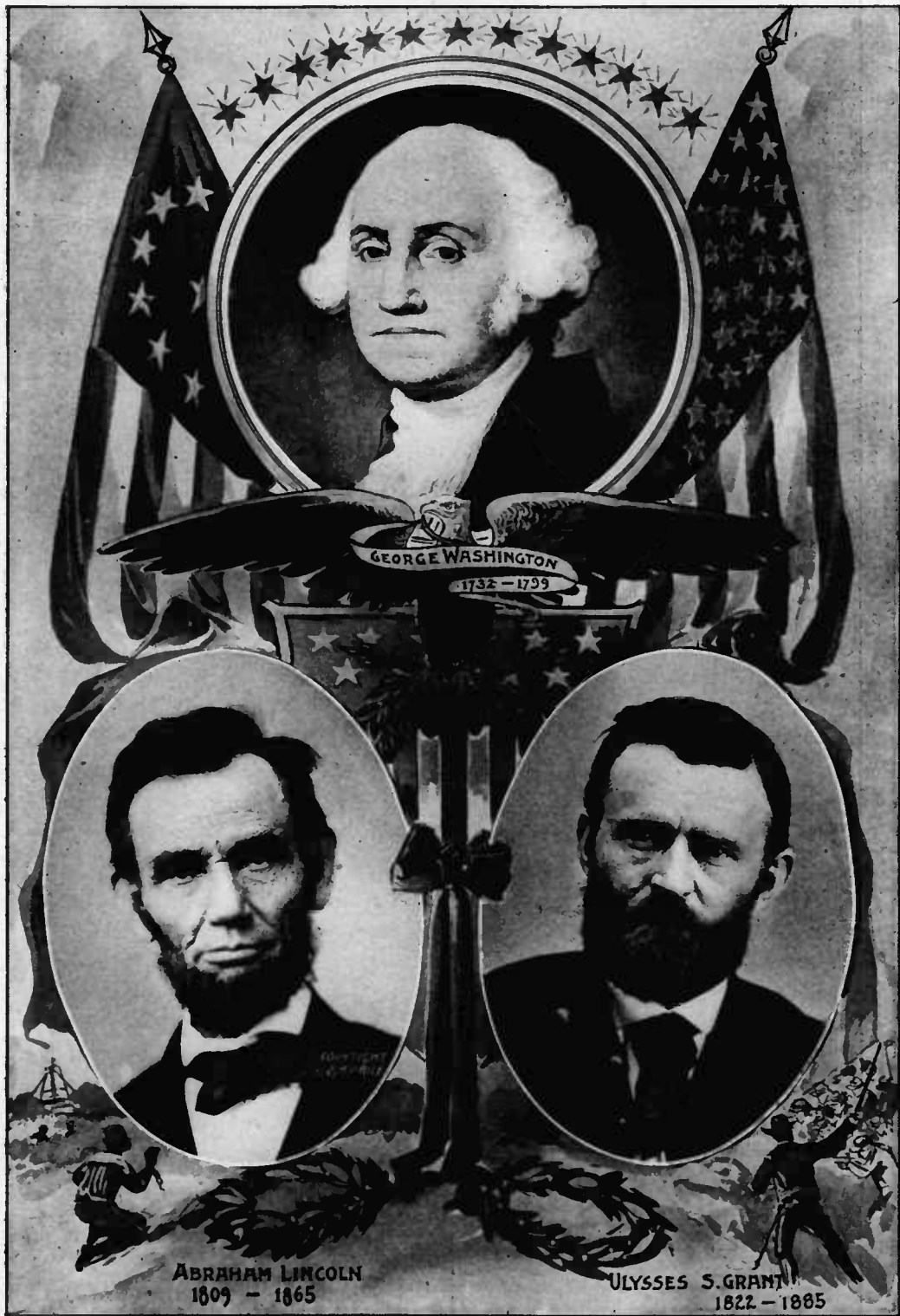
Delivered on November 19, 1863, at the dedication of the soldiers' cemetery. Copied (including punctuation) from a photograph of the original manuscript.

"Four-score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure.

"We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But, in a larger sense, we can not dedicate—we can not consecrate—we can not hallow—this ground.

"The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced.

"It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."



ABRAHAM LINCOLN
1809 - 1865

ULYSSES S. GRANT
1822 - 1885

CHAPTER XVII.

GENERAL U. S. GRANT.

General W. T. Sherman tells us how near General Grant came leaving the army soon after the battle of Corinth, Miss., which was fought April 6 and 7 in the year 1862:

“A short time before leaving Corinth I rode from my camp to General Halleck’s headquarters, then in tents just outside of the town, where we sat and gossiped for some time, when he mentioned to me casually that General Grant was going away the next morning.

“I inquired the cause, and he said he did not know, but that Grant had applied for a thirty days’ leave, which had been given him. Of course we all knew he was chafing under the slight of his anomalous position, and I determined to see him on my way back. His camp was a short distance off the Monterey road, in the woods, and consisted of four or five tents, with a sapling railing around the front.

“As I rode up, Majors Rawlings, Lagow and Hilyer were in front at the camp, and piled up near them were the usual office and camp chests, all ready for a start in the morning. I inquired for the general, and was shown to his tent, where I found him seated on a camp stool, with papers on a rude camp table; he seemed to be employed in assorting letters, and tying them up with red tape into convenient bundles.

“After passing the usual compliments, I inquired if it were true that he was going away.

“He said, ‘Yes.’ I then inquired the reason, and he said:

“‘Sherman, you know. You know that I am in the way here. I have stood it as long as I can, and can endure it no longer.’

“I inquired where he was going to, and he said, ‘St. Louis.’ I then asked if he had any business there, and he said, ‘not a bit.’ I then begged him to stay, illustrating his case by my own.

“Before the battle of Shiloh, I had been cast down by a mere newspaper assertion of ‘crazy;’ but that single battle had given me new life, and now I was in high feather; and I argued with him that, if he went away, events would go right along, and he would be left out; whereas, if he remained, some happy accident might restore him to favor and his true place.

"He certainly appreciated my friendly advice, and promised to wait awhile; at all events, not to go without seeing me again, or communicating with me. Very soon after this, I was ordered to Chewallo, where, on the 6th of June, I received a note from him, saying that he had reconsidered his intention and would remain. I cannot find the note, but my answer I have kept."

A PICTURE OF GRANT.

There is in existence a photograph of General Grant which is of pathetic interest. It was taken during the last winter of the war, while the headquarters of the Army of the Potomac were at City Point.

The photograph may have been instantaneous, for there is no appearance of posing for it. Grant appears in the door of his tent with one arm raised, grasping the tent pole.

He is in the simplest field uniform, the coat is unbuttoned, and he wears the soft hat with the twisted cord of the service. The face is thin and heavy with care, and the whole figure denotes self-forgetfulness, if not dejection.

The utter absence of parade, the entire simplicity of the attitude, the rudeness of the surroundings, would advise no spectator that this was the iron commander of great armies, the man upon whom the hopes of the nation at that time centered. Upon his skill, coolness, tenacity, unshakable faith, millions reposed implicit trust.

It was weary waiting; wealth was wasted in streams, debt was accumulating, foreign powers were threatening, treason was brewing, precious life was poured out like water, and the land was full of mourning.

This general, silent, inflexible, stands there at his tent door, apparently unconscious of observation, not so much looking abroad as communing with himself, bearing in every line of his face and figure the impress of the heaviest responsibility and of vicarious suffering.

No note of complaint, no sign of relenting, no consciousness of the show of power, but just at that moment a patient endurance in his own wasted person for the woes of an anxious nation.

Upon him, at that instant, rested greater responsibility than upon any other living man; upon him centered hopes, entreaties, prayers, curses, bitter criticism, brutal disparagement.

He is in the attitude of bearing it all, with the capacity of suffering

and of carrying the burdens of others without complaint, which is the mark of greatness.

Perhaps if he had failed, perhaps if he had lost his cause and disappointed the hopes set upon him, this picture might to-day have been more utterly pathetic than it is, but remembering what the man had endured and was still to suffer before the final triumph of the people through him, this simple figure is not wanting in any of the heroic elements that touch the hearts of men.

GRANT AND THE CHILD.

At the surrender of Lee, said a surgeon at Erie, Pa., I was serving as medical director of the Second Division of the Twenty-Fifth Army Corps. After the surrender, the division was ordered to join the balance of the corps near Petersburg, and we left Appomattox Court House on the 11th of April, following the South Side Railroad.

The general commanding directed me to take an orderly and proceed to Prospect station, and there select a camping ground for the division, and also a place to pitch our headquarters tents. I proceeded as directed, and after selecting a suitable camping ground, crossed the fields to a large white house near the station.

As I rode up to the gate, a most venerable and noble-looking gentleman of probably sixty-five years came to the front gate, and I asked him if he would have any objection to our pitching headquarters in his yard.

He said: "I should be very glad to have you do it, as it will be a protection against the stragglers of the army." He asked me to come in, but I told him I would prefer a seat on the veranda.

Finding him to be a Methodist minister and a most polished gentleman, I became interested in him, and we began at once to discuss the unfortunate division of the church in 1844, and then I switched off on the war.

I asked him if he had ever seen Grant.

"Yes," said he, "my house was full of your generals last night. There were Sheridan, Humphreys, Meade, Custer, Ord, and quite a number of others, and they were a lively set and full of fun, and all were quite jolly with the exception of one officer, whom I noticed sitting in a corner smoking and taking but little part in the sports in which the rest were engaged.

"They all went out of the house but this solitary, silent man, and as

I was going out he asked me where the pump was, as he would like to get a drink.

"On offering to get him some water, he said:

"'No, sir, I am younger than you; I will go myself.' And as I passed out he came up behind me.

"When in about the middle of the hall, my little granddaughter came toward me, but the silent man, spreading out both arms, caught her, and taking her up, fairly smothered her with kisses, saying:

"'This reminds me of my little girl at home, and makes me homesick.'

"To the question, 'Where is your home?' he replied, 'Galena, Ill.; but I have my family at City Point, and am anxious to get back to them.'

"I said, 'Will you permit me to ask your name, sir?'

"'Certainly, my name is Grant.'

"'Grant,' exclaimed I, 'General Grant?' and I stood there, awe-struck and paralyzed with astonishment, while my heart went out after this man.

"I thought to myself, Here is a man whose name is now in the mouth of man, woman and child throughout the civilized world, and yet withal he exhibits no emotion, and seems unconcerned and unmoved until the little child reminds him of his loved ones at home; and I fairly broke down, as General Grant had been pictured out to us as a bloody butcher, and I had looked for a man looking as savage as a Comanche Indian."

IT WAS GENERAL GRANT.

The late Professor Benjamin Pierce, long of Harvard College, and later at the head of the United States Coast Survey, was a man of the keenest intellect and soberest judgment.

One evening, just after the close of the war, he was at an evening party in Washington, and was introduced to a quiet man whose name he did not catch, but he sat down beside him, and soon was engaged with him in a long and earnest talk.

At the end of the evening he asked his host, "Who was that man to whom you introduced me? I didn't catch his name, but he seems to me the cleverest and solidest man I have met in years—a man of very great powers."

"Why," said his host, "that was General Grant."

GRANT AND LEE AT APPOMATTOX.

General Horace Porter, who was an aide of General Grant, draws the following contrast, in the *Century Magazine*, between Generals Grant and Lee at Appomattox: "The contrast between the two commanders was very striking, and could not fail to attract marked attention, as they sat ten feet apart, facing each other. General Grant, then nearly forty-three years of age, was five feet eight inches in height, with shoulders slightly stooped. His hair and full beard were a nut-brown, without a trace of gray in them.

"He had on a single-breasted blouse made of dark blue flannel, unbuttoned in front, and showing a waistcoat underneath. He wore an ordinary pair of top boots, with his trousers inside, and was without spurs. The boots and portions of his clothes were spattered with mud.

"He had on a pair of thread gloves of a dark yellow color, which he had taken off on entering the room. His felt 'sugar-loaf' stiff-brimmed hat was thrown on a table beside him. He had no sword, and a pair of shoulder straps was all there was about him to designate his rank. In fact, aside from these, his uniform was that of a private soldier.

"Lee, on the other hand, was fully six feet in height, and quite erect for one of his age, for he was Grant's senior by sixteen years. His hair and full beard were a silver gray, and quite thick, except that the hair had become a little thin in front. He wore a new uniform of Confederate gray, buttoned up to the throat, and at his side he carried a long sword of exceedingly fine workmanship, the hilt studded with jewels. It was said to be the sword which had been presented to him by the State of Virginia.

"His top boots were comparatively new, and seemed to have on them some ornamental stitching of red silk. Like his uniform, they were singularly clean, and but little travel-stained. On the boots were handsome spurs, with large rowels. A felt hat, which in color matched pretty closely to that of his uniform, and a pair of long buckskin gauntlets lay beside him on the table.

"We asked Colonel Marshall afterward how it was that both he and his chief wore such fine togger, and looked so much as if they had just turned out to go to church, while with us our outward garb scarcely rose to the dignity even of the 'shabby-genteel.'

"He enlightened us regarding the contrast by explaining that when their headquarters' wagons had been pressed so closely by our cavalry

a few days before, and it was found they would have to destroy all their baggage except the clothes they carried on their backs, each one naturally selected the newest suit he had, and sought to propitiate the gods of destruction by a sacrifice of his second best."

THE LAST DAYS OF GENERAL GRANT AT MOUNT MCGREGOR, N. Y.

All the world knows of the patient suffering of this great hero in the last months of his eventful life in the Drexel cottage on Mount McGregor.

Here he wrote, with such patience and perseverance, the Memoirs which he gave to the world. Here, he wrote the remarkable letter to Dr. Douglas, his attendant physician, in Dr. Douglas' presence, on Thursday, July 2, 1885, as follows:

RECONCILED TO HIS FATE.

"I ask you not to show this to any one, unless the physicians you consult with, until the end. Particularly, I want it kept from my family. If known to one man the papers will get it, and they (my family) will get it.

"It would only distress them almost beyond endurance to know it, and by reflex would distress me. I have not changed my mind materially since I wrote you before in the same strain. Now, however, I know that I gain strength some days, but when I do go back it is beyond where I started to improve.

"I think the chances are very decidedly in favor of your being able to keep me alive until the change of weather, toward winter. Of course there are contingencies that might arise at any time that might carry me off very suddenly. The most probable of these is choking. Under the circumstances life is not worth the living.

"I am very thankful ('glad' was written, but scratched out and 'thankful' substituted) to have been spared this long, because it has enabled me to practically complete the work in which I took so much interest. I cannot stir up strength enough to review it and make additions and subtractions that would suggest themselves to me, and are not likely to suggest themselves to any one else.

"Under the above circumstances, I will be the happiest, the most pain I can avoid. If there is to be any extraordinary cure, such as some people believe there is to be, it will develop itself. I would say, there-

fore, to you and your colleagues, to make me as comfortable as you can.

"If it is within God's providence that I should go now, I am ready to obey His call without a murmur. I should prefer to go now to enduring my present suffering for a single day, without hope of recovery.

"As I have stated, I am thankful for the providential extension of my time to enable me to continue my work. I am further thankful, and in a much greater degree thankful, because it has enabled me to see for myself the happy harmony which so suddenly sprung up between those engaged, but a few short years ago, in deadly conflict.

"It has been an inestimable blessing to me to hear the kind expressions toward me in person from all parts of our country, from people of all nationalities, of all religions, and of no religions; of Confederates and of national troops alike; of soldiers' organizations; of mechanical, scientific, religious and other societies, embracing almost every citizen in the land. They have brought joy to my heart if they have not effected a cure.

"So, to you and your colleagues I acknowledge my indebtedness for having brought me through the valley of the shadow of death to enable me to witness these things.

"U. S. GRANT.

"Mt. McGregor, N. Y., July 2."

Fourteen hours before his death General Grant desired to lie down, which he had not done for more than ten months.

The clock on the mantel pointed to eight minutes past 8 o'clock on the morning of July 23, 1885, when he breathed his last. At that moment Colonel Fred Grant stopped the clock, and ever since the pointer has not been moved.

On the 8th day of August, 1885, General Grant was borne to his resting place at Riverside, N. Y., on the banks of the Hudson River, amid solemn pomp and pageantry. The pall bearers were Admiral Worden, Mr. A. W. Drexel, Geo. W. Childs, Geo. Jones and Oliver Hoyt, with the Union generals, Sherman, Sheridan and Logan, and the Confederate generals, Johnston and Buckner.

JAMES A. GARFIELD.

In the gloom of the tragedy that closed the life of the noble Garfield we Americans must not forget that there are deeds of valor in his earlier life that entitle him to a place on the roll of heroes, aside from his presidency and martyr's death.

When the Civil War broke out he offered his services to his country and they were at once accepted. He began his new life as lieutenant-colonel, but of the art and science of war he knew little.

It was probably the only office he ever accepted without suitable qualifications. But he set himself to learn. With saw and plane he fashioned whole armies out of maple blocks, and with these wooden-headed, but thoroughly manageable, soldiers he mastered the whole range of infantry tactics.

Garfield was now thirty years of age. His regiment, the Forty-second Ohio, was ready for the field. Owing to Garfield's constant training, it had the reputation of being the best drilled regiment in Ohio, and in recognition of his faithful services he was made a full colonel.

Orders came to report to Buel at Louisville. The regiment was to go for its baptism of fire. As Garfield took leave of his mother she quietly and patriotically said:

"Go, my son, your life belongs to your country."

The Confederate General, Humphrey Marshall, was moving in on eastern Kentucky. Buel laid the situation before Garfield and said:

"Now, if you were in command of this sub-district what would you do? Report your answer here at nine o'clock to-morrow morning."

Garfield studied the situation. At nine o'clock he laid his plan before Buel, whose skilled eye mastered it in a moment. He was satisfied.

"All right," he said, "proceed with the least possible delay, to the mouth of the Sandy, and move with your force in that vicinity up that river. Drive the enemy back or cut him off. I must commit all matters of detail, Colonel, to your discretion."

Garfield had fifteen hundred men. Marshall had forty-six hundred, and they were entrenched.

Three roads led out from Garfield's headquarters to where the enemy lay. Strategy must be made to make up for lack of men.

Bradley Brown, a man Garfield had known on the Ohio canal, had been brought in by the pickets. He asked to see the colonel.

Garfield received him, and said:

"What, is this Brown; are you a rebel?"

"Yes," said the visitor, "I belong to Marshall's force, and I've come straight from him to spy on your army."

"Well, you have a queer way of going about it," said Garfield.

"Well, you see, when I heard that you was in command down here, I determined, for old times' sake, to help ye."

"I advise you to go back to Marshall," said Garfield, "and tell him all about my strength and intended movements."

"But how kin I? I don't know a thing about it."

"Guess," said Garfield.

"You'd orter have ten thousand men to do anything against Marshall, I reckon."

"That will do for a guess," said Garfield. "Now tell Marshall I shall attack in about ten days."

Brown did as Garfield suggested, and Marshall awaited an attack in force. Garfield sent a detachment along each of the three roads, strong enough to drive in Marshall's outposts.

One after another these Confederate pickets came in to camp and reported that the Yankees were coming in large numbers. Marshall was puzzled. He did not know where to look for the attack, and, in his dilemma, withdrew with his whole force. Garfield quietly took possession.

The whole thing was a huge practical joke; but one which the enemy would not appreciate.

Garfield had showed himself a strategist of the first order. He had executed a plan that required boldness and dash, and had done himself the greatest credit.

Garfield had gained a great advantage, but it must be followed up, despite the odds.

Marshall took a new position on a semi-circular hill at the forks of Middle Creek. It was well chosen and supported by twelve pieces of artillery. But Garfield had been sent to cut Marshall off, or drive him out, and he prepared for the attack.

Up one spur of the mountain he sent a detachment of Hiram College boys. Garfield on a rocky height watched the tide of battle. He saw that it was unequal, and that they would lose the hill if not supported.

Instantly he sent five hundred men under Major Pardee to the rescue. Then turning to his staff, he asked:

"Who will volunteer to carry the other mountain?"

Colonel Munroe quickly stood forward.

"Go in, then," cries Garfield, "and give them Hail Columbia!"

From noon till dark the eleven hundred men under Garfield contended against overpowering odds. Alternate hopes and fears fill the heart of the Union commander.

Suddenly a starry banner was seen waving over an advancing host.

It was Selden with reinforcements. Panic seized the enemy. The eleven hundred were fired by new energy, and with a final charge the day was won.

Shortly after dark a bright light blazed up behind the hill of battle. It was the Confederate general's last fire. In it he consumed everything that would hinder flight or be of value to his foe, and by the light started with his troops for Pound Gap.

Military writers have awarded Garfield great praise for the campaign. It was well planned and daringly executed. The victory at Middle Creek over an entrenched foe four times the number of his own is a feat unparalleled in the history of the war.

The little army was victorious, but it had less than three days' supply of provisions, and the roads were impassable from mud. There was the river; but it was swollen with rain.

What was to be done?

Garfield asked the advice of the ex-canalman Brown, who had again sought Garfield from Marshall's camp.

"It's which and t'other, General Jim," he said, "starvin' or drownin'. I'd ruther drown 'n starve. So give the word, and, dead or alive, I'll git down the river."

Garfield gave the word; but went with him on the perilous voyage. At the mouth of the river he found and took possession of a little steamer in the service of the quartermaster. She was loaded with provisions and headed up the stream.

"We cannot make it," said the captain. But Garfield ordered the chicken-hearted fellow away and himself took the helm.

The river surged and boiled. With every turn of the wheel the boat trembled from stem to stern. Three miles an hour was all they could make with all steam on.

At night the captain begged to tie up till morning, but Brown cried out:

"Put her ahead, General Jim," and he drove her on through the darkness. All night, all the next day and all the following night they struggled with the furious tide.

The waiting men were wild with joy as the boat rounded into view of the Union camp. The one-time canal boy had saved the army from starvation. He had risked his life a dozen times, and but for his early experience on the Evening Star he would never have been able to bring the steamer up the foaming river.

Of the whole forty-eight hours spent in climbing the Big Sandy, Garfield had been absent from the wheel but eight hours.

He was formed for a soldier's idol.

Marshall disappeared in a shower of ridicule and sarcasm from both sides. Garfield was made Brigadier-General.

The fortunes of war finally found him on that field of blood, glory and disaster at Chickamauga. Seventy thousand Confederates and fifty-five thousand Federal soldiers were massed against each other.

It is said Garfield wrote every order on that field except that fatal one to Wood. That order lost the battle on the right. McCook's whole corps was fleeing, a horde of panic-stricken frightened soldiers, back towards Chattanooga.

A tramping flood of human beings, reft of reason, caught the general and chief-of-staff in its rush. Garfield, dismounted, with his figure towering above the surging mass, snatching the colors from the fleeing standard-bearer.

The general hastily planted the staff in the ground. Seizing men to the right and left he faced them about and formed the nucleus of a stand. His ringing appeals made no impression on the dead ears of the unhearing men, reft of all human attributes save fear.

A panic is a disease which nothing can stay. His exertions were vain. The moment he took his hands from a man he fled. The maddened crowd swept on.

Garfield turned away to where the thunder of guns proclaimed the heart of the battle to beat fiercest. Almost alone he reached Thomas; informed him how he could withdraw his right, form a new line and meet Longstreet.

Thomas, the army, its honor were saved. As night closed on that awful day with the warm steam of blood from the ghastly wounded and recently killed rising from the burdened earth, Garfield still stood personally directing the loading and pointing of a battery that sent its shot crashing after the retiring foe. Thus closed the battle of Chickamauga.

What was left of the Union army was left in possession of the field. Garfield hurried to Washington with dispatches.

On his arrival he found himself a full major-general of volunteers—"for gallant and meritorious conduct at the battle of Chickamauga."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE BATTLES OF MISSIONARY RIDGE AND LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

These battles, in many particulars unequalled in the history of warfare, took place on the 24th and 25th of November, 1863.

General Grant had been previously invested with the consolidated departments of the Cumberland, Ohio and Tennessee. On October 19, 1863, he left Louisville for Nashville, still suffering and lame from a fall from his frightened horse. The injuries he had received confined him to his bed for twenty days. Before starting he sent the following dispatch to Thomas, "the rock of Chickamauga."

"Hold Chattanooga at all hazards. I will be there as soon as possible."

To which the grand old hero responded at once:

"I will hold the town till we starve."

B. F. Taylor, the eloquent writer of prose and poetry, graphically describes these battles as an eye witness, in language unsurpassed for thrilling effect:

"The iron heart of Sherman's column began to be audible, like the fall of great trees in the depth of the forest, as it beat beyond the woods on the extreme left. Over roads indescribable, and conquering lions of difficulties that met him all the way, he at length arrived with his command of the army of the Tennessee.

"The roar of his guns was like the striking of a great clock, and grew nearer and louder as the morning wore away.

"Along the center all was still.

"Our men lay as they had lain since Tuesday night—motionless, behind the works. Generals Grant, Thomas, Granger, Meigs, Hunter, Reynolds, were grouped at Orchard Knob, here; Bragg, Breckinridge, Hardee, Stevens, Cleburn, Bates, Walker, were waiting on Mission Ridge, yonder.

"And the Northern clock tolled on!

"At noon a pair of steamers, screaming in the river across the town, telling over in their own wild way our mountain triumph on the right,

pierced the hushed breath of air between two lines of battle with a note or two of the music of peaceful life.

"At one o'clock the signal flag at Fort Wood was a-flutter. Scanning the horizon, another flag, glancing like a lady's handkerchief, showed white across a field lying high and dry upon a ridge three miles to the northeast, and answered back.

"The center and Sherman's corps had spoken.

"As the hour went by all semblance to falling tree and tolling clock had vanished. It was a rattling roar; the ring of Sherman's panting artillery, and the fiery gust from the Confederate guns on Tunnel Hill, the point of Mission Ridge.

"The enemy had massed there the corps of Hardee and Buckner, as upon a battlement, utterly inaccessible save by one steep, narrow way, commanded by their guns.

"A thousand men could hold it against a host.

"And right in front of this bold abutment of the ridge is a broad, clear field, skirted by woods. Across this tremendous threshold, up to death's door, moved Sherman's column.

"Twice it advanced, and twice I saw it swept back in bleeding lines before the furnace blast, until that russet field seemed some strange page ruled thick with blue and red.

"But valor was in vain; they lacked the ground to stand on; they wanted, like the giant of old story, a touch of earth to make them strong.

"It was the devil's own corner.

"Before them was a lane, whose upper end the Confederate cannon swallowed.

"Moving by the right flank, nature opposed them with precipitous heights. There was nothing for it but straight across the field, swept by an enfilading fire, and up to the lane down which drove the storm. They could unfold no broad front, and so the losses were less than seven hundred, that must otherwise have swelled to thousands.

"The musketry fire was delivered with terrible emphasis.

"Two dwellings, in one of which Federal wounded men were lying, set on fire by the Confederates, began to send up tall columns of smoke, streaked red with fire. The grand and the terrible were blended.

* * * * *

"The brief November afternoon was half gone. It was yet thundering on the left; along the center all was still. At that very hour a

fierce assault was made upon the enemy's left, near Rossville, four miles down toward the old field of Chickamauga.

"They carried the Ridge—Mission Ridge seems everywhere; they strewed its summit with Confederate dead; they held it.

"And thus the tips of the Federal army's widespread wings flapped grandly. But it had not swooped; the grey quarry yet perched upon Mission Ridge. The Confederate army was terribly battered at the edges; but there, full in our front, it grimly waited, biding out its time. If the horns of the rebel crescent could not be doubled crushingly together, in a shapeless mass, possibly it might be sundered in its center, and tumbled in fragments over the other side of Mission Ridge.

"Sherman was halted upon the left; Hooker was holding hard in Chattanooga Valley; the Fourth Corps, that rounded out our center, grew impatient of restraint. The day was waning; but little time remained to complete the commanding general's grand design.

"Gordon Granger's hour had come; his work was full before him.

"And what a work that was, to make a weak man falter and a brave man think!

"One and a-half miles to traverse, with narrow fringes of woods, rough valleys, sweeps of open field, rocky acclivities, to the base of the ridge, and no foot in all the breadth withdrawn from Confederate sight; no foot that could not be played upon by Confederate cannon, like a piano's keys under Thalberg's stormy fingers.

"The base attained, what then?

"A heavy Confederate work, packed with the enemy, rimming it like a battlement.

"That work carried, and what then?

"A hill, struggling up out of the valley four hundred feet, rained on by bullets, swept by shot and shell; another line of works, and then, up like a Gothic roof, rough with rocks, a wreck with fallen trees, four hundred more; another ring of fire and iron, and then the crest, and then the enemy.

"To dream of such a journey would be madness; to devise it a thing incredible; to do it a deed impossible. But Grant was guilty of them all, and Granger was equal to the work. The story of the battle of Mission Ridge is struck with immortality already; let the leader of the Fourth Corps bear it company.

"That the center yet lies along its silent line is still true; in five minutes it will be the wildest fiction. Let us take that little breath

of grace for just one glance at the surroundings, since we shall have neither heart nor eyes for it again.

"Did ever battle have so vast a cloud of witnesses? The hive-shaped hills have swarmed. Clustered like bees, blackening the house-tops, lining the fortifications, over yonder across the theater, in the seats with the Catilines, everywhere, are a hundred thousand beholders.

"Their souls are in their eyes. Not a murmur can you hear.

"It is the most solemn congregation that ever stood up in the presence of the God of battles. I think of Bunker Hill, as I stand here—of the thousands who witnessed the immortal struggle—and fancy there is a parallel.

"I think, too, that the chair of every man of them will stand vacant against the wall to-morrow, and that around the fireside they must give thanks without him, if they can.

"At half-past three, a group of generals, whose names will need no 'Old Mortality' to chisel them anew, stood upon Orchard Knob.

"The hero of Vicksburg was there, calm, clear, persistent, far-seeing. Thomas, the sterling and sturdy; Meigs, Hunter, Granger, Reynolds.

"Clusters of humbler mortals were there, too, but it was anything but a turbulent crowd; the voice naturally fell into a subdued tone, and even young faces took on the gravity of later years.

"Generals Grant, Thomas and Granger conferred, an order was given, and in an instant the Knob was cleared like a ship's deck for action.

"At twenty minutes of four Granger stood upon the parapet. The bugle swung idle at the bugler's side, the warbling fife and the grumbling drum unheard; there was to be louder talk—six guns at intervals of two seconds, the signal to advance.

"Strong and steady his voice rang out:

"'Number one, fire! Number two, fire! Number three, fire!'

"It seemed to me the tolling of the clock of destiny.

"And when, at 'Number six, fire!' the roar throbbed out with the flash, you should have seen the dead line that had been lying behind the works all day, all night, all day, again, come to resurrection in the twinkling of an eye, leap like a blade from its scabbard, and sweep with a two-mile stroke toward the ridge. From divisions to brigades, from brigades to regiments, the order ran.

"A minute and the skirmishers deploy; a minute, and the first great

drops begin to patter along the line; a minute, and the musketry is in full play, like the crackling whips of a hemlock fire.

"Men go down here and there before your eyes.

"The wind lifts the smoke, and drifts it away over the top of the Ridge. Everything is too distinct; it is fairly palpable; you can touch it with your hand. The divisions of Wood and Sheridan are wading breast deep in the valley of death.

"I never can tell you what it was like.

"They pushed out, leaving nothing behind them. There was no reservation in that battle. On moves the line of skirmishers, like a heavy frown, and after it, at quick time, the splendid columns. At right of us and left of us and front of us, you can see the bayonets glitter in the sun. You cannot persuade yourself that Bragg was wrong, a day or two ago, when, seeing Hooker moving in, he said,

"'Now we shall have a Potomac review.'

"But this is not the parade he prophesied. It is of a truth the harvest of death to which they go down.

"And so through the fringe of woods went the line. Now out into the open ground they burst at the double-quick. Shall I call it a Sabbath day's journey, or a long one and a-half mile? To me that watched it seemed endless as eternity; and yet they made it in thirty minutes.

"The tempest that now broke upon their heads was terrible.

"The enemy's fire burst out of the rifle-pits from base to summit of Mission Ridge; five Confederate batteries of Parrotts and Napoleons opened along the crest. Grape and canister, and shot and shell sowed the ground with rugged iron, and garnished it with the wounded and the dead.

"But steady and strong our columns moved on.

"'By heaven! it was a splendid sight to see,
For one who had no friend, no brother there;'

but to all loyal hearts—alas! and thank God—those men were friend and brother, both in one.

"And over their heads as they went, Forts Wood and Negley struck straight out, like mighty pugilists, right and left, raining their iron blows upon the Ridge from base to crest; Forts Palmer and King took up the quarrel, and Moccasin Point cracked its fiery whips, and lashed the Confederate left, till the wolf cowered in its corner with a growl.

"Bridge's battery, from Orchard Knob below, thrust its ponderous fists in the face of the enemy, and planted blows at will. Our artil-

lery was doing splendid service. It laid its shot and shell wherever it pleased. Had giants carried them by hand they could hardly have been more accurate.

"All along the mountain's side, in the Confederate rifle-pits, on the crest, they fairly dotted the Ridge.

"General Granger leaped down, sighted a gun, and in a moment, right in front, a great volume of smoke, like 'the cloud by day,' lifted off the summit from among the Confederate batteries, and hung motionless, kindling in the sun. The shot had struck a caisson, and that was its dying breath. In five minutes away floated another. A shell went crashing through a building in the cluster that marked Bragg's headquarters; a second killed the skeleton horses of a battery at his elbow; a third scattered a grey mass as if it had been a wasp's nest.

"And all the while our lines were moving on.

"They had burned through the woods and swept over the rough and rolling ground like a prairie fire. Never halting, never faltering, they charged up to the first rifle-pits with a cheer, forked out the Confederates with their bayonets, and lay there panting for breath. If the thunder of guns had been terrible, it was now growing sublime; it was like the footfall of God on the ledges of cloud.

"Our forts and batteries still thrust out their mighty arms across the valley. The Confederate guns that lined the arc of the crest full in our front, opened like the fan of Lucifer, and converged their fire down upon Baird, and Wood, and Sheridan.

"It was rifles and musketry; it was grape and canister; it was shell and shrapnel.

"Mission Ridge was volcanic; a thousand torrents of red poured over its brink, and rushed together to its base.

"And our men were there, halting for breath!

"And still the sublime diapason rolled on. Echoes that never waked before, roared out from height to height, and called from the far ranges of Waldron's Ridge to Lookout. As for Mission Ridge, it had jarred to such music before; it was the 'sounding board' of Chickamauga.

"It was behind us then; it frowns and flashes in our face to-day. The old army of the Cumberland was there. It breasted the storm till the storm was spent, and left the ground it held.

"The old army of the Cumberland is here.

"It shall roll up the Ridge like a surge to its summit, and sweep triumphant down the other side. Believe me, that memory and hope may have made many a blue-coat beat like a drum.

“‘Beat,’ did I say? The feverish heart of the battle beats on; fifty-eight guns a minute, by the watch, is the rate of its terrible throbbing. That hill, if you climb it, will appal you. Furrowed like a summer fallow, bullets as if an oak had shed them; trees clipped and shorn, leaf and limb, as with the knife of some heroic gardener pruning back for richer fruit.

“How you attain the summit, weary and breathless, I wait to hear; how they went up in the teeth of the storm, no man can tell.

“And all the while Confederate prisoners have been streaming out from the rear of our lines like the tails of a cloud of kites. Captured and disarmed, they needed nobody to set them going. The fire of their own comrades was like spurs in a horse’s flanks, and, amid the tempest of their own brewing, they ran for dear life, until they dropped like quails into the Federal rifle-pits and were safe.

“But our gallant legions are out in the storm; they have carried the works at the base of the Ridge; they have fallen like leaves in winter weather.

“Blow, dumb bugles!

“Sound the recall! ‘Take the rifle-pit!’ was the order; and it is as empty of Confederates as the tomb of the prophets. Shall they turn their backs to the blast? Shall they sit down under the eaves of that dripping iron? Or shall they climb to the cloud of death above them, and pluck out its lightnings as they would straws from a sheaf of wheat?

“But the order was not given. And now the arc of fire on the crest grows fiercer and longer. The reconnoissance of Monday had failed to develop the heavy metal of the enemy. The dull fringe of the hill kindles with the flash of great guns.

“I count the fleeces of white smoke that dot the Ridge, as battery after battery opens upon our line, until from the ends of the growing arc they sweep down upon it in mighty X’s of fire. I count till that devil’s girdle numbers thirteen batteries, and my heart cries out,

“‘Great God, when shall the end be?’

“There is a poem I learned in childhood, and so did you; it is Campbell’s ‘Hohenlinden.’ One line I never knew the meaning of until I read it written along that hill! It has lighted up the whole poem for me with the glow of the battle forever:

“‘And louder than the bolts of heaven,
Far flashed the red artillery.’

“At this moment, General Granger’s aids are dashing out with an order. They radiate over the field, to left, right and front.

“Take the Ridge, if you can!” “Take the Ridge if you can!”

“And so it went along the line. But the advance had already set forth without it. Stout-hearted Wood, the iron-grey veteran, is rallying on his men; stormy Turchin is delivering brave words in bad English; Sheridan—‘Little Phil’—you may easily look down upon him without climbing a tree, and see one of the most gallant leaders of the age if you do—is riding to and fro along the first line of rifle pits, as calmly as a chess player.

“An aid rides up with the order. ‘Avery, that flask,’ said the General.

“Quietly filling the pewter cup, Sheridan looks up at the battery that frowns above him, by Bragg’s headquarters, shakes his cap amid that storm of everything that kills, when you could hardly hold your hand without catching a bullet in it, and, with a ‘How are you?’ tosses off the cup.

“The blue battle-flag of the Confederates fluttered a response to the cool salute, and the next instant the battery let fly its six guns, showering Sheridan with earth.

“Alluding to that compliment with anything but a blank cartridge, the General said to me, in his quiet way, ‘I thought it — ungenerous!’

“The recording angel will drop a tear upon the word for the part he played that day.

“Wheeling toward the men, he cheered them to the charge, and made at the hill like a bold riding hunter. They were out of the rifle-pits and into the tempest, and struggling up the steep, before you could get breath to tell it; and so they were throughout the inspired line.

“And now you have before you one of the most startling episodes of the war. I cannot render it in words; dictionaries are beggarly things. But I may tell you they did not storm that mountain as you would think.

“They dash out a little way, and then slacken; they creep up, hand over hand, loading and firing, and wavering and halting, from the first line of works to the second; they burst into a charge with a cheer, and go over it.

“Sheets of flame baptize them; plunging shot tear away comrades on left and right; it is no longer shoulder to shoulder, it is God for us all!

“Under tree trunks, among rocks, stumbling over the dead, strug-

gling with the living, facing the steady fire of eight thousand infantry poured down upon their heads as if it were the old historic curse from heaven, they wrestle with the Ridge.

"Ten, fifteen, twenty minutes go by, like a reluctant century. The batteries roll like a drum. Between the second and last lines of rebel works is the torrid zone of the battle. The hill sways up like a wall before them at an angle of forty-five degrees, but our brave mountaineers are clambering steadily on—up—upward still!

"You may think it strange, but I would not have recalled them if I could. They would have lifted you, as they did me, in full view of the heroic grandeur. They seemed to be spurning the dull earth under their feet, and going up to do Homeric battle with the greater gods.

"And what do those men follow?

"If you look, you shall see that the thirteen thousand are not a rushing herd of human creatures; that, along the Gothic roof of the Ridge, a row of inverted V's is slowly moving up almost in line, a mighty lettering on the hill's broad side.

"At the angles of those V's is something that glitters like a wing.

"Your heart gives a great bound when you think what it is—the regimental flag—and, glancing along the front, count fifteen of those colors, that were borne at Pea Ridge, waved at Shiloh, glorified at Stone River, riddled at Chickamauga. Nobler than Cæsar's rent mantle are they all!

"And up move the banners, now fluttering like a wounded bird, now faltering, now sinking out of sight. Three times the flag of one regiment goes down. And you know why. Three dead color sergeants lie just there.

"But the flag is immortal, thank God! and up it comes again, and the V's move on.

"At the left of Wood, three regiments of Baird—Turchin, the Russian thunderbolt, is there—hurl themselves against a bold point strong with Confederate works. For a long quarter of an hour three flags are perched and motionless on a plateau under the frown of the hill.

"Will they linger forever?

"I give a look at the sun behind me; it is not more than a hand's breadth from the edge of the mountain; its level rays bridge the valley from Chattanooga to the Ridge with beams of gold; it shines in the Confederate faces; it brings out the Federal blue; it touches up the flags.

"Oh, for the voice that could bid that sun stand still!

"I turn to the battle again; those three flags have taken flight! They are upward bound.

"The race of the flags is growing every moment more terrible. There, at the right, a strange thing catches the eye; one of the inverted V's is turning right side up. The men struggling along the converging lines to overtake the flag, have distanced it, and there the colors are, sinking down in the center between the rising flanks.

"The line wavers like a great billow, and up comes the banner again, as if heaved on a surge's shoulder. The iron sledges beat on. Hearts loyal and brave are on the anvil, all the way from base to summit of Mission Ridge, but those dreadful hammers never intermit.

"Swarms of bullets sweep the hill; you can count twenty-eight balls in one little tree. Things are growing desperate up aloft.

"The Confederates tumble rocks upon the rising line; they light the fuses and roll shells down the steep; they load the guns with handfuls of cartridges in their haste; and, as if there were powder in the word, they shout, 'Chickamauga!' down upon the mountaineers.

"But it would not all do; and just as the sun, weary of the scene, was sinking out of sight, with magnificent bursts all along the line, exactly as you have seen the crested seas leap up at the breakwater, the advance surged over the crest, and in a minute those flags fluttered along the fringe where fifty Confederate guns were kennelled.

"God bless the flag! God save the Union!

"What colors were first upon the mountain battlement I dare not try to say; bright honor itself may be proud to bear—nay, proud to follow, the hindmost. Foot by foot they had fought up the steep, slippery with much blood; let them go to glory together.

"A minute, and they were all there, fluttering along the Ridge from left to right.

"The Confederate hordes rolled off to the north, rolled off to the east, like the clouds of a worn-out storm. Bragg, ten minutes before, was putting men back in the rifle-pits. His gallant grey was straining a nerve for him now, and the man rode on horseback into Dixie's bosom, who, arrayed in some prophet's discarded mantle, foretold on Monday that the Yankees would leave Chattanooga in five days.

"They left in three, and by way of Mission Ridge, straight over the mountains as their forefathers went!

"As Sheridan rode up to the guns the heels of Breckinridge's horses glittered in the last rays of sunshine. That crest was hardly 'well off with the old love before it was on with the new!'

"But the scene on the narrow plateau can never be painted.

"As the blue-coats surged over its edge, cheer on cheer rang like bells through the valley of the Chickamauga. Men flung themselves exhausted upon the ground. They laughed and wept, shook hands, and embraced; turned round, and did all four over again.

"It was as wild as a carnival.

"Granger was received with a shout. 'Soldiers,' he said, 'you ought to be court-martialed, every man of you. I ordered you to take the rifle-pits, and you scaled the mountain!'

"But it was not Mar's horrid front exactly with which he said it, for his cheeks were wet with tears as honest as the blood that reddened all the route.

"Wood uttered words that rang like Napoleon's; and Sheridan, the rowels at his horse's flanks, was ready for a dash down the Ridge, with a 'view halloo,' for a fox hunt.

"But you must not think this was all there was of the scene on the crest, for fight and frolic were strangely mingled. Not a Confederate had dreamed a man of us all would live to reach the summit; and when a little wave of the Federal cheer rolled up and broke over the crest, they defiantly cried:

"'Hurrah, and be ——!'

"The next minute a Union regiment followed the voice, the Confederates delivered their fire, and tumbled down in the rifle-pits, their faces distorted with fear.

"No sooner had the soldiers scrambled to the Ridge and straightened themselves than up muskets and away they blazed. One of them, fairly beside himself between laughing and crying, seemed puzzled at which end of the piece he should load, and so, abandoning the gun and the problem together, he made a catapult of himself, and fell to hurling stones after the enemy.

"And he said, as he threw—Well, you know our 'army swore terribly in Flanders.'

"Bayonets glinted and muskets rattled. General Sheridan's horse was killed under him. Richard was not in his role, and so he leaped upon a Confederate gun for want of another.

"Confederate artillerists are driven from their batteries at the edge of the sword and the point of the bayonet. Two Confederate guns are swung around upon their old masters. But there is nobody to load them. Light and heavy artillery do not belong to the winged kingdom.

"Two infantry men, claiming to be old artilleryists, volunteer. Granger turns captain of the guns and—'right about wheel!'—in a moment they are growling after the flying enemy. I say 'flying,' but that is figurative. The many run like Spanish merinos, but the few fight like grey wolves at bay; they load and fire as they retreat; they are fairly scorched out of position.

"A sharpshooter, fancying Granger to be worth the powder, coolly tried his hand at him. The General hears the zip of a ball at one ear, but doesn't mind it. In a minute, away it sings at the other.

"He takes the hint, sweeps with his glass the direction whence the couple came, and brings up the marksman, just drawing a bead upon him again.

"At that instant a Federal argument persuades the cool hunter and down he goes. That long-range gun of his was captured, weighed twenty-four pounds, was telescope-mounted, a sort of mongrel howitzer.

"A colonel is slashing away with his sabre in a ring of Confederates. Down goes his horse under him. They have him on the hip. One of them is taking deliberate aim, when up rushes a lieutenant, claps a pistol to one ear, and roars in at the other, 'who the —— are you shooting at?'

"The fellow drops his piece, gasps out, 'I surrender!' and the next instant the gallant lieutenant falls sharply wounded.

"He is a 'roll of honor' officer, straight up from the ranks, and he honors the roll.

"A little German in Wood's division is pierced like the lid of a pepper-box, but he is neither dead nor wounded.

"'See here,' he says, rushing up to a comrade; 'a pullet hit te preach of mine gun, a pullet in mine pocketbook, a pullet in mine coat-tail; dey shoots me tree, five time, and I gives dem —— yet!'

"But I can render you no idea of the battle cauldron that boiled on the plateau. An incident here and there I have given you, and you must fill out the picture for yourself.

"Dead Confederates lay thick around Bragg's headquarters and along the Ridge. Scabbards, broken arms, artillery horses, wrecks of gun-carriages, and bloody garments strewed the scene.

"And, tread lightly, oh, loyal-hearted! the boys in blue are lying there.

"No more the sounding charge; no more the brave, wild cheer; and never for them, sweet as the breath of the new-mown hay in the old home fields, 'The Soldier's Return from the War.'

"A little waif of a drummer-boy, somehow drifted up the mountain in the surge, lies there; his pale face upward, a blue spot on his breast. Muffle his drum for the poor child and his mother.

"Our troops met one loyal welcome on the height. How the old Tennessean that gave it managed to get there, nobody knows; but there he was, grasping a colonel's hand, and saying, while the tears ran down his face,

"God be thanked! I knew the Yankees would fight!"

"With the receding fight and swift pursuit, the battle died away in murmurs, far down the valley of the Chickamauga. Sheridan was again in the saddle, and, with his command, spurred on after the enemy. Tall columns of smoke were rising at the left. The Confederates were burning a train of stores a mile long. In the exploding Confederate caissons we had 'the cloud by day,' and now we are having 'the pillar of fire by night.'

"The sun, the golden disc of the scales that balance day and night, had hardly gone down, when up, beyond Mission Ridge, rose the silver side, for that night it was full moon.

"The troubled day was gone.

"A Federal general sat in the seat of the man who, on the very Saturday before the battle, had sent a flag to the Federal lines with the words:

"Humanity would dictate the removal of all non-combatants from Chattanooga, as I am about to shell the city!"

Colonel McKinstry, of General Bragg's staff, told James Grant Wilson that he considered their position perfectly impregnable, and that when he saw our troops, after capturing the rifle-pits coming up the craggy mountain side, bristling with bayonets and hundreds of cannon, he could scarcely credit his eyes, and thought every man of them must be drunk.

History has no parallel for sublimity and picturesqueness of effect; while the consequences, which was the division of the Confederacy, were inestimable.

Grant announced his great victory in the following brief and modest dispatch to the General-in-chief of the army at Washington:

"Although the battle lasted from early dawn until dark this evening, I believe I am not premature in announcing a complete victory over Bragg. Lookout Mountain-top, and all the rifle-pits in Chattanooga valley and Missionary Ridge entire have been carried, and are now held by us."

STATISTICS OF THE CIVIL WAR FROM 1861 TO 1865.

As compiled by Mr. Kirkley, War Department Statistician.

Fifth New Hampshire, 295 killed out of 321.

Eighty-Third Pennsylvania, three colonels, 285 killed out of 373.

Fifth Michigan, 263 killed out of 398.

Twelfth Massachusetts, 260 killed out of 427.

First Minnesota went in at Gettysburg with 284 men, left the field with 5. General Hancock threw them in a gap to stop Herd from taking Little Round Top.

The Twenty-Sixth North Carolina (Confederate) went into Gettysburg with 800 men, came out with 92. Captain Baird led 34 of the 92 into action July 3d, left all on the field, bringing off the colors himself, having his right arm shattered.

Sixth Alabama (Confederate) lost 367 out of 632.

Fourth North Carolina (Confederate), lost 369 out of 678.

First South Carolina (Confederate) lost 319 out of 537.

Union losses at Cold Harbor, June 3d, 1864, 10,058 killed, wounded and missing in 55 minutes. Losses in the Battle of the Wilderness from May 5th to 21st, 39,259, of which number 4,532 were killed, 18,145 wounded; missing, 16,583.

Confederate losses during the same time were 27,473, of which number 7,392 were killed.

FORCES AT GETTYSBURG.

Union forces, 82,000 and 300 guns.

Confederate forces, 78,000 and 250 guns.

Union losses, 23,003.

Confederate losses, 27,448.

Grant's forces in Wilderness campaign were 92,260. Lee's were 78,627.

At Spottsylvania, May 12, 1864, the fighting at "bloody angle" was so fierce that an oak tree 18 inches in diameter was cut in two with musket balls. This is where General Hancock captured General Johnson and Doyle's division intact without the loss of a company, turning Lee's right, wounding Generals Longstreet and Anderson, Lee taking command in person. The Second Corps was under fire 23 consecutive hours without food or drink.

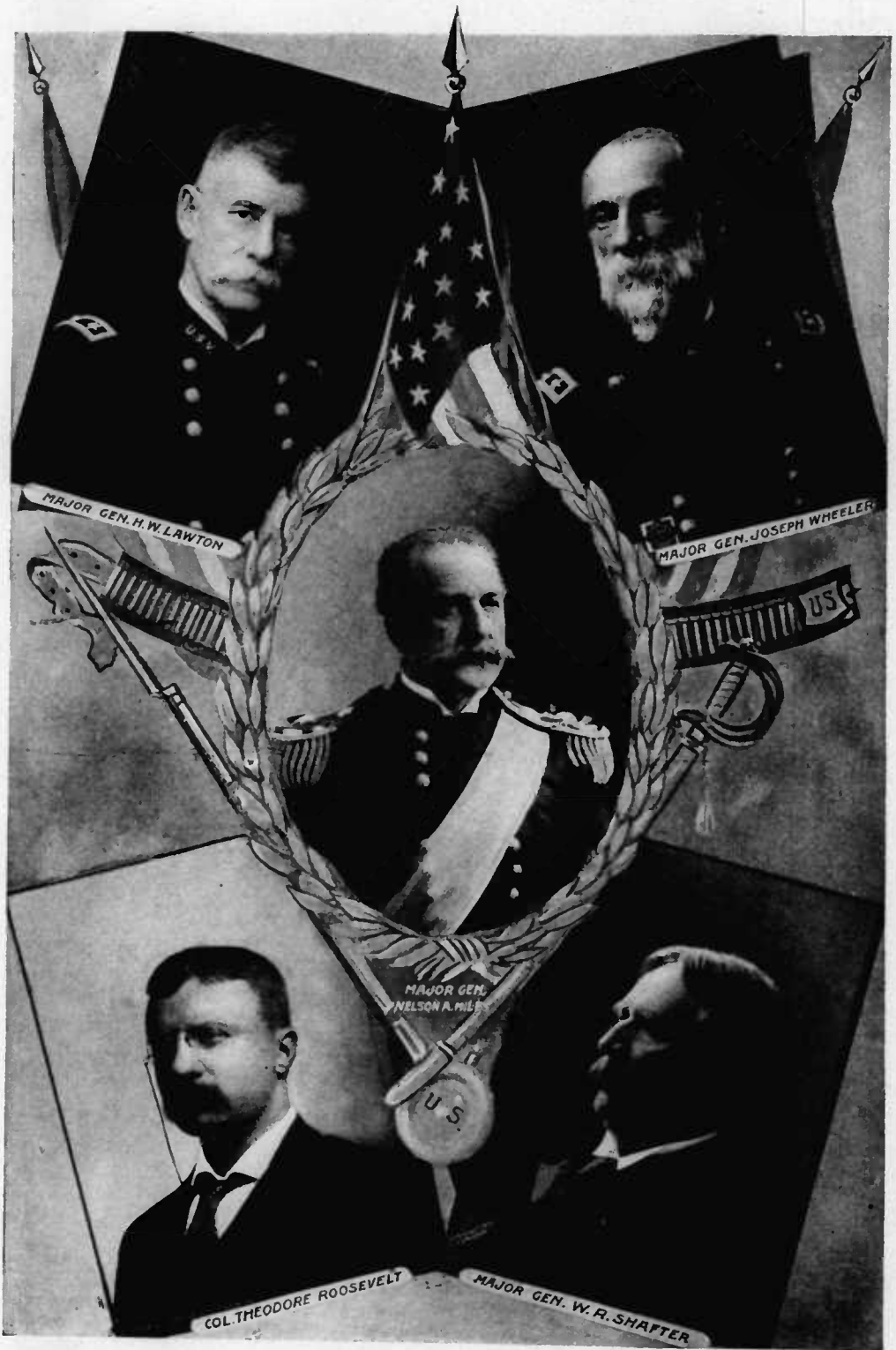
UNION LOSSES FROM ALL CAUSES.

	Officers.	Men.	Total.
Killed	6,365	103,705	110,070
Disease	2,712	197,003	199,720
In Confederate prisons	83	24,783	24,866
Accidents	142	3,972	4,114
Drowning	106	4,838	4,944
Sunstroke	5	308	313
Murder	37	483	520
Killed after capture	14	90	104
Suicide	26	363	391
Military execution	267	267
Executed by enemy.....	4	60	64
Causes unknown but unclassified...	62	1,972	2,034
Causes not stated	28	12,093	12,121
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
	9,584	349,944	359,528
 Major Generals	 14		
Brigadier Generals	22		
Brevet Brigadier Generals.....	23		

Confederate losses: Men, 219,410.



LEADING GENERALS WHO COMMANDED INSURGENT FORCES IN CUBA.



MILITARY HEROES IN THE SPANISH-AMERICAN AND PHILIPPINE WARS

CHAPTER XIX.

THE GALLANT FIGHT AT GUANTANAMO BAY.

The question of "the first landing of American troops on Cuban soil" is liable to provoke no little amount of discussion in the future. It is therefore necessary to keep clearly in mind the fact that before the army of invasion came to Cuba, a few soldiers of the regular army landed at Arbolitos Point and had an encounter with the Spaniards, in connection with the effort to land supplies from the Gussie. It was also before the coming of the great army that six hundred American marines were landed at Fisherman's Point on the Bay of Guantanamo, and when Shafter's troops came, the landing of a very few men was accomplished on June 20th, while the main force was not landed at Daiquiri until June 23d.

The little force of marines which landed on the 10th of June must ever be honored as the first to raise the American flag to a permanent place on Cuban soil, although it had been temporarily placed on a block house at Diana Bay near Cardenas by the gallant Ensign Arthur L. Willard of the United States navy, on the 11th of May.

The camp of the marines was called McCalla in honor of the commander of the Marblehead, and it stood on the crest of a hill, while just back of it a smaller elevation of land sloped down into a deep ravine. Beyond the ravine was a mountain on the side of which a mule path was the only visible trail. All sides of the camp except that towards the sea, were surrounded with trees interlaced with vines and crowded with thickets of underbush.

When the flag was first hoisted, the camp was assailed by Spanish sharpshooters, who were hidden in the bush. The invaders replied promptly, although the foe could not be seen, and some of our men fell before the fatal Mauser bullets. The fusillade was kept up for an hour or more and then the foe retired.

Previous to the landing of the little force the region had been swept by the shells of the Marblehead without disclosing any body of the enemy, and her powerful searchlight, which played over the trees by night, revealed no signs of watchful Spaniards. After the first fighting, the men on guard sometimes reported the noise of crackling underbrush, and on the evening of the 10th there seemed to be a slight movement

on the mountain side, but other than these suspicious circumstances, there was, for the time being, no sign of the stealthy foe.

Having partially established their camp, many of the men obtained permission for a swim in the cool waters of the bay, on the afternoon of the 11th. While they were away, a Cuban carried the news to camp that hundreds of Spaniards were in the woods stealing up toward the hill to make an attack in Indian fashion, without warning and without mercy; it was to be a massacre if possible of the marines which were left in camp.

The report was not fully credited, but Colonel Huntington, who was in command, detailed Lieutenant Neville with ten men to skirmish in one direction, while Lieutenant Mahoney, with another small force, searched the ground at the right of the hill. The men had scarcely started out when Spanish sharpshooters began firing on the sentinels at the outpost of the camp. The Americans replied to the shots, and the scouting parties closed in upon the scene of action.

The Colonel's orders came thick and fast, while, on hearing the shots, a line of naked men came running up from the beach, and, snatching their guns as they ran, fell quickly into the semi-circle which Huntington was forming behind the brow of the hill. There was no mark to shoot at, as the enemy was hidden in the dense undergrowth, but the firing was regular and cool as if the men were at drill practice.

When the order was given to shoot, the bullets were sent into the waving bushes where the Spaniards were supposed to be lurking. As this proceeding failed to develop any body of foemen, the order was given to charge down the hill, and down the hill the brave boys went towards the unseen enemy, the naked men going through the brush without flinching, although the thorns were piercing their feet and lacerating their flesh at every step.

Swarms of hungry insects swooped down upon them as they stood with the others holding the line at the foot of the hill after the charge was over. Their bodies were black with gnats and mosquitoes, while the spines of the cactus had even torn through the clothing of the men who were dressed, but they held their position until it was found that the Spaniards had fled, and then they were ordered back to dress.

A detachment of men fully dressed were sent into the brush to support Captain Neville, who had succeeded in finding a small party of Spaniards. The Americans were confident that a few of the enemy were struck, but the Spaniards made good their escape, being sure of the ground, and knowing every bypath in the woods. They left several

articles in their flight, including a regimental flag and a field glass. None of the marines was killed in this skirmish, and the only wounds were those made by the thorns and the cruel spines of the cactus; but Neville's men kept up the fight all night, the returned Spaniards being all around them the most of the time, and three days later there was another demand upon their courage and persistence.

On the morning of the 14th, three expeditions were sent out from the little fort, the main body under Captain Elliott including eighty Cubans. By careful management Elliott hemmed in a large body of Spaniards to the south of him, while Mahoney attacked them from the west and the Dolphin threw shells from the sea a thousand yards away. The Spaniards had been driven to the crest of a large hill and a few shells from the Dolphin which exploded in their midst produced a panic by killing and wounding many of their number.

Seeing their comrades falling on every side they had no courage to resist the gallant charge of Elliott's men, which routed them, and they fled down the hill into the brush, leaving behind them on the field about a hundred of their dead, besides a great number of Mauser rifles and several thousand rounds of ammunition. The little invading force had shown courage worthy of their colors, and although many were wounded and Dr. Gibbs, the faithful surgeon, had lost his life, still the list of the dead was small.

In this engagement, as in others, the newspaper men showed their pluck and patriotism. Such men as H. J. Whigham of the Chicago Tribune, H. Billman of the Chicago Record, with Ralph Paine, also of the Tribune, Stephen Crane and others, rendered efficient service. They not only helped to carry supplies to camp, when the landing was made, but they also worked on the intrenchments and even took part in the fighting.

Camp McCalla was in an exposed position, and the Spaniards could have massacred nearly all the men had they but known how small the fighting force was, for it is claimed that they had three thousand soldiers very near them. It was necessary, however, to hold a position either there, or in the immediate vicinity, in order to secure the cable station, and bravely the little force stood its ground.

LAS GUASIMAS.

The cavalry division was the first to land on Cuban soil, after the Engineer and Signal Corps; the artillery and siege guns were among

the last. No time was lost in pushing forward, and June 23d found General Joe Wheeler, with his cavalry division, established at Siboney, and General Lawton not far behind him.

The occupation of this new base gave General Shafter a chance to disembark a part of his force at a point some six or seven miles nearer Santiago, of which he promptly availed himself.

On the 24th, General Wheeler, who was senior officer ashore, ordered General Young to reconnoiter General Rubin's position near Sevilla, on the road to Santiago. Two roads run out from Siboney, towards the capital of the province, joining at Las Guasimas. Along one of these roads General Young sent the 1st and 10th Cavalry with a battery of light artillery; along the other, the regiment of Rough Riders. General Castillo was to have joined the advance with 800 Cubans, but he failed to put in an appearance until the fight was over. At 5 o'clock the two columns started forward along the roads, which are about half a mile apart, and which meet at Las Guasimas, three miles from Siboney. At half past seven General Young's detachment discovered the enemy strongly intrenched on a small hill, and while waiting for the Rough Riders to reach the Spanish right, two Hotchkiss guns were put in position.

The Rough Riders, advancing cautiously through a country covered with high grass and chaparral, where thousands might have been hidden without betraying their whereabouts, came before they knew it, upon the enemy, who poured a destructive fire into the advancing ranks. It was at this time that Sergeant Hamilton Fish, of New York, was killed. The Hotchkiss guns then opened fire and both columns became engaged with the Spanish outposts. Lines deployed right and left in order to outflank the enemy and at the same time to bring the two columns in touch. Slowly they advanced through the thick, hot grass, sometimes creeping, sometimes running across an open space, trooper and volunteer alike throwing aside blanket rolls, coats and whatever impeded or oppressed them in their progress, but finding little opportunity of getting a fair shot at those in front. The determined advance was too much for the Spaniards and when, after an hour and a quarter of hard fighting, the Americans charged and took their block-house, nothing was left for them but to retreat over the hills towards Santiago.

Nine hundred and sixty-four men had dislodged an intrenched force of far greater size, but they had not done it without the cost of brave lives. Sixteen men were killed and fifty-two wounded. Among the killed was Captain Capron, son of Captain Capron, commanding the

battery of artillery in this expedition and who later lost his own life from Cuban fever.

The conduct of such men as Heffner and "Bob" Church relieves the list of casualties of much of its horror. Heffner was wounded through the body and left propped against a tree to die, but he kept on shooting in the direction of the enemy. Finally he was taken to a field hospital where he received temporary relief, but, when he heard the ambulance coming to convey him to the hospital ship, he hid under the edge of the tent and the ambulance went off without him. Next day he dragged himself to the firing line and was sent back by Colonel Roosevelt, but at El Caney, he again got into the fight. Colonel Roosevelt asked him if he had not sent him to the hospital with instructions to stay there. He replied:

"I believe you did, Colonel; but there was nothing going on back there and I thought I would rather be with the boys."

A regiment of such men is hard to whip.

Less pathetic, but no less inspiring, was the work of Surgeon "Bob" Church, who not only dressed their wounds, but, on his own broad back, bore the suffering men from the firing line to a place of safety; or, if Death had already laid his hand upon them, a place of quiet rest.

BATTLE OF EL CANEY AND SAN JUAN.

From the battlefield of Las Guasimas, General Wheeler, in command of the cavalry, and General Lawton, in command of the Second Infantry Division, pressed on to the plateau at Sevilla, five miles from Siboney. On the following day, Colonel Wood was placed in command of a brigade and Colonel Roosevelt was made commander of the Rough Riders, in fact, as well as in name.

It was believed at Washington that General Pando was at this time sending reinforcements to Santiago, and, as these would have found their easiest approach through El Caney, it was decided to make an attack on this point with the forces under General Lawton, supported by Bates' brigade and Captain Capron's battery of artillery.

While Lawton was approaching Santiago from the northeast, through El Caney, the divisions under Kent and Wheeler were to go straight west, through San Juan, Kent deploying to the left, Wheeler to the right.

Before daylight, on July 1st, General Chaffee, who had made a careful reconnoissance, had worked his men forward so that he might ap-

proach El Caney from the northeast, while General Ludlow came up from the south.

Captain Capron's battery opened the battle at half past six. For ten hours the fighting was stubborn and fierce. The enemy were intrenched and the town protected by block-houses and a stone fort. The artillery was of little use and the fight fell on the infantry. At half past two, General Chaffee took the stone fort by a gallant charge led by Captain Haskell, of the 12th Infantry, but even with this advantage gained, the Spaniards refused to abandon the village, continuing the fight for two hours and retreating slowly from house to house. It was an American victory, but at a cost of almost five hundred killed and wounded.

When the attack on El Caney was well under way and, from the sound of small arms, it was supposed that General Lawton was driving the enemy from their position, General Shafter ordered Captain Grimes to open fire with his battery from El Pozo on the San Juan block-house. This fire was returned by the Spanish artillery, the first shells killing and wounding several men. As the Spaniards used smokeless powder, it was difficult to locate their guns, while their fire was rendered particularly galling by the fact that the American guns were served with black powder, which enabled the Spaniards to get the range.

As soon as the batteries opened fire, General Sumner, with the cavalry division, was sent forward to deploy to the right and cross the San Juan River, while General Kent, with his division of infantry, was to follow and deploy to the left. The underbrush was so thick and the road so narrow and bad, that six hours were spent in advancing a single mile. The long-range rifles of the Spaniards killed many and wounded more, before the troops could get into position to even return the fire.

After crossing the river the cavalry deployed to the right, in order to connect with Lawton's force, should he come up from El Caney, while Kent's division formed for attack in front of San Juan Hill. During this formation the brigade suffered severely. Colonel Wickoff was killed and the command fell, successively, on Lieutenant-Colonel Worth, who was soon wounded, then on Lieutenant-Colonel Liscum, who also soon fell, and finally, on Lieutenant-Colonel Ewers. At the same time that General Kent was making the formation to attack San Juan Hill, he gave orders to move forward the rear brigade. The 10th (colored) and 2d Infantry were ordered to follow Wickoff's brigade; the 21st to support General Hawkins on the right. The 10th and 2d, led by Colonel Pearson, moved forward on the left of the division and drove the enemy back towards the trenches. Both divisions, after a short advance, found

themselves facing a high hill on which the enemy was strongly entrenched. A broad bottom intervened, covered with tall grass and crossed by lines of barbed-wire fence.

In the action on this part of the field, General Shafter gives special praise to Lieutenant John H. Parker, 13th Infantry, and the Gatling gun detachment under his command.

There seems to have been no more definite command to take San Juan Hill and San Juan Fort, than the simple knowledge that the Spanish occupied the positions. It was, like many another battle won, a soldiers' fight. There was no great attempt at order, and up the steep incline the men climbed singly, by twos and in scattered squads, now firing, now advancing, breaking down wire fences, and all pushing up towards the Spanish trenches, from which they drove the enemy and descended the farther slope.

So much was the work, mainly, of the cavalry division, of which General Wheeler had left his bed to assume the command, when the firing began. On the farther side of San Juan Hill, Wheeler's division joined Kent's and, in line with it, moved on against the main Spanish force on the ridge of Fort San Juan. From here the enemy were again driven by the 6th and 16th Infantry, under the lead of General Hawkins himself, assisted by the 9th, 13th and 24th regiments of Ewer's brigade. At the same time Wheeler's six cavalry regiments, for the second time that day, sent the Spaniards in their front flying towards Santiago.

The conduct of officers and men was gallant beyond the power of words to describe. The intrepid bravery and heroic courage of the men won the fight and planted the colors of the United States where the equally brave officers led the way.

ON THE SAN JUAN RIDGE.

The "feint" at Aguadores was the third and the last of the operations contemplated for July 1st. This town is situated on the coast on the line of railroad from Santiago to Siboney and was protected by a small fort. General Duffield, with the 33d Michigan Volunteers, had been instructed to move up from Siboney by rail and conduct the land attack, while the New York, the Gloucester and Suwanee shelled the fort. When the ships opened fire a few Spanish soldiers were seen to move away from the fort and General Duffield advanced as far as the bridge over the San Juan River, but made no attempt to cross as the bridge had been destroyed. The scanty garrison kept up a desultory

fire from some hills beyond the river, and at noon, when they brought out a field piece from Santiago, General Duffield withdrew with two killed and several wounded. The New York promptly turned her fire upon the Spanish gun and silenced it.

This very spiritless attack accomplished all that was intended of it, perhaps, as General Shafter is kind enough to say:

“The diversion at Aguadores was successful, in that the Spaniards who were there were held so that they could not withdraw to reinforce those in Santiago.”

The most interesting incident in the attack was the fine display of marksmanship by Lieutenant Blue, who made the two daring trips through the Spanish lines to get a view of Cervera's ships. He asked permission to shoot the Spanish flag from off the fort, and Admiral Sampson allowed him three shots. The range was about 1,300 yards, and he used a four-inch gun. The first shot tore the flag, the second hit the staff at its base, and the third cut it fairly away.

The heart of the day's fight had been at San Juan, although the most stubborn resistance had been met at El Caney,—a position, as it turned out, that was of no advantage to the American line and untenable for the Spanish after San Juan had been taken. But it had been the original plan that General Lawton should take El Caney and then support the attack on San Juan, and this plan he doggedly adhered to, though early in the afternoon Major-General Shafter ordered him to withdraw and support Wheeler. This order was not at once carried out, as the charge on the fort was under way when the order came, and, as General Shafter says: “When the charge was over, the fight at El Caney was won.” It was then nearly night, but Bates started his troops, that had marched all the previous night and fought all day on scant rations, back towards San Juan. At dark they halted for much needed rest and refreshment, but soon moved forward, at the direction of General Shafter, and at midnight took up their position on the left of General Kent's division in front of San Juan.

General Lawton left El Caney soon after Bates' brigade, taking the road to Santiago to connect with General Wheeler's right. Night came on before the troops could get into their position and in the darkness they encountered the enemy's pickets. The situation was reported to the commander-in-chief by General Lawton and at 12:30 General Shafter ordered the division to return towards El Caney and by the road to El Pozo, “as the only certain way of gaining his new position.” It took the tired and worn out troops, that had been fighting all day in a terrific

heat, the rest of the night to make this tedious circuit, and it was half past seven on the morning of July 2d before the men had reached San Juan and after twelve before they found their position on the right of the cavalry and the whole division was in place.

During this same night, July 1st, the 34th Michigan and 9th Massachusetts, which had just arrived from the United States, were brought forward; the 34th Michigan to support Kent, the 9th Massachusetts to extend Bates' left.

On the evening of July 1st Kent's and Wheeler's divisions held San Juan Ridge, from which it had driven the enemy. Entrenching tools were hurried forward in the darkness, and during the night the soldiers, worn out by long fighting and want of food, but determined to hold the prestige they had gained, set about protecting their position. In addition to the entrenchments, three batteries were brought up and put in position on the ridge, but when they opened fire in the morning they drew such a fierce reply that they were soon withdrawn. The Spaniards opened fire at daylight on July 2d, but with the entrenchments and the approach of Lawton's division little apprehension was felt as to the ability to hold the ridge and repel the attack. All day, and until ten o'clock at night, the battle raged with more or less fury. Communication with the rear had become almost impossible on account of the roads and but little food could be brought up, but the men were plucky and held their places in the trenches, where they were alternately wet by the rain and scorched by the sun. If the position of the men in the line was uncomfortable, that of the wounded was heartrending. Men who could not drag themselves over the six miles to Siboney were forced to ride in springless wagons. There were not enough surgeons, not enough hospital supplies and nothing to eat but hard tack and canned meat. Only three ambulances had been brought from Tampa and other preparations were about in proportion. Had it not been for the work and supplies of the Red Cross Society the suffering would have been much worse.

A conference was held on the evening of the 2d between Major-General Shafter and Generals Wheeler, Lawton, Kent and Bates, on the question of withdrawal. The generals were not unanimous and nothing was done, but General Shafter telegraphed to Washington on the following morning, stating that he contemplated withdrawing towards Siboney, where he could get supplies, to a large extent, by rail.

THE FIGHT FOR SANTIAGO.

The story of the fight for Santiago is in itself the story of the American soldier. Side by side they fought, regulars and volunteers, white and colored, cavalry and infantry. Opinions differ as to tactics, and there has been much discussion regarding official wisdom, but the valor of the rank and file has been proved anew by the most gallant fight ever made by any army in any country.

The first shot was fired on June 24, 1898, at Las Guasimas, which is at the joining of two trails five miles from Siboney. Just back of Siboney is an abrupt hill. General Wheeler ordered General Young and some three hundred men of the First and Tenth Cavalry up the valley trail, and Colonel Wood, with his six hundred men, up the hill trail. They were to meet at the joining of the trails and follow the wagon road to Santiago.

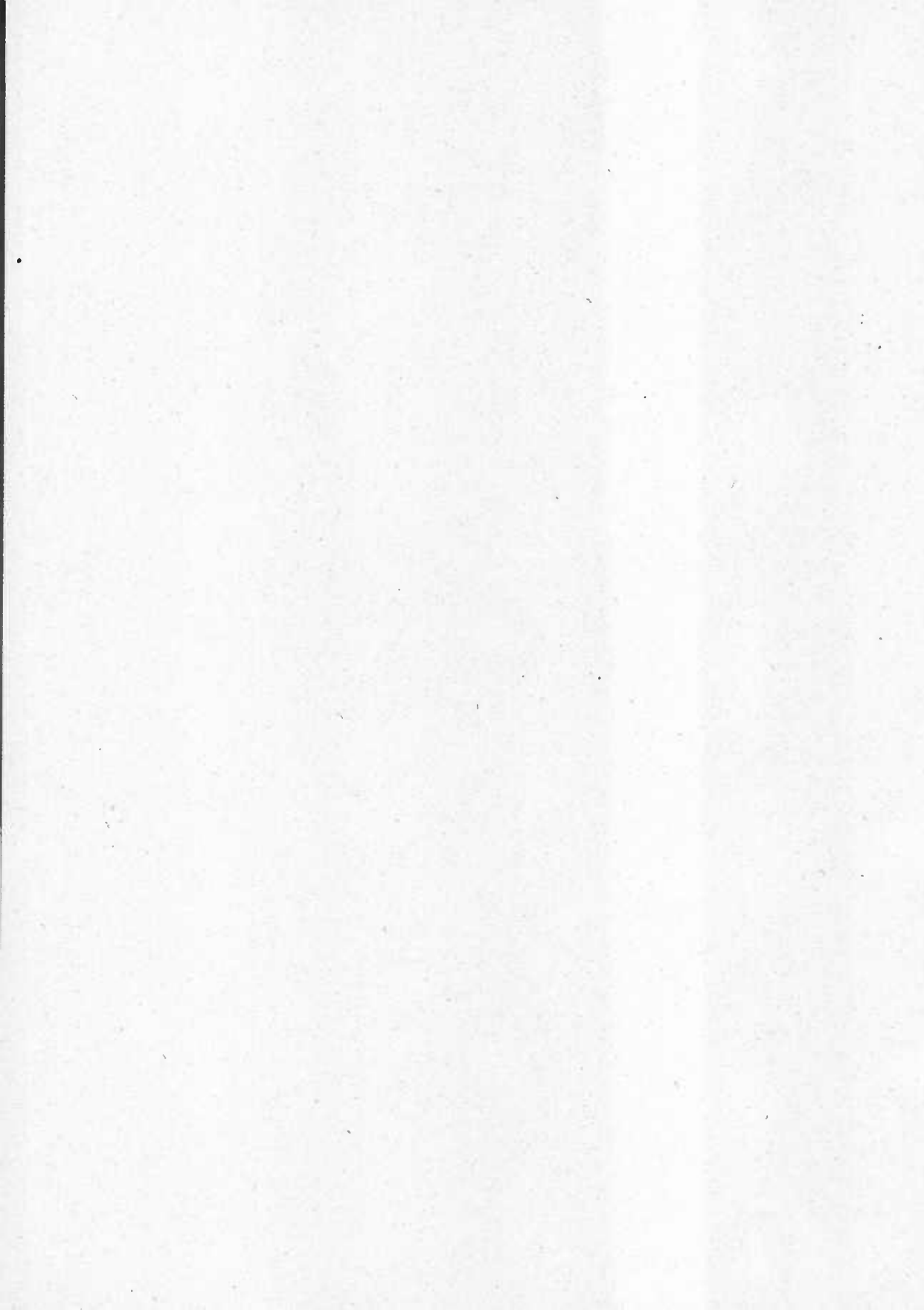
The Cuban scouts sent in advance reported that there were Spanish sharpshooters in the jungle along the trails and that the enemy were entrenched at Las Guasimas.

Troop L of the First Volunteer Cavalry received the first shot and the first volley of the war. The Spaniards were in ambush, they used smokeless powder and there was no sign of battle except the singing Mausers and the wounded men. The American fire was practically useless as the dense undergrowth and the smokeless powder rendered the enemy invisible.

The fighting had begun in earnest. The Rough Riders awoke to the fact that this was war. The first shot fired in reply to the volley killed one Spaniard, a half breed Indian killed another, then the Indian fell with seven shots in his body, and not five seconds later the younger Captain Capron received his fatal wound.

The command was halted and the troops deployed to right and left, then an advance was ordered. The heavy firing on the flanks indicated a considerable resistance and two additional troops were deployed on the right and left, leaving three troops in reserve. The Spanish lines overlapped the American on both flanks and two other troops were deployed, which made the American line about equal in length with the Spanish.

The remaining troop was sent to the front and a slow advance ordered. The enemy on the right flank was forced back and a small block house captured. A heavy fire was directed upon the Americans from





IN THE THICK OF THE FIGHT BEFORE SANTIAGO.

a ridge on the right hand side, although the force on the ridge was being attacked by two squadrons of the regular cavalry.

The Spanish held the ridge with small stone forts along its entire length and with two machine guns. The right flank being cleared, the fire of two troops was concentrated upon the ridge. This, with the fire of the regular cavalry, compelled the Spaniards to retreat.

The detached troops of the First Volunteer Cavalry moved out to the left to take the right end of the Spanish line in flank. This was done and the order given "Cease firing and advance."

When within three hundred yards of the enemy, the Americans opened fire. The Spanish rapidly retreated.

In Colonel Wood's official report, he says: "In regard to the conduct of the officers and men, I can only say that one and all of them behaved splendidly. Captain Capron died shortly after the termination of the fight. I cannot say enough in commendation of the gallant conduct of this officer. His troop was in advance and met the enemy in very heavy force, and resisted them and drove them back, and it was in performance of this duty that the Captain was mortally wounded. The service he performed prior to his death, and the work of his troop subsequently to it, were of the very greatest value in contributing to the success of this engagement. Captain Capron's loss is an irreparable one to his regiment.

LEONARD WOOD,

"Comdg. 1st U. S. Vol. Cav., of 2d Brig. Cav. Div."

A connection with the regular troops had been established on the right and the Americans were in possession of the entire Spanish position.

General Young's command, having the easier route, had reached the enemy first, but the attack was delayed in order that the two divisions of the attacking force might work together. General Wheeler arrived during the delay, and cordially approved the plans for attack.

Nine hundred and fifty men were engaged on the American side, while the Spanish force numbered twenty-five hundred. The Spanish fire was by volleys, executed with great precision.

After the firing had ceased three troops of the Ninth Cavalry arrived and were stationed as outposts, until relieved by General Chaffee's brigade of General Lawton's division.

The official reports give unanimous evidence of the bravery of the men under fire. Not a man flinched, not a man faltered and no face was turned from the front. Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt had led three

troops of his regiment into the jungle, where they were exposed to a withering fire. They could not see the Spaniards and the Spaniards could plainly see them. It was guerrilla warfare, of the worst kind.

Communication with General Young's division was brought about by the efforts of Troop K of the Rough Riders. Captain Jenkins sent the guidon-bearer to the top of a bare little knoll, with instructions to wave his flag until Young's men saw it and answered his signal.

Just across the valley was the Spanish force, in plain sight and within good range. A heavy fire was directed against him, but he paid no attention to it. He stood straight and waved his flag until his signal was answered; then he returned to his troop.

General Young says:

"The action of all officers and men, so far as my personal observation extended, was superb; and I can only at this time mention the names of those whose conduct was personally observed by me as being highly conspicuous in gallantry and daring, and evidencing a firm intention to do everything within the power and endurance of humanity and the scope of duty.

"Captain Knox, after being shot through the abdomen, and seeing his lieutenant and first sergeant wounded, gave necessary orders to his troop, and refused to allow a man in the firing line to assist him to the rear.

"Lieutenant Bryam, after having his scalp-wound dressed, and knowing his captain (Knox) to be wounded, assumed command of his troop, but fell fainting while pushing to the front.

"Captain Mills, the only member of my staff present with me on this part of the field, was most conspicuous for his daring and unflagging energy in his efforts to keep troops in touch, on the line, and in keeping me informed of the progress made in advancing through the jungle.

"In connection with the conduct of the officers, attention is called to Colonel Wood's report on the conduct of Captain Capron, Major Brodie, Captain McClintock, Lieutenant Thomas, Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt, Captain McCormick (7th U. S. Cavalry), and my personal aids, Lieutenants T. R. Rivers and Smedberg.

"I cannot speak too highly of the efficient manner in which Colonel Wood handled his regiment, and of his magnificent behavior on the field. The conduct of Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt, as reported to me by my aids, deserves my highest commendation. Both Colonel Wood and Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt disdained to take advantage of shelter or cover from the enemy's fire while any of their men remained exposed to it—

an error of judgment, but happily on the heroic side. I beg leave to repeat that the behavior of all men of the regular and volunteer forces engaged in this action was simply superb, and I feel highly honored in the command of such troops. I desire to express my admiration of the fine soldierly qualities, and conduct on the march, and after meeting the enemy, of Major Norvell, 10th Cavalry, and Major Bell, 1st Cavalry, commanding squadrons; their rapid execution of orders was admirable. Major Bell received a serious wound in the early part of the engagement, and was succeeded in the command of his squadron by Captain Wainwright, whose management of the right wing of the advance firing line was all that I could desire or hope for, and more than I could under such opposing conditions confidently expect. Captains Beck and Galbraith and Lieutenants Wright and Fleming also deserve equal praise for the manner in which they maneuvered and controlled their troops in attacking the precipitous heights before them. Captain Ayers' performance of the duties assigned to his troop was highly commendable, as was also Captain Watson's fine work with his battery. . . . Assistant Surgeon Fuller and Acting Assistant Surgeon Delgado, also Assistant Surgeon J. R. Church, 1st Vol. Cavalry, deserve special mention for their gallant action in personally carrying wounded men from the field under heavy fire."

Mr. Edward Marshall, of the New York Journal, was shot through the spine while on the firing line witnessing the engagement. Both legs were paralyzed in consequence of the wound, but, on being taken home, he pluckily resumed his work, and also wrote his book. In September of 1898 he was able to move around on crutches and accomplish considerable work. Afterwards he went to The Hague to attend the peace conference, and then visited Paris, where he suffered greatly. It was thought that, with his indomitable courage and soldier-like endurance, he might recover, but on the 29th of July, 1899, he was compelled to submit to the amputation of one leg, and it is just possible that he may lose the other. In reference to his conduct at the front, Colonel Wood says, "It was extremely courageous."

Edward Marshall, in his "Story of the Rough Riders," gives the following instance of one man's courage.

"The first wounded officer I saw was Captain James H. McClintock of B troop. He was leaning propped up against the tree on the backbone of the hill which was as clearly defined and bare as the buttress of a cathedral. Two bullets had met in his lower left leg and I have never seen a man suffer such pain as he did. Months afterward I saw

him, the day after he was discharged from the hospital and from the army with a record of 'half-total disability.' He seemed to be very cheerful that day at Las Guasimas and was carefully explaining to Nichols that the place was altogether too hot for any man to stay in who was not obliged to. I shook hands with him and got his name and address, as I did of the other wounded, and asked him if there was anything I could do for him.

"'Not a — thing,' said McClintock, 'except get out.'

"Since then he has told me about one of his troopers who, after McClintock had been forced to lie down by exhaustion, came and lay close beside him. He talked cheerfully to him and tried to keep his spirits up.

"'You'd better get out of this,' said McClintock, 'it's too hot.'

"'Don't worry, Captain,' the man replied; 'I'm between you and the firing line.'

"McClintock, touched as he was by this exhibition of the man's devotion, still wanted him to get away. He urged him to leave him. The man refused. Finally McClintock said:

"'I am your captain and I order you to go; you are doing no good to any but me here; this is no place for a well man. I order you.'

"Then the man had to tell.

"'I ain't no well man,' he slowly admitted; 'I'm shot.'

"'Where?' asked McClintock.

"'Oh, it's only a scratch.'

"They lay there in silence for a long time. The firing began to come from the left. The soldier worked his painful way around until he was between McClintock and the line of fire. McClintock was too weak from loss of blood even to speak.

"Then a hospital man came and lifted McClintock to carry him back.

"'Take him too,' McClintock managed to articulate.

"'No use,' said the hospital man, 'he's dead.'"

Lieutenant Colonel Roosevelt noticed blood coming out of Trooper Rowland's side, and ordered him to the hospital. After some grumbling the man went, but in fifteen minutes he was back on the firing line, saying he could not find the hospital. Colonel Roosevelt doubted his story, but let him stay. This man was among the wounded who walked to the temporary hospital at Siboney. The doctors examined him, said his wound was serious and that he must go back to the United States. He escaped out of the hospital, but only to fight again at San Juan.



STORMING OF MALATE.

CHAPTER XX.

THE DARING OF LIEUTENANT ROWAN.

The most important secret mission during the Spanish war was that of Lieutenant Andrew S. Rowan, who was a Virginian by birth, and a soldier by education, being a graduate of West Point of the class of 1881. At the opening of the war he was employed in the Military Information Bureau of the War Department, but it became necessary for the Government to confer with the Cuban leaders in order to secure intelligent co-operation, and Lieutenant Rowan was selected as the proper man to find and communicate with General Garcia.

He accepted the important trust and sailed for Jamaica, reaching Kingston on April 23, 1898, where he placed himself, as he says, "In the hands of unknown friends."

He was there in defiance of the authorities of Jamaica, and not only that, but Spanish spies were continually on the alert, ready to report any suspicious parties, or to assassinate them in the dark if need be.

He was mysteriously conducted to a closed carriage and driven rapidly to a dense forest several miles from Kingston where he was joined by four other men and the journey was pursued in the dead of night, through the woods of an unknown land, in company with strangers and in almost complete silence.

Pausing only for a change of horses it was far into the night when they reached the rude farmhouse where a meal awaited them. Here young Rowan was introduced to Gervacio Sabio, one of the commanders of the Cuban navy in whose care he was placed, and who thus assumed the responsibility of conducting him, if possible, to the camp of General Calixto Garcia.

With his new escort he drove on until toward morning, when they left the carriage and walked to the bay, where a little fishing smack lay at anchor waiting to take them to the Cuban shore, which was far away—a hundred miles or more to the northward. Wearily they entered the boat and by three o'clock in the morning Rowan had made

his bed on the bare stones which served as ballast, and slept in spite of the discomforts of the situation.

It was a perilous voyage and when they approached the beautiful island, it was only by the greatest caution that the man at the helm succeeded in evading the sentinel ships which patrolled the coast night and day, but at midnight the little boat slipped into an inlet which was so protected by treacherous rocks that the Spanish ships dared not approach it, and here they anchored for the rest of the night.

In the early morning the landing was made; signals were passed back and forth between Gervacio and those on land, a half naked Cuban boy appeared from the jungle and carried Rowan ashore on his shoulders. Then the little party fought their way on foot through an almost impenetrable jungle, stopping occasionally to refresh themselves with the pure water which was drawn from green coconuts.

They were not at liberty to choose a more favorable route—they must pursue their way for miles where the wild thorns and cruel cactus spikes, although wounding their flesh, would at least protect them from the Spanish guerrilla.

On the morning of April 27th they had reached the district of Pilon and were already among the foothills of the mountains. The thickets of trees and vines were well nigh impassable, but the faithful Cubans knew the ground. Horses were obtained—the tough little animals that so patiently bear their burdens although hungry and saddle galled, and the sure footed beasts of burden climbed the mountains or slipped as best they could, down the sides of dangerous ravines.

When they were literally worn out with such traveling the Lieutenant and his party met with General Rios, the "General of the Coasts" in this portion of the island.

This shrewd man, who is a cross between a Cuban and an Indian, was able to give the Lieutenant much valuable information concerning matters in his own district, furnishing plans and figures.

In the thickets of these forests the insurgents managed at that time to publish tri-weekly papers which were the organs of the insurgents, and the editor of one of them was introduced to Rowan. General Rios also provided for him an escort of cavalry and they took the road to El Chino, where the General left him and a new guide was furnished in the person of a negro whose knowledge of the country seemed to be perfect.

When they came to Bayamo they found the Cuban flag flying over the little town, and here the party found the headquarters of Garcia.

The stately old general met them at the door and extended the courtesies of a genuine hospitality to his guest. Lieutenant Rowan delivered the papers which he had so faithfully carried through days and nights of peril, and after a twelve o'clock breakfast the remainder of the day was spent in careful work with the General. By night the dispatches for the United States Government were ready and the horses were standing at the door.

The return party was headed by another Cuban General, Enrique Collazo, and with him was the chief of his staff. General Collazo was a trusted friend of Garcia's and also a graduate of a Spanish Artillery School.

There was another long and dangerous ride, it was not until May 5th that they reached the coast at the point of embarkation, and on the evening of that day they drew a frail little boat out from a thick cover of bushes and made ready for the voyage.

Sails were improvised from hammocks, and food supplies, such as they were, were gathered from the forest.

Then seven men tried to enter the boat, but only six could find sitting room. It was near midnight when they pulled out upon the treacherous sea, and the big waves frequently swept over them, making constant bailing necessary as well as rowing.

All night they worked without sleep, and the next day found them still buffeted by the waves, and also scorched with the fierce heat of the tropical sun. The night following was also intensely hot. The next morning they slipped out into the Tongue of the Ocean and succeeded in evading two or three little schooners which came dangerously near.

In the afternoon, however, they were picked up by a small steamer with a crew of negroes and carried into Nassau, where they found the American consul, Mr. McLane, and the day following Lieutenant Rowan sailed for American shores in the schooner "Fearless."

On arriving at Tampa, he hurried off to Washington and made his report to the War Department and also to General Nelson A. Miles.

The official business being over the General asked for an account of Rowan's experience during his perilous journey. This was briefly and modestly given, and it is no wonder that the old soldier afterward wrote to the Secretary of War as follows:

"I also recommend that First Lieutenant Andrew S. Rowan, 19 U. S. Infantry, be made a lieutenant-colonel of one of the regiments of immunes. Lieutenant Rowan made a journey across Cuba, was with

the insurgent army under General Garcia, and brought most important and valuable information to the Government.

"This was a most perilous undertaking and in my judgment Lieutenant Rowan performed an act of heroism and cool daring which has rarely been excelled in the annals of warfare."

"BUCKEY" O'NEIL.

Perhaps the figure of "Buckey" O'Neil was a typical one among the Rough Riders and characteristic of this cosmopolitan regiment.

William Owen O'Neil was the son of Captain John O'Neil of the famous Irish Brigade of the 2nd Army Corps during the war for the Union. "Buckey" was born in St. Louis in 1860.

He removed to the East with his mother and brothers, and was graduated from the National Law School of the District of Columbia. After his graduation he took the Civil Service examination for assistant paymaster in the navy and stood first out of a class of seventy-one.

But "Buckey" O'Neil was restless and wanted an active life, so, before he received his appointment, he had decided to cast in his lot with the empire builders of the West. He went to Arizona where he tried his hand at newspaper publishing, but found it too slow, and acquiring an interest in some mines, he found a field for his energy and enterprise.

His equity and justice in settling the miners' brawls and disputes led finally to his election as judge of Zavapai county in that Territory.

His next advancement was to the office of sheriff. For this position he had the requisite qualifications, as he was the best armed man and the best shot in the Territory. But even the excitement, the ups and downs and desperate chances of this office palled on him and after serving three terms he removed to Prescott and stood as candidate for Congress. He was defeated three times and, finally abandoning this venture he ran for mayor of Prescott.

The only vote against him was cast by himself. When the war broke out he had the warm regard of every man in Arizona and there was not one who would not have been glad to fight by "Buckey" O'Neil's side.

Three hundred men enlisted under him in such an amazingly short time that the President sent him a telegram of thanks. The citizens of Prescott presented the company with a flag and its Captain with a revolver. Judge Ling presented the latter with these words:

"Mayor O'Neil, we want to give you a mount. It is not full grown but merely a Colt. We tell you that it bucks. Every time it bucks head it toward a Spaniard, and you can rest assured that one more Spaniard will bid his god-father, the devil, good morning."

From San Antonio he wrote:

"I am ready to take all the chances. Who would not gamble for a new star in the flag?"

He gambled and personally lost, and the Rough Riders mourned a gallant fighter.

He fell in the memorable charge up the San Juan hill at the head of his intrepid Arizona command.

Captain O'Neil was known from the Atlantic to the Pacific by men, women and children as simply "Buckey" O'Neil, a soubriquet which he acquired by his readiness to buck any game, or obstacle, danger or undertaking that stood between himself and honor, prosperity, and good citizenship.

He was as brave in peace as in war and ready to sacrifice his life at any moment for his fellow men. When Cobb and English, of the 10th Cavalry, fell into the water from a lighter at Daiquiri "Buckey" O'Neil sprung instantly into the sea to their aid, but before he could reach them the boat had swung around and crushed them to death.

TENTH CAVALRY.

Too much praise cannot be given the colored soldiers of the 10th Cavalry, who gallantly and nobly supported the Rough Riders in their charge on San Juan. There had been a doubt in the minds of many whether the negro would make a competent soldier, but their brave work on that day dispelled every doubt and gave them the well earned right to be counted in the list of heroes.

In jolly good humor they went into the fight, laughing and chaffing one another at every opportunity, but obedient to orders and eager to get in a lick at the enemy.

One poor black fellow was seen kneeling behind a rock loading and firing as fast as he could, while the blood flowed from an ugly, ragged wound in his leg. When his attention was called to the wound he merely laughed and said:

"Oh, that's all right; that's been there a good while."

Such a fellow, white or black, is every inch a soldier and earns a soldier's praise. There were many of this type who went up the slope

of San Juan under the colors of the 10th Cavalry and a grateful and generous nation gives them its unstinted praise, and honors the graves of those dusky warriors who died as the noblest heroes on the side of San Juan hill and rest now on the crest that overlooks the scene of their victory.

SERGEANT BELL.

Another who was wounded and still fought was Sergeant Bell of the Rough Riders, son of M. E. Bell, the well known architect of Chicago. He had worked his way forward to the firing line when an exploding shell struck him and severely wounded him.

The officer of the line ordered him to the rear, but in a few minutes he was back again. A second time he was sent unwillingly from the post of danger, and a second time he came back and was firing away.

For the third time he was ordered out of the fight, but when the day was done he was still with his men. Nothing but death or unconsciousness could have kept such a spirit out of the conflict.



TEDDY ROOSEVELT.

CHAPTER XXI.

I. ROOSEVELT, THE ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF THE NAVY —PREPARATIONS FOR WAR.

When Tammany took possession of New York, Theodore Roosevelt left the Police Department to become Assistant Secretary of the Navy at Washington. It seemed an unimportant, obscure position, but he made it, by the sheer force of his personality, one of the important levers in our successful war with Spain.

He had long been familiar with naval matters, historically and theoretically, and it was only a short time before his associates realized that he was a man to be depended upon, for practical considerations as well.

He seemed to have a kind of prophetic insight into the future, for long before the United States was stirred from center to circumference by the explosion of the Maine, he exclaimed to a friend in New York: "We shall be compelled to fight Spain within a year."

From the date of his appointment, in April, 1897, he began to make ready for such an event with a vigor that took away the breath of more conservative naval officers. "To be prepared for war is the most effectual means to promote peace," was the subject upon which he addressed a class of cadets at the Naval Academy of Annapolis. He carried out this maxim of Washington to its fullest conclusion. He hastened work on the new warships and ordered repairs on the old ones. Neither did he content himself with giving directions. He saw to it personally that they were carried out. No man who came within the radius of his authority was suffered to shirk. He seemed ubiquitous. As illustrative of his thoroughness is a characteristic remark, which made his inefficient employes shudder.

"In ordinary routine matters," he said, "if a man does ordinarily well I am satisfied; but if he doesn't do the work of importance in the navy with the snap and vigor I believe is necessary, I'll cinch him till he squeals."

Roosevelt also issued orders that the crew of every ship be recruited to its full strength. He began to buy provisions, guns and ammunition, and to insist on more extended gunnery practice, which seemed extravagant to some of his less radical brethren. He filled the bins of every

supply station with coal. Accordingly, when Dewey steamed across the Pacific, he found fuel waiting for him. Without the unnecessary delay of an instant, the Admiral took on his coal and sailed calmly by the astonished Spaniards, who supposed him miles away.

Events justified Roosevelt in the preparations he had made. The result of his course was so obvious as to make Senator Davis, chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, declare that if it had not been for Roosevelt, we should not have been able to strike the blow that we did at Manila. Because of the forethought, therefore, of the Assistant Secretary of the Navy, one of the most brilliant victories in our history was made possible.

Secretary Roosevelt was occupied not only with the material needs of the navy, but he found time also to accomplish a change in the administration of it, which will be of great advantage for years to come. This change found expression in the well-known Naval Personal Bill, which amalgamates the line and engineer corps of the navy. By means of it, the work of the Navy Department in detailing officers for duty will be made much simpler, since every officer of the new line will be able to perform any of the duties which involve the management of large bodies of men or the control of machinery.

The issue with Spain was held off as long as possible, to give the War Department time to gather itself for the coming struggle, but finally the words rang through the country:

“War is declared.”

The Naval Department was overwhelmed with new duties and responsibilities. Like the rest of its members, Theodore Roosevelt scarcely allowed himself time to eat and sleep. Among numberless other things, he had the immediate charge of purchasing vessels for the auxiliary fleet. There were to be sixty of them as staunch and well-adapted for service as it was possible to find.

Again the country profited by his unimpeachable honesty. Ship-brokers flocked to him by the dozen. They had hulks to sell in various stages of disrepair and rotteness. They had powerful backing, too. But they found Roosevelt as hard as adamant.

He refused unconditionally to buy any ships not recommended by the board which examined them and pronounced upon their merits. The board was made up of careful, expert men, and no unfit vessel won their approbation. So the ship brokers found the task of cheating the navy too difficult for them and retired discomfited. As a con-

sequence the auxiliary fleet was one to which the country could commit with safety the lives of her loyal sons.

Roosevelt describes himself, during this time, as "sharpening the tools of the navy." When the task was accomplished to the satisfaction of every one concerned, he gave way to the desire which was overwhelming him. "There is nothing more for me to do here," he said. "I've got to get into the fight myself."

A furor arose. His friends tried to dissuade him, and all the leading newspapers of the country assured him that he was taking just the right course to ruin his career. They told him that there were plenty of men to stop bullets but very few who could manage a navy.

"You are leaving a wife and six children," said some of the female population, with tears in their eyes.

"I have done as much as any one to bring on this war," replied Roosevelt, "and shall I shirk now?"

His resignation was therefore tendered and accepted with much regret by the President and Secretary Long. He was free to carry out the plan which had enlisted his interest so thoroughly.

II. RAISING THE REGIMENT, ETC.

American history was as familiar to Secretary Roosevelt as his a b c's. He knew all about Mad Anthony Wayne; the dramatic story of Marion's men in the American Revolution, and the part that the Texas Rangers played in the Mexican War. What Andy Jackson's soldiers did in the War of 1812 stirred his martial spirit too, and from a knowledge of the deeds accomplished by all these commanders, he concluded that such service would be invaluable in the Spanish war.

Congress, agreeing with him, authorized the raising of three cavalry regiments from among the wild riders and riflemen of the Rockies and the Great Plains. Roosevelt was offered the command of one of them. His knowledge of military matters was established by practical experiment, for as far back as 1884 he had been a lieutenant of the Eighth Regiment of the National Guard of the State of New York. He afterwards rose to the rank of Captain, and remained a militiaman for more than four years.

He felt that he could learn how to command a regiment in a month, but that the month at that time was of inestimable importance to the country. So he declined the commission of colonel.

"Later," he said, "after I have gained some experience perhaps

that may come." It did come, not a colonelcy only, but a recommendation also for the medal of honor for gallant conduct in action.

Roosevelt, therefore, was appointed Lieutenant Colonel of the regiment, and Dr. Leonard Wood its Colonel. Of him Roosevelt speaks in highest terms. "He had served," he says, "in General Miles' inconceivably harassing campaigns against the Apaches, where he had displayed such courage that he won the most coveted of distinctions—the medal of honor; such extraordinary physical strength and endurance that he grew to be recognized as one of the two or three who could stand fatigue and hardship as well as an Apache, and such judgment that toward the close of the campaigns he was given, though a surgeon, the actual command of more than one expedition against the renegade Indians."

The two commanders were overwhelmed with applications from every State in the Union for membership in their regiment. They found that the difficulty lay not in selecting men but in rejecting them. As far as numbers went, they could have raised a division as easily as a regiment.

Finally choice was made among all the candidates, whose great longing was to get to the front with this regiment into the thick of the fight. The result was a body of picked men so perfect in physique, health and courage that it would have been difficult to match them anywhere.

Perhaps no other regiment that ever existed held quite so many elements peaceably within its limits. The Red Indian stood beside a college graduate, the cowboy outlaw made friends with the ex-policeman from New York; the son of a millionaire fraternized with the man who did not know where his next dime was coming from, and the minister shared his tent with the atheist.

As a demonstration of practical Americanism, this regiment was one of the most effective lessons which the country has had for many a long day. All distinctions of race, birth and circumstance were forgotten. The purpose of every man was to find his duty and to do it, whatever it might be.

Roosevelt, in his "Story of the Rough Riders," tells an amusing incident indicative of the willing spirit of service among the men. Woodbury Kane, gentleman, yachtsman and afterward Captain of Troop K, had been his close friend at Harvard.

"When the war was on," Roosevelt writes, "Kane felt it his duty to fight for his country. He did not seek any position of distinction.

All he desired was the chance to do whatever work he was put to do well, and to get to the front; and he enlisted as a trooper. When I went down to the camp at San Antonio Kane was cooking and washing dishes for one of the New Mexican troops; and he was doing it so well that I had no further doubts as to how he would get on."

The first camp of the Rough Riders during the period of organization and discipline was at San Antonio, Texas. There the regiment learned to pull together, to feel itself as a body and to test its strength. Soldier and officer went at their new tasks with a will, determined that by no fault of theirs should the regiment fall into disrepute. With this feeling predominant the task of bringing unity of action out of all the great variety of men gathered together was comparatively easy to accomplish.

The commanders were wise, too, in recognizing the caliber of the men whom they were training, and they insisted only upon the most essential points of discipline. The soldiers were new to the work and some of the errors which preceded the correct behavior finally attained must have excited the mirth of those in authority.

One of the men, for example, when he announced dinner to the Colonel and three Majors, set all military traditions at naught by adding pleasantly,

"If you fellars don't come soon everything will get cold."

Another soldier who had spent every spare minute in learning accurately the manual of arms, saluted the Colonel with great precision. But feeling that this was scarcely cordial enough, he nodded genially and said, "Good evening, Colonel."

These departures, however, from the conventional form of address were recognized by the commanders as merely the outcome of good hearted ignorance, and in each case the necessary reproof was taken as kindly as it was meant.

Colonel Wood and Colonel Roosevelt had put in their requests early at the war office and had badgered the authorities so constantly that weapons and supplies were forthcoming just when they needed them. The last of the rifles had been received. The regiment had drilled so diligently that it was ready to do effective, intelligent service wherever it might be called.

Then the welcome order flashed over the telegraph wires: "Move to Tampa."

By this time the many different elements had shaken down together and the regiment had emerged from its preparatory stage as

a corporate body. The reversal of positions was so complete that it seemed as if the whole scheme of social distinctions must have been shaken up in a kaleidoscope. During the hot, dusty journey to Tampa, for instance, anyone with a sense of humor would have appreciated the sight of James Tailer and Robert Ferguson, two of the most fastidious members of the Knickerbocker Club of New York, serving canned corn beef, beans and hard tack, three times each day, to the hungry troopers.

Hamilton Fish, Jr., and William Tiffany, nephew of Mrs. August Belmont and a grand-nephew of Commodore Oliver H. Perry, the hero of the battle of Lake Erie, had charge of the freight cars containing the baled hay for the horses. They fought as well as they worked, for Hamilton Fish was the first Rough Rider killed by Spanish fire and William Tiffany lived only long enough after the war to reach American shores.

On the journey to Tampa Corporal Craig Wadsworth proved a very useful member of the regiment. He had been before his enlistment one of the best riders in the Genesee Valley Hunt Club, and had been famous for his skill as a cotillion leader. At every meal station he rushed down the platform with a big tin pail in each hand to receive the coffee prepared for the troopers. It is safe to say that no one of his fair partners in the ballroom ever appreciated his grace and easy movement more than did the thirsty soldiers watching him, to whom he distributed the welcome beverage afterward.

But though the regiment contained representatives of all classes of society, the bulk of it was made up of the fine sturdy men which our western prairies hold in reserve. They came almost altogether from the four Territories still remaining within the boundaries of the United States.

"They were a splendid set of men, these Southwesterners," writes their commander with just pride; "tall and sinewy, with resolute, weather beaten faces, and eyes that looked a man straight in the face without flinching.

"In all the world there could be no better material for soldiers than that afforded by these grim hunters of the mountains, these wild rough riders of the plains."

No small thing, perhaps, served to make the various men feel their brotherhood more than the Rough Riders' cry, combining war whoop, cattle call and college yell, which by some mysterious process of evolution came into being. When a thousand throats shouted it together

no man could help feeling the pulse of the regiment beating in his brain.

“Rough! tough! we’re the stuff!
We’re the scrappers; never get enough! W-h-o-o-e-e!”

Roosevelt opposed the name of “Rough Riders” at first. “The objection to that term,” he said once, with a twinkle in his eye, “is that people who read the newspapers may get the impression that the regiment is to be a hippodrome affair.”

No one had this idea long. After the first fight of the Rough Riders their colonel’s prediction was verified.

“They go out for business and when they do business no one will entertain for a moment the notion that they are part of a show.”

The advance to Tampa was a kind of continual triumphal procession before victory. All along the line hundreds of people gathered, with fruit, sandwiches, and flowers for the Rough Riders; they cheered them and wept over them and waved flags to them as the train pulled out.

“Everywhere,” writes Roosevelt, “we saw the Stars and Stripes, and everywhere we were told, half laughing, by grizzled ex-Confederates, that they had never dreamed in the bygone days of bitterness to greet the old flag as they now were greeting it and to send their sons as now they were sending them, to fight and die under it.”

After four days on the cars the troops disembarked at Tampa in what their Colonel calls a perfect “welter of confusion.” The railroad company landed them wherever it could. No one was on hand to give them directions and no one to issue food for the first twenty-four hours. The commanders bought what they could for their men to eat and paid for it out of their own pockets, but even then the soldiers were without warm food or drink during all the first arduous stages of camp making.

It is a trying task to bring order out of chaos when the fault is not one’s own, and particularly exasperating when hunger adds more misery to the situation. But the Rough Riders were patient and forbearing. Then, as always, they set about the next duty without murmuring.

Indeed, they would have been ashamed to do anything else, for their commander shared every hardship with them. Colonel Wood they loved and respected, though he left them so soon for the command of a brigade that he was not identified so closely with the life

of the regiment as Theodore Roosevelt. He was their hero whom they would have followed over burning plowshares, if need was, as steadily as to the Cuban island. It is not often given to a man to have such worship and devotion as was accorded to Roosevelt by his Rough Riders. But this was his first reward for a long career of unswerving, unflinching honesty that proved his sterling worth.

Some of the cowboys of his regiment in a spirit of good natured fun nicknamed him "Laughing Horse," and a poem on the subject found its way into "The Criterion." When the term of service was over, the cowboys, and every other soldier in the regiment, as well, would have repeated four lines of it with all the force of personal conviction:

"Besides, you were square as a die, old pard,
And all that a man should be.
So I'm with you Teddy Roosevelt,
Old 'Laughing Horse' for me!"

The Rough Riders were ready for war and all that it meant. But the Government did not need them all. It was necessary to leave behind four troops entire, and some men also from the troops that were taken. It was difficult to make the choice and the disappointment of those who could not go was so keen and bitter that officers and men wept like children. They had given up so much for the war that they felt as if nothing else could be worth while except active service. Yet the inconspicuous heroes who did their uninteresting camp duty at home while their comrades were making history, surely deserve praise and commendation from their countrymen. For they, too, had the heart to do and the spirit to dare.

The Rough Riders remained ten days in Tampa before embarking. When they were once safely aboard their transport ship Yucatan, there was little incident to vary the eight days' voyage to Daiquiri. The men became better acquainted in their amusements and in the exchange of jokes. Nicknames were plentiful and as an indication of the intimacy of the men were very interesting.

"A brave but fastidious member of a well-known Eastern club," says Roosevelt, "who was serving in the ranks, was christened 'Tough Ike;' and his bunker, the man who shared his shelter tent, who was a decidedly rough cow-puncher, gradually acquired the name of 'The dude.' One unlucky and simple-minded cow-puncher who had never been east of the great plains in his life, unwarily boasted that he had

an aunt in New York and ever afterward went by the name of 'Metropolitan Bill.' A huge red-headed Irishman was named 'Sheeney Solomon.' A young Jew, who developed into one of the best fighters in the regiment, accepted, with entire equanimity, the name of 'Pork-chop.'"

Surprises were the order of the day in this regiment and it was not at all strange, for instance, that Captain "Buckey" O'Neil, "the iron-nerved, iron-willed fighter from Arizona, the sheriff whose name was a by-word of terror to every wrongdoer, white or red, the gambler who with unmoved face would stake and lose every dollar he had in the world," should have been overheard by his Colonel discussing Aryan root-words with Dr. Robb Church. The stories and tales that went round added miles of horizon to the imagination of those who listened, for taken all together, the soldiers of the regiment had explored nearly every corner of the earth and had passed through the whole gamut of human experience.

III. THE CAMPAIGN IN CUBA.

At the end of the voyage came the dramatic and dangerous performance of landing at Daiquiri, where the Rough Riders with the rest of the seven thousand men, were put ashore in small row boats. These had either to be run up through the surf and beached or landed at a pier, so high that the only way of reaching it was by a mighty leap just as the boat rose on the top-most crest of a wave. Several boats filled with supplies and ammunition were swamped and only a few rifles could be recovered by the men who dived after the missing cargoes. Two men also, were drowned, but considering the awkwardness and primitive method of landing, the wonder is not that there should have been any men at all drowned, but that there should have been as few.

Roosevelt begged that his regiment might be one of the first to go to the front. His request was granted. Almost as soon as the Rough Riders, therefore, were all on shore, they began to march forward with the rest of the advance column on the narrow trail, full of strength and courage. On Thursday, June 23, the day following the landing, the army advanced to Juragua. This place the enemy hastily evacuated. By night the two main divisions of the invaders, advancing by different roads had met on the high ground surrounding the city of Santiago, within ten miles of the guns of Morro.

The army even at this time had a foretaste of the real misery of the war—lack of shelter and food. The soldiers even then began to make jokes about the possibility of being killed by hunger before the enemy had a shot at them. For the food sent to them at that time was scanty and unsuitable, and during all the hardest part of the campaign the same deplorable state of affairs existed.

In reference to this Roosevelt says in "The Rough Riders:"

"Of course no one would have minded in the least such hardships as we endured had there been any need of enduring them; but there was none. System and sufficiency of transportation were all that were needed."

At daybreak on Friday the forward movement began again. The heat was intense, the jungle almost impassable. The Rough Riders were weary from the journey and their forced march. But they beat their way untiringly through thick brush and treacherous swamps with the rest of the guarding column. The sound of trees falling gave warning that the enemy was ahead preparing defenses. Almost before they realized it the firing began. Spanish sharpshooters concealed in the trees dropped accurate bullets among them. Volley after volley assailed them from the enemy screened behind the bushes. The smokeless powder used gave no clew to their whereabouts. But the order for a general charge was given and with a cheer regulars and Rough Riders obeyed the order, firing where they could, as they plunged along over the uneven ground into the first engagement of the war, the battle of Las Guasimas.

The Spaniards had made careful preparations. They had placed nearly fifteen hundred men in front of the advancing column and on its sides. They had arranged an ambush and they held the ridges with rifle guns and machine guns. It was a warm reception, truly, for our soldiers. The Spanish fire was well placed and very heavy. The enemy held their ground obstinately. But it was impossible to hold out against American pluck. In spite of every obstacle the invaders forced the pass and won the victory.

When the fighting was over and the rush and hurry and the feverish intensity of battle had given place to temporary calm and quiet, the history of the day was told again and again as each man had seen it for himself. It was a wonderful story, for every foot of ground over which the soldiers had advanced bore its record of brave and fearless deeds.

Hamilton Fish, Jr., and Captain Capron fell at the outset. Two of

the best soldiers in the army, their commander calls them, and he adds they were "two as gallant men as ever wore uniform." Hamilton Fish, at the very front of the column, shot a Spaniard in ambush. Then a bullet struck him and he sank down at the foot of a tree. Captain Capron and others rallied about him, he gave a watch to one of his messmates and at the end of twenty minutes died, the first man killed by the Spanish fire.

A little later Captain Capron himself, leading the advance guard in person and displaying the utmost coolness and courage in the way he handled his men, was mortally wounded. Two soldiers lifted him from the ground.

"How are the boys fighting," he asked. "Like h—l, sir," answered one of the troopers. "Very well," said the Captain, "I'm going to see this out."

He asked for a gun and dragging himself up on one knee he deliberately aimed and fired two shots. At each discharge a Spaniard fell. Sergeant Bell seized the gun of a dead comrade and kneeling beside him fired steadily. Captain Capron gave the sergeant messages to his wife and father, bade him good-by as cheerfully as if he had been saying good-night, and a few minutes afterward died as bravely as he had lived.

Hamilton Fish and Captain Capron but serve as examples of the bravery of the rest. For the soldiers, all of them, were the stuff of which heroes are made. When a man was hit he had to shift for himself as best he could.

"No man," writes Roosevelt, "was allowed to drop out to help the wounded. It was hard to leave them there in the jungle where they might not be found again until the vultures and the land crabs came, but war is a grim game and there was no choice. One of the men shot was Harry Heffner, of G Troop, who was mortally wounded through the hips. He fell without uttering a sound and two of his companions dragged him behind a tree. Here he propped himself up and asked to be given his canteen and his rifle, which I handed to him. He then again began shooting, and continued loading and firing until the line moved forward and we left him alone, dying in the gloomy shade. When we found him again, after the fight, he was dead."

Another brave man was Thomas Osbell, a half-breed Cherokee, who received seven wounds. Half an hour elapsed between the first one and the last. He refused to go to the rear, and would have waited for the eighth if loss of blood had not made him too faint to stand.

Major Brodie was in the frontmost rank. By his presence and ex-

ample he had kept his men, some of them seeing action for the first time, absolutely firm and steady under a most terrible fire. Suddenly he was hit by a bullet which whirled him about as he stood and shattered his arm. He persisted in staying where he was, until pain overcame him, and he was carried perforce to the rear.

Lieutenant Thomas, badly wounded, was carried into the shade by some of his men. He was in great agony, yet he begged to be carried forward.

“For God’s sake, take me to the front,” he said. “Do you hear me? I order you—I tell you, I order—we must give them —, do you hear? We must give them —. They have killed Capron—they have killed my captain.” Merciful unconsciousness overtook him while he was still begging to go to the front.

In the field hospital lay a little group of twenty men, all badly wounded. The battle agony was in their faces, their “red badge of courage” stained the Cuban soil, yet in their hearts there was no fear. Some one began to sing—

“My country, ’tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee we sing.”

Others joined in. The eyes of the men bore the glaze of approaching death, others sang jerkily and off key, and more than one quavering voice was stopped by the finger of Death upon his lips. Yet the anthem was finished—sung for the first time by American soldiers, fighting for the first time on Cuban soil, under the flag they loved.

Lieutenant Ord and his men had captured a rifle pit. A Spaniard, badly wounded, was still firing. One of Ord’s men took aim, but the Lieutenant ordered him not to fire at a wounded man. He lowered his gun. The Spaniard took deliberate aim at Lieutenant Ord and blew his brains out. Ord’s men at once killed the Spaniard, not with a bullet, as a soldier hopes to go, but with the butts of their rifles as such a man should be dispatched.

Captain Capron, of the artillery, lifted the blanket which covered his dead boy’s face. “Well done, my son,” was all he said, but it was enough. For the boy had died fighting for his country, and there is no nobler death.

A hundred other instances might be told of the courage of the soldiers. But they were true and noble, all. Well may the country glory

in the splendid body of men who from the greatest unto the least did each his duty as he saw it.

Captain Capron was buried in Juragua on the hillside near the seashore. But all the other Rough Riders who fell in the battle of Las Guasimas lie together in one grave, at the top of the hill which they had died to win.

"There could be no more honorable burial," writes Roosevelt in the story of the regiment, "than that of these men in a common grave—Indian and cowboy, miner, packer and college athlete—the man of unknown ancestry from the lonely Western plains, and the man who carried on his watch the crests of the Stuyvesants and Fishes, one in the way they had met death, just as during life they had been one in their daring and loyalty."

No stained glass windows shed softened light upon the faces of those who lay on the hillside, no organ sounded the majestic chords of the funeral march, and no roses lay in their folded hands. It was grim and silent and pitiful. But the brief tropic dusk made their cathedral and the "taps" from the bugle was their last good night. Over their grave is an inscription—"to the memory of eight unknown soldiers." Unknown, perhaps, but not forgotten, for they are the eight who received the baptism of fire for the flag, under its stars in a land they were trying to make free.

The sufferings of the wounded after the battle of Las Guasimas were greatly intensified by the lack not only of cots and other comforts of the sick room but of medicine and even shelter itself. It seemed hard that men should lie in the railroad shed at Siboney till it was full and then on the ground, exposed to the drenching Cuban rain when there were plenty of tents in the holds of the transport ships. They did not complain. They lay there hour after hour, suffering in silence, till their turn came to be lifted upon the grim improvised operating table and to feel the knife of the surgeon, working unremittingly by the light of a flickering candle. Then there was nothing to do but put the patient back again upon the oozy soil, without even a blanket to cover him. It was hard, too, to offer a man burning up with fever, salt pork and hard tack, when there was abundance of suitable food on the ships, and it seemed unnecessary that many men should die for lack of the medicine that had not been unloaded. But such was the case. Lack of foresight and inefficiency of transportation were again responsible for a vast amount of seemingly unnecessary misery.

But it may have been the best thing thus to hurry forward and close the contest as speedily as possible.

The morning following the battle of Las Guasimas Roosevelt went to Siboney to visit the wounded, and after looking about at the heroes he said with a ring of his voice that no one who heard him will ever forget:

“Boys, if there is a man in the United States who wouldn't be proud to change places with you he is not worth his salt, and he is not a true American.”

The first four days after the battle were uneventful. There was very little food for the soldiers. Tents were an unknown luxury. Every tenth man had a blanket which he had captured from the Spaniards, but the other nine were without shelter or protection against the frequent rains. But neither regulars nor Rough Riders grumbled.

About this time Colonel Wood was put in command of a brigade and Roosevelt was made Colonel of his regiment. Close on his appointment followed the thrilling battle of San Juan Hill, beginning the first day of July.

During the first part of the action the Rough Riders were held in reserve for what seemed to them an interminable length of time. They fell, man after man, wounded or killed by Spanish bullets without a chance to return a shot.

At last the order was given to support the regulars and to make an attack on San Juan Hill in force. Nothing could have been more welcome to the men than the chance to hunt down the enemies who were dealing out death to them so unsparingly.

Roosevelt was ahead, mounted on horseback. He wore on his sombrero a blue polka dot handkerchief, and as he rode it fluttered out straight behind him. His men scrambled along after him as best they could up the slippery hill that gave them no footing, a few in advance and the others creeping along behind.

Up they went and up through a perfect rain of deadly bullets.

There was no glitter, no sound of trumpets, no detachment of men keeping step to the music of a band. But all along the straggling rows men dropped and lay where they fell or struggled toward sheltering bushes, while their comrades pushed on to take their places.

The line of soldiers rose higher and higher. The half way point was reached. The fire of the Spaniards was redoubled; their bullets hissed like a thousand serpents.

Then for one moment the enemy appeared, black and forbidding,

between our soldiers and the sky. They fired one volley and fled, as the men of the Tenth and the Rough Riders reached the blockhouse together.

San Juan Hill was ours.

The Stars and Stripes floated over the trenches and the yellow silk flags of the cavalry were planted beside them.

The victors swung their hats and tried to cheer. They were breathless from the hot climb. Their throats were dry and dusty, but the sound of that faint shout to those listening far below seemed sweeter than any music.

No hero of old who rode to battle with shining armor and flying plumes ever showed finer courage than those men in their blue blouses, grimy with battle, who set their teeth and climbed up the smooth hill that seemed as long as eternity itself. It was the grim, tenacious, obstinate courage, that needs no stage setting of music and applause to stir it to duty. It is the kind that endures till death or victory.

The losses of the battle itself were heavy, those preceding the battle when the men lay waiting for the command to move, perhaps as heavy. Captain Mills fell as he was giving an order. Captain O'Neil, of the Rough Riders, walking up and down before his men, who were calling to him to take shelter, said: "There is no Spanish bullet made that can kill me." Even as he spoke one of the deadly messengers passed between his lips and silenced him forever.

Steel, Swift and Henry were shot out of their saddles. The sharpshooters and the guerrillas hidden in the trees above the trail did most cruel work. No smoke betrayed them and their bullets came from every side. They spared no one, but took a fiendish delight in hitting those already wounded, the soldiers who were carrying them, the surgeons and the representatives of the Red Cross.

Roosevelt seemed to bear a charmed life. Mounted on horseback, as he was, he made a conspicuous target at which many a Spaniard aimed. No one who saw him start up San Juan Hill on a gallop ever expected to see him alive again. But not a bullet touched him. He reached the blockhouse on the top of the hill, with four troopers, before all the Spaniards had abandoned it and killed one of them who was still firing, with his own revolver. He had a narrow escape, too, while standing with a group of officers near the top of the ridge in advance of his command. Two shells in swift succession screeched over their heads from the direction of Santiago; one killed a Cuban, and the other burst a short distance from the Colonel. A fragment of

it struck Roosevelt on the first knuckle of the left hand, causing the blood to flow freely. He walked over to some of his men and held out his hand, remarking with a smile:

"Well boys, I got it too, but the Spaniards will have to beat that."

In the battle of Las Guasimas, likewise, he had seemed to be Providentially preserved for the work that waited him later. He ran unheard of risks but escaped every time. Once he was standing behind a tree and by some impulse put his head to one side to look beyond it, when a Mauser bullet passed through the tree just where his head had been an instant before.

A story is told of him during this battle illustrating the amusing incidents which sometimes occur even during the gravest events. Roosevelt is very near-sighted and very dependent on his glasses. Before the war it was his custom to wear nose glasses with a black silk cord attached. These were obviously out of place in a Cuban campaign, so he provided himself with a dozen pairs of very large, round spectacles with steel hooks for the ears. These he distributed so that no one accident could destroy them all. One pair he sewed in his blouse, another in his belt, another in his hat, two in his saddle bags, and the others wherever he could stow them away safely. At the fight of Las Guasimas his horse, while held by an orderly, was flected by a bullet which sent him plunging frantically against a tree. Roosevelt rushed up, full of anxious concern, and began to pry under the saddle flap.

"They haven't hurt the nag, sir," said the orderly.

"I know, I know," said the Colonel with exasperation in his voice; "but they've smashed my specs."

During the three days' battle of San Juan the men had a good demonstration of the hardships of war. They fought all day and dug in the trenches most of the night. They had almost nothing to eat, but no one shirked. They were drenched to the skin by tropical rains and then chilled through and through by the night air.

"To wake men up at 5 a. m.," says their commander, "who have had nothing to eat, nothing to cover them—wake them up suddenly and have them all run the right way; that is the test. Such men are a good lot. There wasn't a man who went to the rear."

This is Colonel Roosevelt's side of the story, but his men had another to tell. They had lain for forty-eight hours in the muddy ditches and it seemed as if their endurance was at an end. They were worn out, hungry and discouraged. Suddenly, early in the morning the

Spaniards appeared at the top of the hill. The men in the trenches stirred restlessly. They felt as if they wanted to turn anywhere away from those whizzing balls. Just at that moment they saw Colonel Roosevelt with his blue handkerchief flapping about his neck, walking as calmly along the top of the intrenchment as if he had been taking a stroll at Oyster Bay.

The rain of Mauser bullets dropping about him gave him no concern whatever. The men cheered him and called him to come down. In the face of such coolness and bravery all their uneasiness vanished in a moment. They were again courageous soldiers, ready to fight till every Spaniard had fallen or fled.

On the seventeenth of July Santiago surrendered. But it was at a heavy cost to our army. The climate and the lack of suitable food were as fatal as the enemy's bullets and the army was a mere skeleton of itself. A few sporadic cases of yellow fever appeared. But the disease did not spread. Malarial fever was the great foe, and nearly every soldier had at least a touch of it. Man after man was dying of disease and lack of nourishment. Not ten per cent of the army was fit for active service. The four immune regiments ordered there were sufficient to garrison the town. There was absolutely nothing for the soldiers to do. But still the authorities at Washington did not give the order to return.

At last, after Colonel Roosevelt had taken the initiative, all the American general officers united in a "round robin" to General Shafter setting forth the true state of affairs.

"This army must be moved at once or perish," they wrote. "As the army can be safely moved now, the persons responsible for preventing such a move will be responsible for the unnecessary loss of many thousand lives."

As a result of this protest the officials at Washington finally woke to the fact that the army must be ordered home or there would be nothing left to order. When the command reached Cuba the men could scarcely contain themselves for joy. Colonel Roosevelt marched to the ship at the head of his regiment. There were many gaps in it, which could never be filled, and many soldier graves on the island to tell the sad story of the war. But there were many heroes, too, reserved for a kinder fate, and many who received their promotion and marched home again to the reward of their bravery.

THE RETURN FROM CUBA.

The Rough Riders landed at Long Island after a prosperous voyage and encamped at Montauk Point. Their work was over. They had proved their valor in the eyes of all the world. For a few weeks longer they remained together, then they scattered to resume the occupations of peace once more. The minister went back to his pulpit, the gambler to his den, the cowboy to his Western plains, the professor to his college, the half-breed to his Indian reservation and the aristocrat to his club.

Theodore Roosevelt was called to Albany to sit in the Governor's chair. There, fearless and staunch as ever, he worked for the good of the State. He put into important positions men who could be trusted, and his party liked them or not as it pleased. He stood behind an investigation which routed a dishonest New York surrogate from his place. Perhaps the most important work of his administration was the passage of the Ford Franchise Bill, taxing the franchises of railroads, telephones, gas and similar corporations which use in any manner the public highways. At an extra session of the Assembly, called for the purpose in the teeth of a most determined majority in the Senate, Governor Roosevelt compelled the adoption of certain amendments to this bill securing fair play for the corporations, as well as for the city and State.

THE REUNION OF THE ROUGH RIDERS.

After a year of remarkable success in governing the State of New York Colonel Roosevelt went to Las Vegas, New Mexico, to attend the first reunion of his regiment.

The opening day was given over to the joy of reunion, to elaborate receptions and fireworks. The second was the anniversary of the battle of Las Guasimas and a service was held in memory of the dead. It was very impressive.

"The marvelous amount of color," says one of those who was present, "worn in this southwestern country was never better illustrated than in the gathering at the Opera House for these services. Cowboys in every kind of garb, guardsmen of the New Mexico National Guard, Rough Riders, Indians, Mexican women and children from the adobes, ranchmen in their picturesque attire, were all there, decorated with

the cavalry color, intersplashed with bands of red and blue, pink and everything else that was bright."

It was a different picture from the sober scene of a year before, when a body of men had fought their way inch by inch through the Cuban jungle with the enemy's bullets dropping about them.

But when Parson Uzzell began to preach to them the Rough Riders felt as if they were living the battle over again. In Sherman's phrase, it was "the hour when a regiment gets very near to its God."

The women who had contributed some precious life to the war sobbed outright, and the men wiped their eyes furtively. When Parson Uzzell ended his sermon by reading Kipling's *Recessional*, a deep hush fell over the audience.

Then Colonel Roosevelt arose and said:

"I have listened to Beecher and to Brooks but I have never heard the like of this before. I would ask that this sermon be printed for distribution among the Rough Riders."

Lafe Young, who had been with the regiment in Cuba, only intensified the effect of solemnity by his simple and touching tribute to the dead, which followed the sermon. At the close he pronounced the benediction:

"May the God of Isaac and Jacob, of Cromwell and Milton, of Washington and Lincoln, be with and preserve this republic and its people."

The "amen" of the vast audience was like the voice of the nation answering.

In the afternoon all the interest centered about the presentation of a medal to Colonel Roosevelt and a sword to the gallant Major Brodie, given by the Rough Riders and the citizens of New Mexico.

Hon. Frank Springer presented the medal to the Colonel and made a ringing speech which caused every Rough Rider to thrill and tingle with pride in his birthright as American citizen.

"The mighty fact," Mr. Springer said, "which the year 1898 brought forth was not the glory of war, which added to the annals of our victorious arms the names of Manila and Santiago. It was not that our armies were valiant or our navy invincible, for these facts are not new to our history. But it is that now after a century of internal dissension—the fruit of antagonistic interests and discordant elements—the nation has been born again and that there is realized in fact that grand ideal set before us in the admonitions of Washington, the exhortations of Webster and the yearnings of the patient and farseeing Lincoln—a complete and perfect union.

"Of this transcendent fact the most splendid witness was that band of heroes whose survivors have assembled to meet you here to-day. As if to furnish the world a living proof of this new birth among the nations, they came together under the magic of your name—the most remarkable body of men that ever followed the American flag." . . .

"Men from every section, of every race, calling and condition, Protestant, Catholic and Jew, American and Indian, the millionaire and the breadwinner, the cowpuncher and the dude, from East to West, and from North to South they gathered, sons of rebel and Yankee alike to march in ranks of war against a foreign foe, the very incarnation of the American people. When they planted our glorious emblem upon the bloody heights of San Juan, where all the world might see, they set the symbol of a reunited people."

A few hours afterward the regiment dispersed for the second time. But its soldiers carried to the four corners of the country the inspiration of that meeting. However far they may be separated in place and thought, the name of Roosevelt will bridge the distance, and the words of Kipling's mighty war song will be to them as a password into that strange and wonderful experience of war and battle which they shared together.

CHAPTER XXII.

SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR—SUMMARY OF EVENTS.

We now give a brief but comprehensive summary of the events of the war.

APRIL, 1899.

April 7. Several diplomatic officials of Great Britain, Germany, France, Austria, Italy and Russia, met the President at the White House bearing a message of friendship and peace. The collective note of the great powers was replied to by the President in fitting terms.

April 10. The Spanish Minister presented the final plea of his Government for peace to Mr. Day, the assistant secretary of state.

April 11. President McKinley sent his war message to Congress.

April 19. Congress passed a joint resolution by a vote of 42 yeas to 35 nays in the Senate, and of 319 yeas to 6 nays in the House of Representatives, declaring war against Spain.

April 20. The President approved the resolution.

April 21. General Woodford, Minister to Spain, received his passports from the Spanish Government.

April 22. Blockading proclamation issued. It was also on this date that the first gun of the war was fired by the gunboat Nashville in capturing the first prize of the war, the Buena Ventura.

April 23. The President called for 125,000 volunteers for service during two years.

April 24. Spain issued a decree that war existed with the United States.

April 25. War formally declared by Congress against Spain.

April 27. First battle of the war was fought off Matanzas by Admiral Sampson with the New York, the Puritan and the Cincinnati.

April 29. Cervera's fleet sailed for Cuba.

April 30. The battleship Oregon arrived at Rio de Janeiro from San Francisco.

MAY.

May 1. Admiral Dewey destroyed the entire Spanish fleet under Admiral Montojo in the Bay of Manila.

May 2. Commodore Dewey cut the cable connections between Manila and Hong Kong and took possession of the naval station at Cavite.

May 4. The vessels of Rear Admiral Sampson's fleet sailed from Key West.

May 6. The French steamer La Fayette was captured as a blockade runner.

May 7. Commodore Dewey was promoted to be Rear Admiral and given the thanks of Congress.

May 11. Naval encounter at Cardenas resulting in the death of Ensign Bagley.

May 12. First fight on Cuban soil in attempting to land supplies. Part of the fleet under Admiral Sampson bombarded the batteries defending San Juan, Porto Rico.

May 13. The "Flying Squadron" under Commodore Schley sailed from Hampton Roads.

May 15. The entire Spanish Cabinet resigned.

May 16. General Merritt was assigned to the new department of the Pacific, including the Philippines.

May 18. The cruiser Charleston, Captain Glass, sailed from San Francisco for the Philippines.

May 19. Cervera's fleet arrived in the bay of Santiago de Cuba.

May 21. The monitor Monterey was ordered to Manila.

May 23. The 1st California regiment embarked on the City of Peking for Manila.

May 25. The President called for 75,000 additional volunteers.

May 26. The Oregon arrived at Key West.

May 30. Commodore Schley sent a dispatch that he had seen Cervera's fleet in the bay of Santiago de Cuba.

JUNE.

June 1. Admiral Sampson joined Commodore Schley and took command of the united American fleets, composed of sixteen warships, off Santiago de Cuba.

June 3. The Merrimac was sunk in the mouth of the Santiago harbor and Hobson was taken prisoner with the seven brave men who volunteered to accompany him.

June 6. Ten ships bombarded the batteries at Santiago de Cuba.

June 7. The French cable was cut in Guantanamo Bay.

June 10. Six hundred United States marines were landed at Caimanera, near Guantanamo and located at Camp McCalla.

June 11 and 12. Fighting took place at Camp McCalla.

June 13. Camara's fleet sailed from Spain. A portion of the first military expedition left Tampa, Florida, for Santiago de Cuba.

June 14. Spanish troops were pursued by scouting parties of marines and Cubans on Guantanamo bay; 200 Spaniards killed and wounded.

June 15. The Texas, Marblehead and Suwanee bombarded the forts at Caimanera.

June 16. Forts at Santiago were again bombarded by Sampson's fleet.

June 18. Admiral Camara's fleet arrived at Cartagena.

June 20. United States troopships arrived at Santiago de Cuba.

June 21 and 22. The American army under General Shafter landed at Daiquiri and Siboney from the troopships.

June 22. The auxiliary cruiser St. Paul destroyed the Spanish torpedo boat Terror.

June 23. The monitor Monadnock sailed for Manila.

June 24. General Young and the Rough Riders attack the Spaniards at La Guasimas, near Sevilla. Hamilton Fish, Jr., and Captain A. K. Capron were killed.

June 25. The Americans under General Chaffee occupied Sevilla.

June 26. The advance American forces reached San Juan, four miles distant from Santiago.

June 27. The third Manila expedition, commanded by General Arthur MacArthur, sailed from San Francisco.

June 28. President McKinley issued proclamation extending the blockade further of Cuban ports.

June 29. Major-General Merritt sailed for the Philippines from San Francisco. General Snyder's division of troops sailed for Santiago de Cuba, from Tampa.

June 30. The Cruiser Charleston, with three transports, arrived in Manila bay.

JULY.

July 1 and 2. General Lawton, General Kent, General Chaffee, General Young, Colonel Roosevelt, with Grimes, Capron and other brave

officers and men, take the heights of El Caney and San Juan, overlooking Santiago de Cuba. The American losses in the two days' engagement were: Officers killed, 23; men, 208. Officers wounded, 80; men, 1,203. Missing, 81 men.

July 3. Destruction of Cervera's fleet.

July 4. Truce established between the contending forces.

July 5. General Toral refused to surrender the city. The truce was extended.

July 6. Lieutenant Hobson and his men exchanged.

July 7. An extension of armistice was granted.

July 8. The Concord and the Raleigh, of Admiral Dewey's squadron, took possession of Isla Grande in Subig bay, on the island of Luzon.

July 9. General Miles sailed from Charleston on the Yale for Santiago de Cuba. General Toral offered to surrender if his troops were permitted to march out with their arms. The proposal was not accepted.

July 11. General Miles arrived at Santiago de Cuba, and conferred with General Shafter. Firing was resumed against the Spanish defenses.

July 14. General Toral agreed to surrender.

July 15. The fourth Manila expedition sailed from San Francisco, under General Otis, with 1,700 troops.

July 16. Admiral Cervera and the officers captured from his fleet arrived at Annapolis as prisoners of war.

July 17. The City of Santiago de Cuba formally surrendered to General Shafter.

July 18. President McKinley issued his proclamation regarding the government of Santiago de Cuba.

July 25. General Miles landed in Porto Rico, near Ponce.

July 26. Spain proposed peace through the French Ambassador, M. Jules Cambon.

July 27. The American forces advanced against Yauco, in Porto Rico.

July 28. General Brooke sailed with his command from Newport News for Porto Rico.

July 29. The American forces moved towards Malate on the road to Manila.

July 30. The President transmitted to Spain a statement regarding the basis of peace.

July 31. Battle of Malate between the Americans and Spanish near Cavite and Manila.

AUGUST.

Aug. 1. The American troops in Porto Rico moved toward San Juan, General Miles having joined Generals Brooke and Schwan.

Aug. 5. The town of Guayama, in Porto Rico, was captured after a slight engagement by the Fourth Ohio and the Third Illinois Regiments.

Aug. 7. Admiral Dewey and General Merritt demanded the surrender of Manila. The demand was refused.

Aug. 8. A skirmish took place near Guayama, Porto Rico. Five soldiers of the Fourth Ohio were wounded.

Aug. 9. The town of Coamo, Porto Rico, was captured. Spain's reply to the peace proposition was presented to the President.

Aug. 10. Secretary Day and M. Jules Cambon agreed on the terms of a protocol to be sent to Spain for approval.

Aug. 11. A protocol suspending hostilities was signed in Washington at 4:23 p. m., M. Jules Cambon having received authority from Spain to act for it.

Aug. 13. Manila surrendered to the troops under General Merritt and Admiral Dewey.

Aug. 17. The President appointed, as commissioners to act regarding the evacuation of Cuba, Major-General James F. Wade, Rear Admiral Wm. T. Sampson, and Major-General Matthew C. Butler. For Porto Rico he named Major-General John R. Brooke, Rear Admiral Winfield S. Schley and Brigadier-General William W. Gordon.

Aug. 19. Spain appointed as commissioners for Cuba, Major-General Gonzales Parrade, Rear Admiral Pastor y Landere and Marquis Montoro. For Porto Rico, Major-General Ortega y Diaz, Commodore Vallarino y Carrasco and Judge-Advocate Sanchez Aguila y Leon.

Aug. 20. A grand naval parade was held in New York, in which the New York, Brooklyn, Massachusetts, Indiana, Texas, Oregon and Iowa participated.

SEPTEMBER.

Sept. 9. President McKinley appointed as peace commissioners William R. Day of Ohio, Senators William P. Frye of Maine, Cushman K. Davis of Minnesota, George Gray of Delaware and Mr. Whitelaw Reid of New York.

Sept. 17. The American commissioners sailed for Paris.

Sept. 18. The Spanish government appointed as commissioners Senor Montero Rios, Senor Abarzuza, Senor Garnica, General Cerero and Senor Villarrutia.

Sept. 20. The evacuation of Porto Rico was begun.

Sept. 21. Mustering out of volunteers ordered to begin at once.

Sept. 24. Much criticism having been made in various directions regarding the conduct of the war, the President appointed a Commission of Investigation, which convened on this day at Washington. The commission was composed of the following persons: Major-General Grenville M. Dodge of Iowa, Colonel J. A. Sexton of Illinois, Captain E. P. Howell of Georgia, Major-General J. M. Wilson, chief of engineers of the United States army; the Hon. Charles Denby of Indiana, late minister to China; ex-Governor Urban A. Woodbury of Vermont, ex-Governor James A. Beaver of Pennsylvania, Major-General A. McD. McCook of the army (retired), Dr. Phineas S. Connor of Cincinnati. General Dodge was elected chairman of the commission.

THE TREATY OF PARIS.

On Christmas Eve, 1898, the Peace Commission delivered to the President of the United States a copy of the treaty of peace drawn up and signed in the city of Paris, December 10th, 1898. By this treaty, Spain lost her sovereignty over Cuba and ceded to the United States the Island of Porto Rico and her other possessions in the West Indies, the Island of Guam in the Ladrones, and all her possessions in the Philippines.

The Spanish commissioners asked an indemnity for the expense Spain had incurred in the war with the Filipinos.

As a compromise of this claim, the United States agreed to pay Spain \$20,000,000 within three months after the ratification of the treaty.

In the United States the ratification of the treaty was bitterly opposed in many quarters, and it was not until February 6th, 1899, that the Senate voted its approval.

Its action was accelerated, no doubt, by the fact that the Filipinos had attacked the American forces at Manila on February 5th, and although a brilliant victory had been won by our troops, several of the brave soldiers had been killed and wounded. The American spirit at home was thoroughly aroused. Patriotism arose above party. Republicans, Democrats, Populists and Silverites voted to sustain the government by a vote of 57 to 27.

COST OF THE WAR IN 1898 TO BOTH NATIONS.

Cost to Spain.

Although we have not official figures concerning the losses of the Spaniards, the following may be considered a very good estimate:

Loss of Territory.

	Area in sq. Miles.	Population.	Financial value.
Cuba	41,655	1,631,687	\$300,000,000
Philippines	114,650	7,670,000	450,000,000
Porto Rico	3,670	813,937	150,000,000
Caroline and Sulu Islands....		111,000	

These are unimportant, except for naval stations.

Cost of War.....	\$ 125,000,000
Loss of Commerce.....	20,000,000
Thirty Ships Lost.....	30,000,000
Total Financial Loss.....	\$1,075,000,000

Loss of Life.

Killed	2,500
Wounded	3,000

Cost to the United States.

Over against the enormous losses by Spain we find ours to be the following:

Battleship Maine.....	\$ 2,500,000
Cost of War	200,000,000
Indemnity to Spain.....	20,000,000
Total	\$222,000,000

Loss of Life.

Battleship Maine	266
Killed in action (about).....	253
Wounded (about)	1,324
Died in Camp (about).....	2,000
Total	3,833

These figures do not include those who died after being mustered out.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE PHILIPPINE QUESTION.

The best possible presentation of the whole Philippine question is that given by President McKinley in his message to Congress, December 5, 1899. It is succinct, comprehensive and historical.

THE TREATY OF PEACE.

On the 10th of December, 1898, the treaty of peace between the United States and Spain was signed. It provided, among other things, that Spain should cede to the United States the archipelago known as the Philippine islands, that the United States should pay to Spain the sum of \$20,000,000 and that the civil rights and political status of the native inhabitants of the territories thus ceded to the United States should be determined by the congress.

The treaty was ratified by the senate on the 6th of February, 1899, and by the government of Spain on the 19th of March following. The ratifications were exchanged on the 11th of April, and the treaty publicly proclaimed. On the 2d of March the congress voted the sum contemplated by the treaty and the amount was paid over to the Spanish government on the 1st of May.

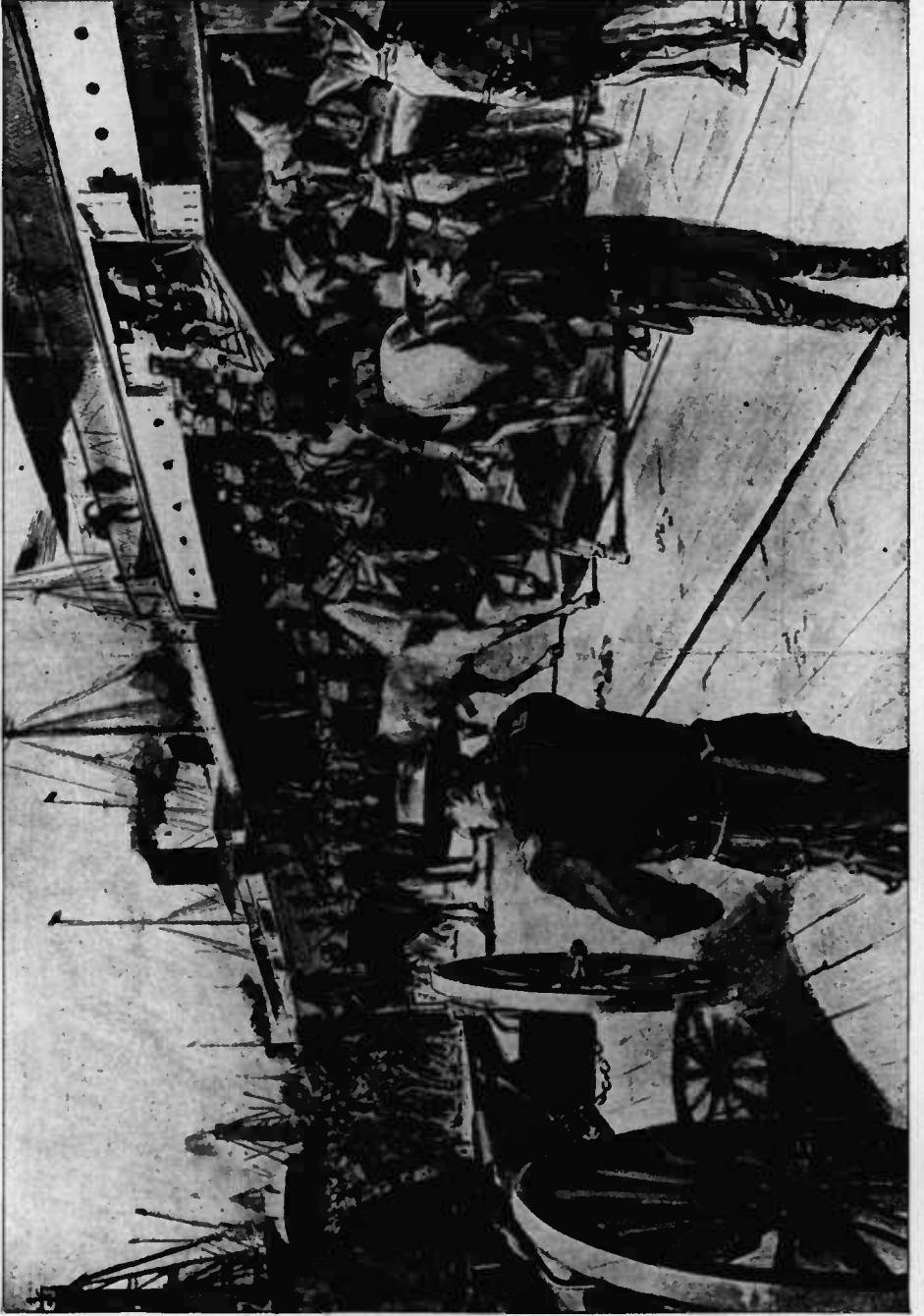
In this manner the Philippines came to the United States. The islands were ceded by the government of Spain, which had been in undisputed possession of them for centuries. They were accepted not merely by our authorized commissioners in Paris, under the direction of the executive, but by the constitutional and well-considered action of the representatives of the people of the United States in both houses of congress.

I had every reason to believe, and I still believe, that this transfer of sovereignty was in accordance with the wishes and the aspirations of the great mass of the Filipino people, not to make war.

From the earliest moment no opportunity was lost of assuring the people of the islands of our ardent desire for their welfare and of the intention of this government to do everything possible to advance their interests. In my order of the 19th of May, 1898, the commander of the military expedition dispatched to the Philippines was instructed to



AGUINALDO, THE INSURGENT LEADER
OF THE FILIPINOS



UNITED STATES TROOPS EMBARKING AT SAN FRANCISCO FOR THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

declare that we came not to make war upon the people of that country, "nor upon any party or faction among them, but to protect them in their homes, in their employments, and in their personal and religious rights."

THERE TO PRESERVE PEACE.

That there should be no doubt as to the paramount authority there, on the 17th of August it was directed that "there must be no joint occupation with the insurgents;" that the United States must preserve the peace and protect persons and property within the territory occupied by their military and naval forces; that the insurgents and all others must recognize the military occupation and authority of the United States.

As early as December 4, before the cession, and in anticipation of that event, the commander in Manila was urged to restore peace and tranquillity and to undertake the establishment of beneficent government, which should afford the fullest security for life and property.

On December 21, after the treaty was signed, the commander of the forces of occupation was instructed "to announce and proclaim in the most public manner that we come, not as invaders and conquerors, but as friends to protect the natives in their homes, in their employments, and in their personal and religious rights."

On the same day, while ordering General Otis to see that the peace should be preserved in Iloilo, he was admonished that: "It is most important that there should be no conflict with the insurgents." On the 1st day of January, 1899, urgent orders were reiterated that the kindly intentions of this government should be in every possible way communicated to the insurgents.

THE PHILIPPINE COMMISSION.

On January 21 I announced my intention of dispatching to Manila a commission composed of three gentlemen of the highest character and distinction, thoroughly acquainted with the orient, who, in association with Admiral Dewey and Major-General Otis, were instructed to "facilitate the most humane and effective extension of authority throughout the islands, and to secure with the least possible delay the benefits of a wise and generous protection of life and property to the inhabitants."

These gentlemen were Dr. Jacob Gould Schurman, president of Cornell University; Hon. Charles Denby, for many years minister to

China, and Prof. Dean C. Worcester of the University of Michigan, who had made a most careful study of life in the Philippines.

While the treaty of peace was under consideration in the senate these commissioners set out on their mission of good will and liberation. Their character was a sufficient guaranty of the beneficent purpose with which they went, even if they had not borne the positive instructions of this government, which made their errand pre-eminently one of peace and friendship.

BLAMES PHILIPPINE LEADERS.

But before their arrival at Manila the sinister ambition of a few leaders of the Filipinos had created a situation full of embarrassments for us and most grievous in its consequences to themselves. The clear and impartial preliminary report of the commissioners, which I transmit herewith, gives so lucid and comprehensive a history of the present insurrectionary movement that the story need not be here repeated. It is enough to say that the claim of the rebel leader that he was promised independence by any officer of the United States in return for his assistance has no foundation in fact and is categorically denied by the very witnesses who were called to prove it. The most the insurgent leader hoped for when he came back to Manila was the liberation of the islands from Spanish control, which they had been laboring for years without success to throw off.

THE AMBITION OF AGUINALDO.

The prompt accomplishment of this work by the American army and navy gave him other ideas and ambitions, and insidious suggestions from various quarters perverted the purposes and intentions with which he had taken up arms. No sooner had our army captured Manila than the Filipino forces began to assume the attitude of suspicion and hostility which the utmost efforts of our officers and troops were unable to disarm or modify.

Their kindness and forbearance were taken as a proof of cowardice. The aggressions of the Filipinos continually increased, until finally, just before the time set by the senate of the United States for a vote upon the treaty, an attack, evidently prepared in advance, was made all along the American lines, which resulted in a terribly destructive and sanguinary repulse of the insurgents.

ORDER FOR A MASSACRE.

Ten days later an order of the insurgent government was issued to its adherents who had remained in Manila, of which General Otis justly observes that "for barbarous intent it is unequaled in modern times."

It directs that at 8 o'clock on the night of the 15th of February, the territorial militia shall come together in the streets of San Pedro, armed with their bolos, with guns and ammunition, where convenient; that Filipino families only shall be respected; but that all other individuals, of whatever race they may be, shall be exterminated without any compassion, after the extermination of the army of occupation, and adds:

"Brothers, we must avenge ourselves on the Americans and exterminate them, that we may take our revenge for the infamies and treacheries which they have committed upon us. Have no compassion upon them; attack with vigor."

A copy of this fell, by good fortune, into the hands of our officers, and they were able to take measures to control the rising, which was actually attempted on the night of February 22, a week later than was originally contemplated.

Considerable numbers of armed insurgents entered the city by waterways and swamps, and in concert with confederates inside attempted to destroy Manila by fire. They were kept in check during the night and the next day driven out of the city with heavy loss.

WHAT THE COMMISSIONERS FOUND.

This was the unhappy condition of affairs which confronted our commissioners on their arrival in Manila. They had come with the hope and intention of co-operating with Admiral Dewey and Major-General Otis in establishing peace and order in the archipelago and the largest measure of self-government compatible with the true welfare of the people. What they actually found can best be set forth in their own words:

"Deplorable as war is, the one in which we are now engaged was unavoidable to us. We were attacked by a bold, adventurous, and enthusiastic army. No alternative was left to us, except ignominious retreat.

"It is not to be conceived of that any American would have sanctioned the surrender of Manila to the insurgents. Our obligations to other nations and to the friendly Filipinos and to ourselves and our flag

demanded that force should be met with force. Whatever the future of the Philippines may be, there is no course open to us now except the prosecution of the war until the insurgents are reduced to submission. The commission is of the opinion that there has been no time since the destruction of the Spanish squadron by Admiral Dewey when it was possible to withdraw our forces from the islands, either with honor to ourselves or with safety to the inhabitants."

THE REBELLION MUST BE PUT DOWN.

The course thus clearly indicated has been unflinchingly pursued. The rebellion must be put down. Civil government cannot be thoroughly established until order is restored. With a devotion and gallantry worthy of its most brilliant history the army, ably and loyally assisted by the navy, has carried on this unwelcome but most righteous campaign with richly deserved success.

The noble self-sacrifice with which our soldiers and sailors, whose terms of service had expired, refused to avail themselves of their right to return home as long as they were needed at the front, forms one of the brightest pages in our annals.

Although their operations have been somewhat interrupted and checked by a rainy season of unusual violence and duration, they have gained ground steadily in every direction, and now look forward confidently to a speedy completion of their task.

WORK OF RECONSTRUCTION.

The unfavorable circumstances connected with an active campaign have not been permitted to interfere with the equally important work of reconstruction. Again I invite your attention to the report of the commissioners for the interesting and encouraging details of the work already accomplished in the establishment of peace and order and the inauguration of self-governing municipal life in many portions of the archipelago.

GOVERNMENT ESTABLISHED IN NEGROS.

A notable beginning has been made in the establishment of a government in the island of Negros, which is deserving of special consideration. This was the first island to accept American sovereignty. Its people unreservedly proclaimed allegiance to the United States and

adopted a constitution looking to the establishment of a popular government.

It was impossible to guarantee to the people of Negros that the constitution so adopted should be the ultimate form of government. Such a question, under the treaty with Spain, and in accordance with our own constitution and laws, came exclusively within the jurisdiction of congress. The government actually set up by the inhabitants of Negros eventually proved unsatisfactory to the natives themselves. A new system was put into force by order of the major-general commanding the department, of which the following are the most important elements:

It was ordered that the government of the island of Negros should consist of a military governor appointed by the United States military governor of the Philippines, and a civil governor, and an advisory council elected by the people. The military governor was authorized to appoint secretaries of the treasury, interior, agriculture, public instruction, an attorney-general, and an auditor. The seat of government was fixed at Bacolor.

The military governor exercises the supreme executive power. He is to see that the laws are executed, appoint to office, and fill all vacancies in office not otherwise provided for, and may, with the approval of the military governor of the Philippines, remove any officer from office.

The civil governor advises the military governor on all public civil questions and presides over the advisory council. He in general performs the duties which are performed by secretaries of state in our own system of government.

The advisory council consists of eight members elected by the people within territorial limits which are defined in the order of the commanding general.

VOTING IN NEGROS.

The times and places of holding elections are to be fixed by the military governor of the island of Negros. The qualifications of voters are as follows:

1. A voter must be a male citizen of the island of Negros.
2. Of the age of 21 years.
3. He shall be able to speak, read, and write the English, Spanish, or Visayan language, or he must own real property worth \$500, or pay a rental on real property of the value of \$1,000.
4. He must have resided in the island not less than one year preceding, and in the district in which he offers to register as a voter not less than three

months immediately preceding the time he offers to register. 5. He must register at a time fixed by law before voting. 6. Prior to such registration he shall have paid all taxes due by him to the government; provided, that no insane person shall be allowed to register or vote.

The military governor has the right to veto all bills or resolutions adopted by the advisory council, and his veto is final if not disapproved by the military governor of the Philippines.

The advisory council discharges all the ordinary duties of a legislature. The usual duties pertaining to said offices are to be performed by the secretaries of the treasurer, interior, agriculture, public instruction, the attorney-general, and the auditor.

The judicial power is vested in three judges, who are to be appointed by the military governor of the island. Inferior courts are to be established.

Free public schools are to be established throughout the populous districts of the island, in which the English language shall be taught, and this subject will receive the careful consideration of the advisory council.

The burden of government must be distributed equally and equitably among the people. The military authorities will collect and receive the customs revenue and will control postal matters and Philippine inter-island trade and commerce.

The military governor, subject to the approval of the military governor of the Philippines, determines all questions not specifically provided for and which do not come under the jurisdiction of the advisory council.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT SULU.

The authorities of the Sulu islands have accepted the succession of the United States to the rights of Spain, and our flag floats over that territory. On the 10th of August, 1899, Brigadier-General J. C. Bates, United States Volunteers, negotiated an agreement with the sultan and his principal chiefs, which I transmit herewith. By article 1, the sovereignty of the United States over the whole archipelago of Jolo and its dependencies is declared and acknowledged.

The United States flag will be used in the archipelago and its dependencies, on land and sea. Piracy is to be suppressed, and the sultan agrees to co-operate heartily with the United States authorities to that end and to make every possible effort to arrest and bring to justice all persons engaged in piracy.

All trade in domestic products of the archipelago of Jolo when carried on with any part of the Philippine islands and under the American flag shall be free, unlimited and undutiable. The United States will give full protection to the sultan in case any foreign nation should attempt to impose upon him.

The United States will not sell the island of Jolo or any other island of the Jolo archipelago to any foreign nation without the consent of the sultan. Salaries for the sultan and his associates in the administration of the islands have been agreed upon to the amount of \$760 monthly.

FREEDOM OF SLAVES IN JOLO.

Article X provides that any slave in the archipelago of Jolo shall have the right to purchase freedom by paying to his master the usual market value. The agreement by General Bates was made subject to confirmation by the president and to future modifications by the consent of the parties in interest. I have confirmed said agreement, subject to the action of the congress, and with the reservation which I have directed shall be communicated to the sultan of Jolo, that this agreement is not to be deemed in any way to authorize or give the consent of the United States to the existence of slavery in the Sulu archipelago. I communicate these facts to the congress for its information and action.

WINNING THE FILIPINOS.

Everything indicates that with the speedy suppression of the Tagalo rebellion life in the archipelago will soon resume its ordinary course under the protection of our sovereignty, and the people of those favored islands will enjoy a prosperity and a freedom which they have never before known.

Already hundreds of schools are open and filled with children.

Religious freedom is sacredly assured and enjoyed.

The courts are dispensing justice.

Business is beginning to circulate in its accustomed channels.

Manila, whose inhabitants were fleeing to the country a few months ago, is now a populous and thriving mart of commerce.

The earnest and unremitting endeavors of the commission and the admiral and major-general commanding the department of the Pacific to assure the people of the beneficent intentions of this government

have had their legitimate effect in convincing the great mass of them that peace and safety and prosperity and staple government can only be found in a loyal acceptance of the authority of the United States.

FUTURE GOVERNMENT OF THE PHILIPPINES RESTS WITH CONGRESS.

The future government of the Philippines rests with the congress of the United States. Few graver responsibilities have ever been confided to us.

If we accept them in a spirit worthy of our race and our traditions, a great opportunity comes with them. The islands lie under the shelter of our flag. They are ours by every title of law and equity. They can not be abandoned.

If we desert them we leave them at once to anarchy and finally to barbarism. We fling them, a golden apple of discord, among the rival powers, no one of which could permit another to seize them unquestioned. Their rich plains and valleys would be the scene of endless strife and bloodshed.

The advent of Dewey's fleet in Manila bay instead of being, as we hope, the dawn of a new day of freedom and progress, will have been the beginning of an era of misery and violence worse than any which has darkened their unhappy past.

The suggestion has been made that we could renounce our authority over the islands and, giving them independence, could retain a protectorate over them.

A PROTECTORATE NOT DESIRABLE.

This proposition will not be found, I am sure, worthy of your serious attention. Such an arrangement would involve at the outset a cruel breach of faith. It would place the peaceable and loyal majority, who ask nothing better than to accept our authority, at the mercy of the minority of armed insurgents. It would make us responsible for the acts of the insurgent leaders and give us no power to control them. It would charge us with the task of protecting them against each other, and defending them against any foreign power with which they chose to quarrel. In short, it would take from the congress of the United States the power of declaring war and vest that tremendous prerogative in the Tagal leader of the hour.

NO RECOMMENDATION FOR A FINAL FORM OF GOVERNMENT.

It does not seem desirable that I should recommend at this time a specific and final form of government for these islands. When peace shall be restored it will be the duty of congress to construct a plan of government which shall establish and maintain freedom and order and peace in the Philippines.

The insurrection is still existing, and when it terminates further information will be required as to the actual condition of affairs before inaugurating a permanent scheme of civil government. The full report of the commission, now in preparation, will contain information and suggestions which will be of value to congress, and which I will transmit as soon as it is completed. As long as the insurrection continues the military arm must necessarily be supreme. But there is no reason why steps should not be taken from time to time to inaugurate governments essentially popular in their form as fast as territory is held or controlled by our troops.

MAY SEND BACK THE COMMISSION.

To this end I am considering the advisability of the return of the commission, or such of the members thereof as can be secured, to aid the existing authorities and facilitate this work throughout the islands.

I have believed that reconstruction should not begin by the establishment of one central civil government for all the islands, with its seat at Manila, but rather that the work should be commenced by building up from the bottom, first establishing municipal governments and then provincial governments, a central government at last to follow.

WILL UPHOLD THE SOVEREIGNTY OF THE UNITED STATES.

Until congress shall have made known the formal expression of its will I shall use the authority vested in me by the constitution and the statutes to uphold the sovereignty of the United States in these distant islands as in all other places where our flag rightfully floats.

I shall put at the disposal of the army and navy all the means which the liberality of congress and the people have provided to cause this unprovoked and wasteful insurrection to cease.

If any orders of mine were required to insure the merciful conduct of military and naval operations, they would not be lacking, but every

step of the progress of our troops has been marked by a humanity which has surprised even the misguided insurgents.

KINDNESS TO FILIPINOS IS IN THE DEFEAT OF AGUINALDO.

The truest kindness to them will be a swift and effective defeat of their present leader. The hour of victory will be the hour of clemency and reconstruction.

No effort will be spared to build up the waste places desolated by war and by long years of misgovernment. We shall not wait for the end of strife to begin the beneficent work. We shall continue, as we have begun, to open the schools and the churches, to set the courts in operation, to foster industry, and trade, and agriculture, and in every way in our power to make these people whom Providence has brought within our jurisdiction feel that it is their liberty and not our power, their welfare and not our gain, we are seeking to enhance.

OUR FLAG EVER WAVES IN BLESSING.

Our flag has never waved over any community but in blessing. I believe the Filipinos will soon recognize the fact that it has not lost its gift of benediction in its world-wide journey to their shores.



UNITED STATES VOLUNTEER IN FULL MARCHING ORDER.



GENERAL FREDERICK FUNSTON
FAMOUS FOR HIS CHARGE ON THE TRENCHES OF THE INSURGENTS

CHAPTER XXIV.

FREDERICK FUNSTON.

Like many other men of prominence in our day Frederick Funston is a native of the State of Ohio. He was born in New Castle, county of Clark, on November 9th, 1865. His grandfather, Frederick Funston, was Scotch-Irish and had come to this country in 1800, settling in Paris, Kentucky, from whence he removed to Clark county, Ohio. In 1823 he married Julia Stafford, a Virginian by birth. Among the children of this marriage is Edward Hogan Funston, born September 16th, 1836, who is the father of General Frederick Funston. After his school life in New Castle Academy and Marietta College he devoted his time to farming until the Civil War, when he went to the front as senior second lieutenant in a battery of artillery. Just before his regiment went south he married the cousin of his Captain, Miss Ann E. Mitchell, of Ohio. Her father was a Virginian by birth and her great-grandmother was a sister of Daniel Boone. With such blood in his veins it is not strange that the martial spirit of the war for the Union should live and show itself in the present generation.

After an honorable war record Edward Funston returned home and shortly afterward removed to Allen county, Kansas. He has served his State for four terms in the Legislature, and for eleven years as representative from the Second Kansas district in the national Congress. Ex-Congressman Funston is quite a contrast to his son Frederick, in physique. The father is almost a giant; while the son strongly resembles his mother in his diminutive stature of five feet four inches, and his wiry constitution. General Funston is so erect and well proportioned, so quick in step and gesture that one would not guess that he weighed less than one hundred pounds. Nor has his stature and frame dwarfed his ambition and attainments.

EARLY LIFE.

Born on a Kansas prairie and trained in the practical schools of poverty, young Funston started out in life with a large capital consisting of brains and perseverance.

This plucky little Westerner did not come into the world to be the victim of circumstances, on the contrary, he rides fearlessly to the front, driving the enemy before him, and snatching victory from the very jaws of defeat.

He left the Kansas farm where he was born while still in his teens and went to Mexico, where he picked up a knowledge of Spanish which he found useful some years later.

SERVICES IN THE AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT.

As a college boy at Lawrence young Funston was not brilliant nor dull. He was restless, enthusiastic and intelligent and soon took great interest in the department under Dr. Snow, now chancellor of the University, which has sent out hundreds of expeditions in its researches in the realm of natural history. As a student Funston joined many of these collecting expeditions and became familiar with the camp and trail, so that before he left school he was an expert in work of this character.

He was not an extraordinary boy except in his willingness to do all the work desired of him on the farm and in the home, and his voracious appetite for books and papers, which he devoured during his leisure hours when the farm work was done. He thus stored his mind with facts of all kinds, which often served him and others well. Often his father relied on him for the data and statistics of his campaign speeches, and on one occasion, in the rush of a heated campaign he came to his son's bedside, waked him and asked him for England's attitude toward her colonies in the wool-growing trade. Without hesitation he gave the facts and cited the books where the information could be confirmed.

UNIVERSITY LIFE.

In his early twenties he entered the State University. This was fourteen years ago, and he remained here a goodly portion of his time for five years. The vacations were sometimes long, for he was compelled to earn the money which he invested in mental culture.

During these enforced vacations he seemed to be willing to do almost anything that would bring a good financial reward. In 1888 he became a Santa Fe train collector, and at different times his route lay all the way from Kansas City to Albuquerque, and even south to the Gulf of Mexico. His duties on the Santa Fe sometimes included that of "train

bouncer" as well as collector, and he was often placed in positions where his pluck and courage stood him in good stead, and compensated very largely for his lack of physical development.

Another method to which he resorted to pay his expenses at the university was newspaper work. With the audacity of the typical American boy, he went into the office of a Kansas City paper and coolly asked for a position as a reporter, though he knew scarcely anything of the work which would be required of him. The editor consented to let him try, and found that "good stuff" was furnished for his columns.

Funston is an easy writer and his work has appeared in some of the leading periodicals, but he was not a brilliant scholar and never received a high mark in his class work. His uncontrollable spirit of fun, which helps so largely in making life endurable under adverse circumstances, made his presence at the university more or less of a cross to the faculty, and some of his professors still bear the nicknames which he was the first to apply to them.

It is to be feared that he spent more time in reading the poetry and fiction which he found in the university library than he did with his text books, but his farm work had been of good service in various forms of manual training, and he had made himself familiar with all the fire-arms in the country store.

He seemed to have a natural liking for nuts and bolts, and his knowledge of machinery served a good purpose when he was made a commandant of artillery under Garcia.

FUNSTON'S STUDENT DAYS.

INTERESTING REMINISCENCES OF HIS COLLEGE LIFE.

"I went to school with Fred Funston," said Mr. C. P. Ames of Lincoln, Nebraska. "We were fellow scholars at the old Lawrence university at Lawrence, Kan., in 1884. Fred was about nineteen then. So I take it that he is now in the neighborhood of thirty-four. I entered the freshman class when he was a junior, but class lines were not very distinctly drawn then socially, and we got to be great friends. As I remember him in those days he was a thin, sickly looking little fellow, homely as a rail fence and covered with freckles. He was overflowing with spirits, however, and really had a cast iron constitution.

"When Funston arrived at the university, he was given a rather severe hazing, which he took at the outset with great good nature, but when they tried to strip him for a ducking in the bathtub, which was

part of the ceremony, he wriggled loose, darted into the hall and led the whole crowd a merry chase all over the dormitory. They raised such a racket that several professors were aroused, and there was the deuce to pay generally. Anyhow, Fred was never ducked, and after that was a leader in practical jokes himself.

“One of the preceptors was very nervous, and Funston had great fun with him by pretending he had an impediment in his speech. When asked a difficult question, he would go into hideous contortions, apparently trying to get out the answer, and the professor, infuriated, would pass it on to the next. Altogether, however, he was a good student and a downright good fellow. The last time I saw him he was lecturing, just before he got his commission in the volunteers. He was doing well, but he was restless and discontented, and I am sure that he is at present in exactly his element.”

NEWSPAPER REPORTER.

After leaving the university, Funston again took up newspaper work, first at Fort Smith, and later on the Kansas City Journal. While here Funston was court reporter, and came in close contact with Judge Parker, whose record as a criminal judge has no equal. It seemed to be his mission to exterminate the desperadoes of the Indian Territory, over which he held jurisdiction. In the twenty-one and a half years that he sat as judge, he condemned to death one hundred and fifty murderers, and imprisoned a like proportion.

He was frequently in Judge Parker's library, and discussed many of the trials with him. In this way he became familiar with unruly people and learned to study the habits and customs of certain classes whose ways are incompatible with modern civilization. His newspaper work was, however, comparatively brief, and his restless spirit sought new fields of labor.

On leaving the university, he took the civil service examination, obtained a position in the Agricultural Department at Washington, under General Jeremiah Rusk, the Secretary, and was sent to Montana and the Dakotas to make a botanical collection of grasses. This unconventional life had a peculiar fascination for him, as there was a large amount of adventure to be found in occasional hunting parties which were composed mostly of cowboys. He has always enjoyed outdoor life which is more or less mixed with danger, and his boyish spirit still triumphs over the hardships of camp and battlefield. Funston after-

wards became a member of the ill-fated expedition which made the first official survey of Death Valley in Southern California. The danger of this serious undertaking can hardly be overestimated, as is shown by the fact that all of his comrades are either dead or insane.

This valley is a depression in the earth's surface, two hundred feet below the level of the sea, seventy-five miles long and comprising a thousand square miles or more. Snow-white alkali, blistered rocks, volcanic refuse, scarred and vitrified; and vast reaches of sand, scorching hot, make the physical formation. What life there is of the vegetable or animal kingdom is of the most horrid sort. Water and food there are none. Here Funston and his companions worked for nine months collecting specimens, measuring and mapping the region, occasionally going up into the neighboring mountains for a cool breath of air and recuperation. Here Funston recorded the highest temperature ever measured by a government agent; as later, in Alaska, not, however, in order to strike a good general average, he recorded the lowest.

ALASKAN EXPERIENCES.

In 1891-2 the government sent him to Alaska to make a botanical survey of a portion of the coast, and in 1893 he made a second and last trip to the far north, this time to collect and classify the flora on the banks of the Yukon.

The trail over Chilkoot Pass is familiar now to many who have toiled over the weary route, but in 1893 the way was known only to Indian guides and a few daring miners. There were two pioneer gold hunters with Funston and his Indian guides when they went up the Pass and over to the Yukon. The snow had fallen incessantly for several days, and progress through it was almost impossible. Perhaps it was little wonder that the guides "struck" one day, and the leader claimed that unless a much greater reward was forthcoming, they would return at once to the village from whence they came.

But Funston remonstrated with him most vigorously, and emphasized his remarks with a loaded Winchester held within a few feet of the Indian's face. The leader of the strike thereupon took up his load with the best grace he could, and the little party went on through the snow.

The young botanist went down the Yukon to the mouth of the Porcupine river, and up the Porcupine as far as Rampart House, which was a deserted trading post belonging to the Hudson Bay Company.

While here, his companions were a missionary by the name of Trotty, and a few books which he had carried over this terrible journey of a thousand miles—carried them in his little pack where every pound of weight became almost unendurable before the day's tramp was done.

In the midst of that long Arctic winter, the Indians brought a rumor to the effect that a whaling fleet was being crushed to pieces in the ice of the Northern sea, about two hundred miles to the northward. Then the reckless spirit of adventure got the advantage of the young man's judgment, and with an Indian for a guide, he started off on snowshoes, in the long darkness of the Arctic winter, to find the fleet. It was only two hundred miles in a direct line, it is true, but the guide lost his bearings, and they wandered nearly four hundred miles out of their way.

Their food supply was exhausted and they had decided to eat the faithful dogs of their pack train, when they met a band of Indian hunters who were carrying freshly killed moose and caribou to the ice-bound fleet.

The story of the destruction of the whaling ships had proved to be a fabrication, but when Funston arrived he was very nearly the hero of a romance, as well as a most welcome guest.

He was feasted and dined to his heart's content, while he gave the men the latest news he had from the States.

When he returned to Rampart House, his weary feet had covered a journey of nearly nine hundred miles, and he longed for home and civilization. As soon as possible he made his preparations for departure, and when the snows melted and the grasses began to grow, he came down the Porcupine to the river's mouth, and then, alone, in an open boat, he drifted slowly down the Yukon, making a botanical collection of the flora upon its banks until he reached the Behring Sea.

On his return from Alaska, Funston collected a little money by delivering lectures in Kansas. With these funds he visited Mexico and Central America in search of a location for a coffee plantation. Having selected his land, he returned home to raise the capital necessary for the enterprise. He was successful in Kansas City, but when he came to New York to interest capitalists there he was too modest and not enough of a liar to induce men to risk their money. While he was still talking coffee to New York financiers, he entered the employ of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway Company, as deputy controller, to help issue the new securities of the reorganized company, and if some of the holders will examine these certificates they will find the

signature of the hero of many adventures and battles in Cuba and Luzon.

CUBAN EXPERIENCES.

One day Funston announced that he had enlisted in the Cuban army. He packed his kit again, and sailed away in the "Dauntless." To casual acquaintances, he went to the tropics, merely as a newspaper correspondent, but to intimate friends he confided the fact that he was going to fight for Cuban independence.

His name was enrolled among Garcia's men, and very shortly he was made the commandant of artillery, but when he got into the thick of the fight, he forgot his duties as correspondent. It was only after he returned to New York, wounded and emaciated, that his newspaper instinct was again aroused, and in the winter of 1897 he again commenced literary work.

WAR EXPERIENCES.

When our war with Spain broke out, Governor Leedy made Funston a Colonel, and he was placed at the head of the Twentieth Kansas Volunteers.

When the regiment was encamped near San Francisco they were still without uniforms, and the reporters waxed merry over their unsoldierly appearance; the prairie boys were accused of verdancy and ignorance, but the truth is, there was not an illiterate man in the regiment, and nearly all of the commanding officers held degrees from colleges or universities.

FUNSTON AND THE REGULAR ARMY MEN.

A writer in Harper's Weekly tells the following anecdotes: The young Colonel knew very little of tactics, and when he was called to Tampa to consult with General Miles concerning the topography of certain portions of Cuba, he persisted in wearing civilian's clothes. When he was asked why he did not wear his uniform, he replied: "I would look pretty, wouldn't I, wearing a Colonel's rig when all around me are genuine soldiers—men who have fought their way up from the line in the regular army—men who have been in the civil war, and a score of Indian fights, and still have only the right to wear a captain's or, at most, a major's uniform. Would I let men like those salute me in my tin-soldier clothes? Well, I guess not."

SPEECHES TO THE REGIMENT.

Although he had to learn a portion of his tactics as he went along, Funston was careful in his drill, and would brook no carelessness in his men. His speeches to them were characterized by directness and simplicity; for instance, he said one day: "I have noticed that some of you are getting sloppy in your manners. When you meet a superior officer, you sort of brush a fly off your ear, and go on. Now, hereafter, you just quit brushing flies, and salute."

COMMANDANT OF ARTILLERY.

Early in his experience, Funston was given charge of a dynamite gun—the first that had been used in actual warfare. He knew very little of the big guns and nothing whatever of this one, but he looked them carefully over, took some of them apart and put them together again, and on the dynamite, he was fortunate enough to find some printed directions which had been placed there by the maker and he memorized them; when called into action he followed the directions as well as he could, but he was as much surprised as any one when he hit the Spanish fort, and the logs and debris flew around the hole he had made. In speaking of his success, he said: "No one knew that I had just finished making four or five kinds of a fool of myself, and after they had set 'em up in the other alley, we rolled 'em again."

CLOSE QUARTERS.

While at Tampa, some of the officers of the regular army questioned Funston in relation to his range with the artillery. He replied with boyish candor that he pulled his guns up within four or five hundred yards of his mark before firing. The older officers smiled, and received his stories afterward with a goodly degree of allowance.

It was long after this that some Spaniards, who were taken prisoners at Santiago, told about "a little Yankee" who was fighting under Garcia, the year before, and poked the nose of his guns so close to the fortifications that his powder burned their eyebrows. Then the army men laughed, and thought of the plucky little gunner whose story they had ridiculed.

HIS MARRIAGE.

One day Colonel Funston met a pretty California girl, and in a few days he had surrendered to Eda Blankert. He urged his suit with all the energy and persistence for which he was noted, and at the end of six weeks they were married. But the regiment was under marching orders, and the wedding trip was only a short walk, and then the bridegroom sailed away with his regiment. His bride followed him on the steamer which sailed a month later, and joined him in the Philippines.

BRAVERY OF THE KANSAS REGIMENTS.

The Kansas regiments are no better than many others who are and have been fighting under the Stars and Stripes, but they are composed of men of whom their country is justly proud, and when the contest began in the Philippines, the Twentieth Kansas was in the front of the fight. The impetuous Colonel had his men so close to the enemy that they had to be called back a thousand yards to keep the firing line straight. The regiment was the first in Caloocan and first at Malolos; but it was at the crossing of the Rio Grande river that he and his men of the Twentieth Kansas particularly distinguished themselves by effecting a crossing of the river in the very face of the enemy's trenches. The enthusiastic men were glad to follow their boyish Colonel when he asked for men to swim the river with him.

FUNSTON'S FAMOUS EXPLOIT.

The story of the wonderful daring of Funston and his heroic men is best told in his own language:

"In the advance from Malolos a conspicuous part was played by the armored train, and the infantry of Wheaton's brigade had little to do, save when a number of Montana men and one company of Kansans, under cover of fire from the armored car, advanced and occupied the bank of the Bagbag River.

Twelve men of the Kansans charged across the broken bridge while it was still under fire from the enemy, jumped into the river and swam to the other side, when all that were left of the enemy fled. The bridge was repaired by the engineers during the day, and the next day the brigade advanced to the Rio Grande de Pampanga, the second largest river in Luzon Island. It was found here that the large railroad bridge of three hundred and fifty feet span had been almost destroyed.

I obtained permission from Generals Wheaton and MacArthur to attempt to carry this bridge by assault, but was told to attempt it only with men who would volunteer for that special duty. I sent Corporal Fergus on to reconnoiter the bridge, an especially hazardous undertaking with the enemy entrenched in force at the other end.

DARING OF A CORPORAL.

He not only succeeded in reaching our end of the bridge, but, under cover of darkness, crawled along on the ironwork, where the floor of the bridge had been cleared away, to the other end, and under the insurgent outpost. He had nothing but his revolver.

He came back, and reported that at the other end of the bridge there was nothing but one steel girder three inches wide on which to walk, and this precluded the possibility of storming the bridge.

The enemy was intrenched all along the opposite bank of the river in considerable force, and had three pieces of artillery and one Maxim gun, which they used liberally, but without hurting any of us.

At noon of the 29th I concluded to attempt to force the passage of the river six hundred yards below the railroad bridge. A raft had been left on our side of the river. This we cut up into three small rafts. I again called for volunteers to swim the river. This was an extra hazardous undertaking, because the river was deep and wide, and the current strong, and where a man swam he would be exposed to the fire of the enemy intrenched all along from the bridge down to the point of crossing.

We stationed men who were known to be good shots along the south bank of the river to protect the flank, and Lieutenant Fleming brought up a Hotchkiss revolving cannon. With this we opened fire on the trenches of the enemy, sweeping the tops.

BRAVERY OF TWO VOLUNTEERS.

A number of men volunteered to swim the river, but only two were needed. These two were Privates Trembley and White. These men took a rope in their teeth and swam across the river together, reaching the shore twenty-five feet from one of the enemy's intrenchments.

They were naked and had no arms. They kept under cover of the bank as well as they could, our men on the other side firing over them in volleys and the Hotchkiss also being used. As soon as the enemy heard our two men talking they jumped up and began to run out. fifteen

leaving this trench. Some of them were shot by our men on the south bank as they ran.

Meanwhile the men could not find anything to tie the end of the rope to more convenient than one of the upright posts of the insurgent trench, so one of them worked himself up, hand over hand, and, making a noose, slipped it over the post within six feet of three armed insurgents on the other side of the trench. After the rope had been secured, we began to cross.

I never "cuss" a man unnecessarily myself, and I never allow an officer to do it. I always treat the men as if they were human beings, and they appreciate it. There is a strong regimental pride, which I have never known the regiment to break under fire, and I have not known of any individual "flunks." I have never called for volunteers for anything extraordinary or hazardous that I have not had more men than I could use.

ANOTHER BRIEF ACCOUNT.

In a private letter written by General Funston at Malolos, May 13, 1899, we have another succinct version of the stirring deed told in his characteristic style:

"I am here in town against my will, but in accordance with the very strong advice of a medical sage, nursing my left hand, which had a disagreement with a Mauser bullet, and thanking my lucky stars that it was no worse. * * *

"I suppose you would like to know about the Rio Grande affair of April 27, which seems to have brought me a brigadier's star, but it is a long story. You probably got it pretty fully in the dispatches, but as yet we do not know how correctly. General MacArthur has been good enough to say that he does not believe the feat our Kansas men performed has a parallel in the history of wars as a desperate undertaking carried through successfully absolutely without loss. It beat anything in Kipling ten times over, and gave 'The Arabian Nights' a severe shock. An attempt to portray it on the stage would be called badly overworked melodrama and utterly impossible. And this is not bragging; only giving facts.

"It was worth ten years of ordinary humdrum existence to see those forty-five Jayhawkers, after they had crossed the river on rafts, drive a thousand or more well armed men out of their elaborate intrenchments by firing into them from the rear. And you should have heard them chaff and jeer when the 'goo-goes' turned on them at 300 yards'

range a Maxim gun firing 1,200 shots a minute—and you should have seen that Maxim go out of business when our fellows turned loose on it. If the chap who worked that murderous machine had kept his nerve better there would not half a dozen of us have got out of the thing alive. * * *

“On general principles I am not an expansionist, but I believe that since we were, by an unfortunate train of circumstances, thrown into this thing, we should stay with it to the bitter end, and rawhide these bullet-headed Asiatic ruffians until they yell for mercy. And after the war I want the job of professor of American history in Luzon University, when they build it—and I’ll warrant that the new generation of Filipinos will know better than to get in the way of the band wagon of Anglo-Saxon progress and decency.

“Metcalf, the new colonel of the Twentieth, is a brave and efficient officer and will keep the regiment up to its old standard. Most of the officers of the regiment have shown up splendidly.”

INCIDENTS.

One man hailed another a short time since in Lincoln, Nebraska. He said:

“So you’re from Kansas? And you used to know Fred Funston? Well, well! Great fellow, that Funston. I wish I knew him. Inclined to be diminutive physically, I understand, and they say he has auburn hair?”

“Well, yes, I believe they do say he’s diminutive now, and mebbly auburn’s the right name fer the color of his hair; but us boys never used to call him anything but ‘Shorty’ and ‘Reddy.’”

A brave soldier lad wrote to his home at Abilene, Kansas, from Malolos as follows:

“We have taken Calumpit, and it was Colonel Funston’s fight from start to finish. After the enemy was routed General Wheaton was seen to put his arms around Colonel Funston and praise him for his good work. Funston is the best colonel in the Philippines. All the boys have such confidence in him that they would follow him anywhere.

“After we had charged the niggers and driven them back I actually was so tired I could not have moved out of the way of a bullet. Then came a heavy rain which lasted all night. Some were lucky enough to get hay to sleep on, but I slept on the bare ground. Several times I awoke in the rain and then I thought ‘this is the way father used to have to do,’ and then I would go back to sleep contented.”

GENERAL HENRY W. LAWTON.

This distinguished officer was born in Manhattan, near Toledo, Ohio, and his parents almost immediately removed to Maumee City, Ohio, where he spent his boyhood. He began his fighting career when he was 19. That was at the very beginning of the Civil War. He was enrolled at Fort Wayne, Ind., on April 18, 1861, and mustered into the service at Indianapolis five days later. His first rank was that of sergeant, and at the end of three months he was mustered out to re-enter the army as a lieutenant.

His record in the Civil War was of the first order. He was brevetted colonel "for gallant and meritorious services during the war," and in 1898 Congress—though a little tardy—voted him a medal of honor "for distinguished gallantry" in the battle of Atlanta.

The fighting he had done as a volunteer inspired him with the ambition to adopt arms as his profession. He had the advantage of youth, denied to many volunteers who wished to enter the regular service.

Young Lawton was appointed in 1866 second lieutenant of the Forty-first Infantry and full lieutenant just one year thereafter. In 1879 he was made a captain and transferred to the Fourth Cavalry. He was advanced slowly to the ranks of major, lieutenant colonel and inspector general, which post he held until the beginning of the Spanish war, when he was placed at the head of a division of volunteers which he commanded in Cuba, and with which he challenged the praise of the world by his dashing work in the Cuban campaign under General Shafter.

Hitherto his luck in battle had been marvelous. He had been in hundreds of skirmishes and midnight attacks. He was regarded as a man of action and of splendid courage, but was not considered reckless. He never exposed his men without due consideration of the risks and the stake. His men knew this and would unhesitatingly follow his lead under what seemed to be the most desperate conditions.

The Indians came to know him as the most active, vigilant, wary and determined of foes, and his pursuit and capture of Geronimo, the famous Apache chieftain, has gone down to history as one of the most remarkable campaigns ever undertaken with the small force in hand.

General Miles picked out Lawton to lead the chase after the Indian chief, and for three months, day and night, without a pause, through all sorts of vicissitudes of weather and personal suffering, Lawton hung

on the trail like a bloodhound until the game was run to earth, and for the first time in a quarter of a century southeastern Arizona was pacified.

When General Lawton went to Cuba he led the division that was the first to land on Cuban soil, and Lawton's name soon began to figure prominently in the dispatches from the front.

One of the army officers who was with the General during the Cuban campaign speaks thus of his bravery:

"On the morning of July 1, General Lawton was sent with a force of about 5,000 men to take El Caney, while the balance of the troops were to be engaged at San Juan. As dusk fell after the first day's fighting we viewed with alarm the thin blue line which surrounded San Juan.

"Many of us, tired out with the long, hot day's work, having broken camp that morning at 3 o'clock, fell asleep on the damp hillside of San Juan, trying to gain a few moments' rest before the struggle which we knew was inevitable the next day.

"Grave doubts were expressed if we could hold our position against the Spaniards, and it will be remembered that there was a consultation of officers, at which it was suggested that our troops should be withdrawn, a plan which was violently opposed by General Wheeler and others.

"About midnight we were awakened with the pleasing intelligence that General Lawton had captured El Caney with a very small loss, I think five, and that he was rapidly moving to join our right, which would be done by daybreak.

"This he accomplished, and it is doubtful save for this if our troops could have held their position. Our joy was somewhat tempered by the fact that General Lawton's loss at El Caney was much heavier than at first reported.

"A day or two after the battle, one of the officers of General Lawton's staff told me of the General's famous white helmet, which seems to have been the cause of his death near Manila. He said that during the battle of El Caney the tall form of General Lawton with his white helmet was a most conspicuous object while directing the movements of the troops.

"Then, as was afterward the case in the Philippines, he was thus a target for the enemy's bullets, but undisturbed and unprotected he stood while the bullets pattered like hail about him.

"One or two of his staff officers begged him to lie down, as he was drawing the fire of the enemy, but it never seemed to occur to him that

he would be hit, and he characteristically remarked to these officers that if any of them cared about lying down they could do so, and many of them did so while Lawton remained erect.

“And there the staff had to remain exposed to a galling fire as the enemy’s sharpshooters continued to select General Lawton’s white helmet as a mark.”

A staff officer, who was present at the occurrence, tells of the order sent by General Shafter to General Lawton to withdraw his troops from El Caney, a proceeding which would have been disastrous to our forces. He narrates that as General Lawton stood directing the troops an aide from the staff of General Shafter rode up and said:

“General Lawton, General Shafter directs you to withdraw your troops.”

“At first General Lawton was nonplussed; then, turning to the aide, he said: ‘This is too serious an order to be received verbally and I shall require it in writing from General Shafter.’ He well knew that General Shafter was eight miles in the rear and that a written order from him could not be received before the charge was ordered. This much is a matter of history, but I do not believe that the whole story has been told.

“General Lawton, knowing that the aide would soon reduce the order to writing, immediately sent orders to his officers to charge. The aide returned in about twenty minutes with the written order, having only retired a short distance to write, and he delivered it to General Lawton just as the whole American force stormed across the field in that last desperate, successful attempt to take El Caney. When he handed the written order to the General, Lawton pointed to the charging troops and said: ‘As you see, the troops have already commenced to charge. Tell General Shafter nothing can stop them now.’

“Thus the capture of El Caney was due to General Lawton’s perseverance under difficulties.”

RECORD IN THE PHILIPPINES.

On General Lawton’s arrival at Manila he relieved General Anderson, in command of the regular troops. He captured Santa Cruz, at the extreme end of the lake, near Manila, April 10. This place, which was a Filipino stronghold, fell into the hands of General Lawton’s expedition after some sharp fighting, which formed one of the most interesting battles of the war.

General Lawton and his staff accompanied the troops, sometimes

leading charges in Indian fighting tactics, which eventually resulted in the complete rout of the rebels.

The General's next hard fighting took place in his attack on San Rafael, where the American troops were met with a heavy fire from a large number of rebels who were concealed in the jungle on all sides.

Only the adoption by General Lawton of the tactics followed in Indian fighting in the United States, every man for himself, saved the division from great loss.

As usual, General Lawton was at the head of his line with his staff.

After the capture of Isidro by General Lawton, President McKinley sent him the following dispatch:

"To Otis, Manila:—Convey to General Lawton and the gallant men of his command my congratulations upon the successful operations during the past month, resulting in the capture this morning of San Isidro.
William McKinley."

It was announced June 1 that General Lawton had been placed in command of the defense of Manila and the troops forming the line around that city. Early in October General Lawton was engaged in dispersing the insurgents and cutting off the communication maintained by them between Bacoor and Imus by means of the road between those places.

He was successful in clearing the country of Filipinos and was several times under fire. He then pushed northward, captured a number of towns and drove the insurgents everywhere before him.

General Lawton and General Young arrived at Arayat October 19, with a force of about 3,000 men. He next made his headquarters at Cabanatuan and took an active part in dispersing the insurgent bands in different parts of the country.

About the middle of November the whereabouts of General Lawton and General Young, on account of the rapidity of their movements, became almost as mysterious as those of Aguinaldo. General Lawton's troops suffered considerable hardship in this series of energetic movements.

Numbers of the soldiers and even some of the officers were described as marching ahead half-naked, their clothes being torn to shreds in getting through the jungles. Hundreds of them were barefooted, and all of them were living on any sort of provisions. Bread was rare and Caracao meat and bananas were the staples.

The General was at Tayaug on December 1, his troops having captured large quantities of insurgents' supplies. Later he returned to Manila, and started to capture San Mateo. While standing in front of his troops he was shot in the breast, on December 18, 1899, and died immediately.

The sad information of the General's death was conveyed to the War Department while instructions were being carried out from the President to prepare his commission as a brigadier general in the regular army.

GENERAL LAWTON'S MESSAGE.

On Friday evening, December 22, 1899, John Barrett, Ex-United States Minister to Siam, read the following letter from General Lawton. It was written while he was at the front and but a short time before he died:

"I would to God that the whole truth of this whole Philippine situation could be known by every one in America as I know it.

"If the real history, inspiration, and conditions of this insurrection, and the influences, local and external, that now encourage the enemy, as well as the actual possibilities of these islands and peoples and their relations to this great East, could be understood at home, we would hear no more talk of unjust 'shooting of government' into the Filipinos, or of hauling down our flag in the Philippines.

"If the so-called anti-imperialists would honestly ascertain the truth on the ground and not in distant America, they, whom I believe to be honest men misinformed, would be convinced of the error of their statements and conclusions, and of the unfortunate effect of their publications here.

"If I am shot by a Filipino bullet it might as well come from one of my own men, because I know from observations, confirmed by captured prisoners, that the continuance of fighting is chiefly due to reports that are sent out from America."

MAJOR JOHN A. LOGAN.

This gallant officer, whose father was the famous General John A. Logan, the typical volunteer soldier and the idol of the troops whom he commanded, and whose surviving mother, Mrs. Mary S. Logan, is revered by every Grand Army veteran, was killed in action in the Philippines Nov. 11, 1899.

The story of his sad death is narrated in a letter written by Dr. B. Albert Lieberman, major and surgeon of the Thirty-third United States Infantry. (Major Logan's regiment.)

The letter is dated San Fabian, Luzon, November 12, 1899, and is written to Dr. Lieberman's father, Kansas City, Missouri. He says:

"As I wrote you day before yesterday that we were to attack a town, I will now tell you that we did it, and, although we whipped them, the cost was severe, the killed including Major Logan.

"We left here at 7 A. M., and marched about two or three miles, when we ran into the enemy, who were in houses, rice fields, and tops of trees along the road, and in intrenchments without end.

"Corporal Robinson in the advance was wounded by the first volley. Major Logan in passing him stopped and asked him if he had a first aid package, and was shot through the head just above the temples.

"I was only a short distance behind, and I called to my acting hospital steward, Mercier, and we went forward to him. I took Major Logan's head and Mercier his feet, so as to move him, when poor Mercier was shot through the heart from a tree under which Major Logan was.

I looked up and saw the fellow about fifteen feet above me, and, drawing my revolver, I shot him, and he fell from the tree.

"Then, right at that spot, several others were killed or wounded, and when I established my dressing station at that place the sharpshooters in the tree tops made things very lively for us until a detail of men cleaned out the tree tops. One hundred and fifty natives were killed, and fifty prisoners and about two hundred guns captured.

"The road was something terrible, as it had been raining; the rice fields were like lakes, the streams were greatly swollen, and the bridges destroyed, so that we had to ford or swim all of them. The natives all had Mausers, and they knew how to handle them. The battle lasted about three and one-half hours. General Wheaton to-day sent us a letter of congratulation on our victory, the biggest one since the war started."

Major Logan died in a manner worthy of the son of such a sire and such a mother.

The President sent a telegram of sympathy to the wife of Major Logan, expressing his regret for her brave husband, and also conveyed to Mrs. Logan his appreciation of the services of her noble son and deep regret at his death.

THE OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS OF THE FILIPINO WAR.

The future historian will tell of the important services rendered the American army in the Philippines by Generals T. M. Anderson, F. V. Greene, Wesley Merritt, Arthur MacArthur, E. S. Otis, H. G. Otis, Charles King, M. P. Miller, H. W. Lawton, Lloyd Wheaton, J. C. Bates, S. B. M. Young, T. Schwan, with the other brave officers of the eighty-two expeditions sent out to subdue the rebellion in our sea island possessions. It may be taken for granted that the insurgents are practically subdued. Roving bands only of the Tagalos are in existence. Aguinaldo has been hoping that the American Congress would reverse the action of the President and acknowledge him as the head of the Filipino government.

No such action will be taken. There must be complete submission before the future rule of the islands is determined.

REPORT OF THE PHILIPPINE COMMISSION.

Among other things the commissioners say:

“Should our power by any fatality be withdrawn the commission believes that the government of the Philippines would speedily lapse into anarchy, which would excuse, if it did not necessitate, the intervention of other powers and the eventual division of the islands among them.

“Only through American occupation, therefore, is the idea of a free, self-governing and united Philippine commonwealth at all conceivable. And the indispensable need, from the Filipino point of view, of maintaining American sovereignty over the archipelago is recognized by all intelligent Filipinos and even by those insurgents who desire an American protectorate.

“The latter, it is true, would take the revenues and leave us the responsibilities. Nevertheless, they recognize the indubitable fact that the Filipinos cannot stand alone. Thus the welfare of the Filipinos coincides with the dictates of national honor in forbidding our abandonment of the archipelago.

“We cannot, from any point of view, escape the responsibilities of government which our sovereignty entails, and the commission is strongly persuaded that the performance of our national duty will prove the greatest blessing to the peoples of the Philippine islands.”

One of the closing chapters of the report is devoted to a tribute to

"Our Soldiers and Sailors in the War." The commission says that the presence of Admiral Dewey as a member of this body makes it unfitting to dwell on his personal achievements, but he joins in the eulogy of his comrades. The commission witnessed some of the many brave deeds of our soldiers and they declare that all that skill, courage and a patient endurance can do has been done in the Philippines.

RESPECT FOR THE CHURCHES.

They dismiss the reports of the desecrating of churches, the murdering of prisoners and the committing of unmentionable crimes and say they are glad to express the belief that a war was never more humanely conducted, saying:

"If churches were occupied it was only as a military necessity and frequently after their use as forts by the insurgents had made it necessary to train our artillery upon them. Prisoners were taken whenever opportunity offered, often only to be set at liberty after being disarmed and fed."

WHAT AMERICAN CONTROL MEANS.

The report concludes: "Our control means to the inhabitants of the Philippines internal peace and order, a guarantee against foreign aggression and against the dismemberment of their country, commercial and industrial prosperity and as large a share of the affairs of the government as they shall prove fit to take.

"When peace and prosperity shall have been established throughout the archipelago, when education shall have become general, then, in the language of a leading Filipino, his people will, under our guidance, 'become more American than the Americans themselves.'"

The report is signed by J. G. Schurman, George Dewey, Charles Denby, Dean C. Worcester.

SPEECH OF SENATOR ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE.

Senator Albert J. Beveridge, who has made a personal visit to the Philippines, delivered a speech in the Senate Chamber on the Philippine question. He said in part:

I address the Senate at this time because Senators and members of the House on both sides have asked that I give to Congress and the country my observations in the Philippines and the far East, and the conclusions which those observations compel; and because of the hurt-

ful resolutions introduced by the Senators from South Carolina and Georgia, every word of which will cost and is costing the lives of American soldiers.

Mr. President, the times call for candor. The Philippines are ours forever, "territory belonging to the United States," as the constitution calls them. And just beyond the Philippines are China's illimitable markets. We will not retreat from either. We will not repudiate our duty in the archipelago. We will not abandon our opportunity in the Orient. We will not renounce our part in the mission of our race, trustee under God, of the civilization of the world.

And we will move forward to our work, not howling out regrets like slaves whipped to their burdens, but with gratitude for a task worthy of our strength, and thanksgiving to Almighty God that he has marked us as his chosen people, henceforth to lead in the regeneration of the world.

PHILIPPINES COMMAND THE PACIFIC.

This island empire is the last land left in all the oceans. If it should prove a mistake to abandon it, the blunder once made would be irretrievable. If it proves a mistake to hold it, the error can be corrected when we will; every other progressive nation stands ready to relieve us.

But to hold it will be no mistake. Our largest trade henceforth must be with Asia. The Pacific is our ocean. More and more Europe will manufacture all it needs—secure from its colonies the most it consumes. Where shall we turn for consumers of our surplus?

Geography answers the question. China is our natural customer. She is nearer to us than to England, Germany, or Russia, the commercial powers of the present and the future. They have moved nearer to China by securing permanent bases on her borders. The Philippines give us a base at the door of all the East. Lines of navigation from our ports to the Orient and Australia; from the Isthmian canal to Asia; from all Oriental ports to Australia, converge at and separate from the Philippines.

They are a self-supporting, dividend-paying fleet, permanently anchored at a spot selected by the strategy of Providence, commanding the Pacific. And the Pacific is the ocean of the commerce of the future. Most future wars will be conflicts for commerce. The power that rules the Pacific, therefore, is the power that rules the world. And with the Philippines, that power is and will forever be the American republic.

RESOURCES AND IMMENSE SIZE.

But if they did not command China, India, the Orient, the whole Pacific for purposes of offense, defense, and trade, the Philippines are so valuable in themselves that we should hold them.

No land in America surpasses in fertility the plains and valleys of Luzon. Rice and coffee, sugar and cocoanuts, hemp and tobacco, and many products of the temperate as well as tropic zone, grow in various sections of the archipelago.

The forests of Negros, Mindanao, Mindora, Paluan, and parts of Luzon are invaluable and intact. The wood of the Philippines can supply the furniture of the world for a century to come. The mineral wealth of this empire of the ocean will one day surprise the world.

I base this statement partly on personal observation, but chiefly on the testimony of foreign merchants in the Philippines, who have practically investigated the subject, and upon the unanimous opinions of natives and priests. And the mineral wealth is but a small fraction of the agricultural wealth of these islands.

CHARACTER OF THE PEOPLE.

It will be hard for Americans who have not studied them to understand the people. They are a barbarous race, modified by three centuries of contact with a decadent race. The Filipino is the South Sea Malay, put through a process of 300 years of superstition in religion, dishonesty in dealing, disorder in habits of industry and cruelty, caprice, and corruption in government.

It is barely possible that 1,000 men in all the archipelago are capable of self-government in the Anglo-Saxon sense. I know many clever and highly educated men among them, but there are only three commanding intellects and characters—Arellano, Mabini, and Aguinaldo. Arellano, the Chief Justice of our Supreme Court, is a profound lawyer, and a brave and incorruptible man. Mabini is the highest type of subtlety, and the most constructive mind that race has yet produced.

Aguinaldo is a clever, popular leader, able, brave, resourceful, cunning, ambitious, unscrupulous, and masterful. He is full of decision, initiative, and authority, and had the confidence of the masses. He is a natural dictator. His ideas of government are absolute orders, implicit obedience, or immediate death. He understands the character of his countrymen. He is a Malay Sylla; not a Filipino Washington.

WILL HOLD IT FAST AND FOREVER.

Here, then, Senators, is the situation. Two years ago there was no land in all the world which we could occupy for any purpose. Our commerce was daily turning toward the Orient, and geography and trade developments made necessary our commercial empire over the Pacific. And in that ocean we had no commercial, naval, or military base.

To-day we have one of the three great ocean possessions of the globe, located at the most commanding commercial, naval, and military points in the Eastern seas, within hail of India, shoulder to shoulder with China, richer in its own resources than any equal body of land on the entire globe, and peopled by a race which civilization demands shall be improved. Shall we abandon it?

That man little knows the common people of the republic, little understands the instincts of our race, who thinks we will not hold it fast, and hold it forever, administering just government by simplest methods.

We may trick up devices to shift our burden and lessen our opportunity; they will avail us nothing but delay. We may tangle conditions by applying academic arrangements of self-government to a crude situation; their failure will drive us to our duty in the end.

THE BLOOD OF OUR SOLDIERS.

Mr. President, reluctantly and only from a sense of duty, am I forced to say that American opposition to the war has been the chief factor in prolonging it. Had Aguinaldo not understood that in America, even in the American Congress, even here in the Senate, he and his cause were supported; had he not known that it was proclaimed on the stump and in the press of a faction in the United States, that every shot his misguided followers fired into the breasts of American soldiers was like the volleys fired by Washington's men against the soldiers of King George, his insurrection would have dissolved before it entirely crystallized.

The utterances of American opponents of the war are read to the ignorant soldiers of Aguinaldo, and repeated in exaggerated form among the common people. Arms and ammunition were shipped from Asiatic ports to the Filipinos by wretches claiming American citizenship; and these acts of infamy were coupled by the Malays with American assaults on our government at home.

The Filipinos do not understand free speech, and therefore our tolerance of American assaults on the American President, and the American Government, means to them that our President is in the minority or he would not permit what appears to them such treasonable criticism.

BELIEF OF THE FILIPINOS.

It is believed and stated in Luzon, Panay, and Cebu that the Filipinos have only to fight, harass, retreat, break up into small parties, if necessary, as they are doing now, but by any means hold out until the next Presidential election, and our forces will be withdrawn. All this has aided the enemy more than climate, arms, and battle.

Senators, I have heard these reports myself; I have talked with the people; I have seen our mangled boys in the hospital and field; I have stood on the firing line and beheld our dead soldiers, their faces turned to the pitiless Southern sky; and, in sorrow rather than anger, I say to those whose voices in America have cheered those misguided natives on to shoot our soldiers down, that the blood of those dead and wounded boys of ours is on their hands; and the flood of all the years can never wash that stain away.

In sorrow rather than anger I say these words, for I earnestly believe that our brothers knew not what they did.

INCAPABLE OF SELF-GOVERNMENT.

But, Senators, it would be better to abandon this combined garden and Gibraltar of the Pacific, and count our blood and treasure already spent a profitable loss, than to apply any academic arrangement of self-government to these children.

They are not capable of self-government. How could they be? They are not of a self-governing race. They are Orientals, Malays, instructed by Spaniards in the latter's worst estate. They know nothing of practical government except as they have witnessed the weak, corrupt, cruel, and capricious rule of Spain.

What magic will any one employ to dissolve in their minds and characters those impressions of governors and governed which three centuries of misrule has created?

What alchemy will change the Oriental quality of their blood and set the self-governing currents of the American pouring through their Malay veins?

We must act on the situation as it exists, not as we would wish it.

BOOK II.



LIVING ISSUES.

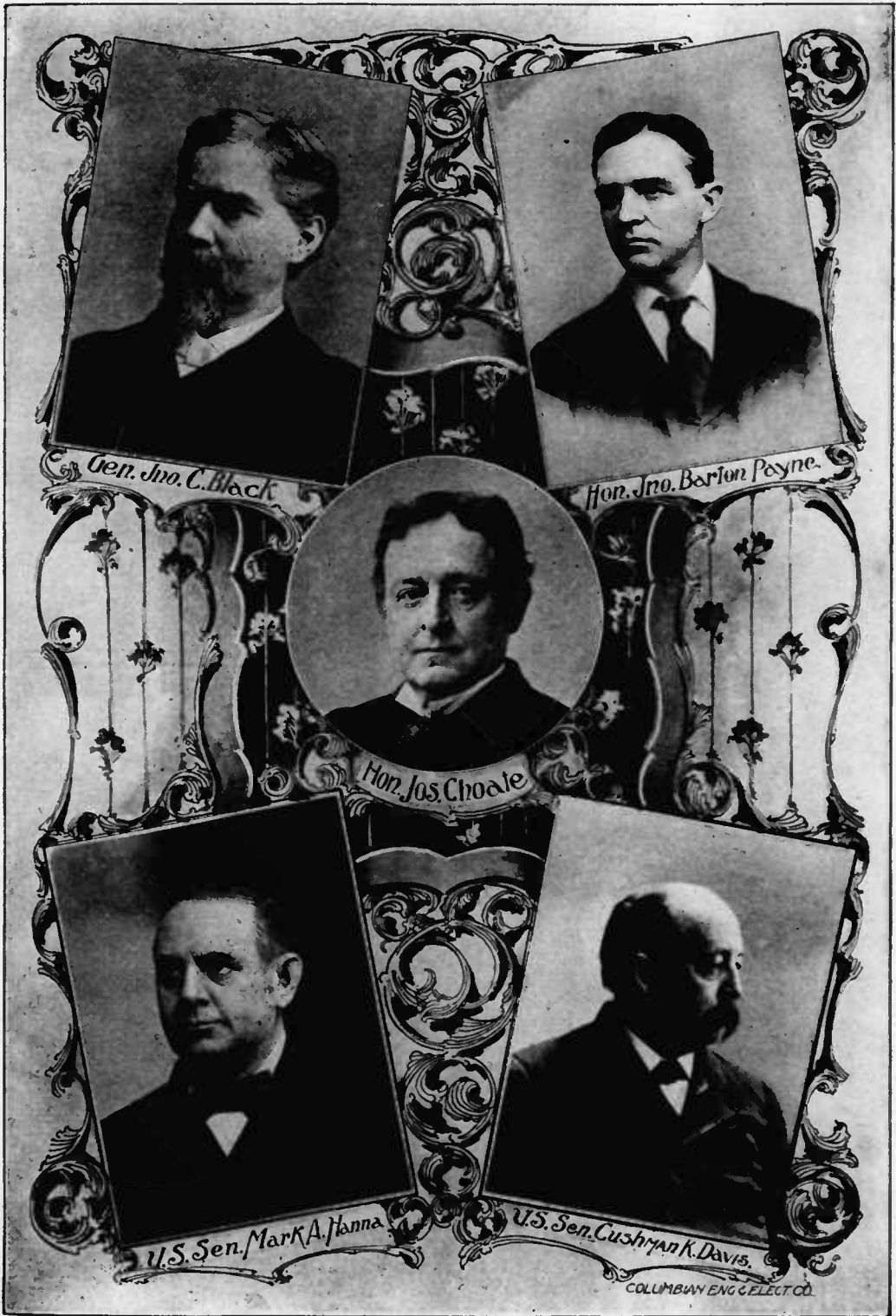
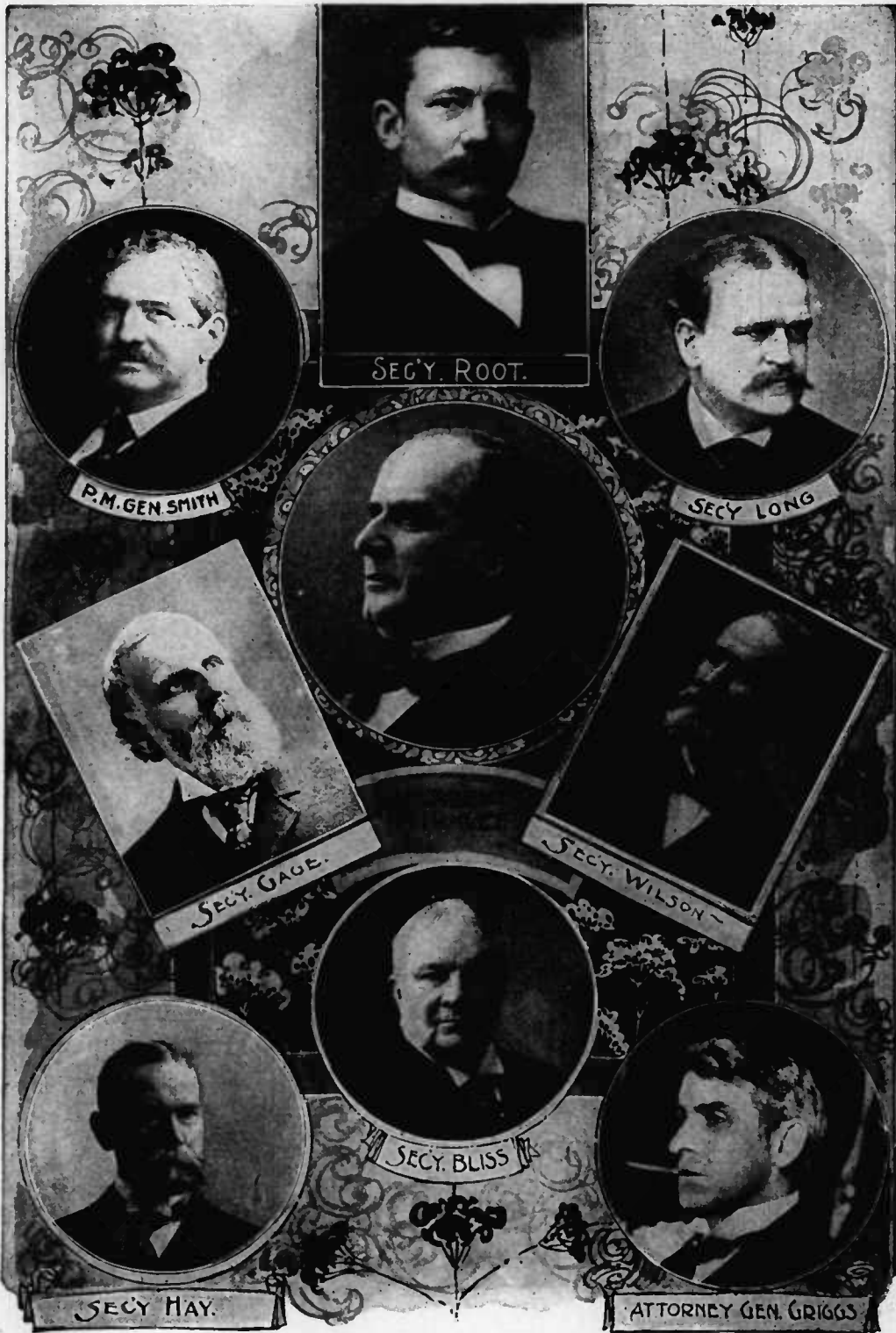


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EMINENT POLITICIANS AND STATESMEN—EXPANSIONISTS



SEC'Y. ROOT.

P.M. GEN. SMITH

SECY LONG

SECY. GAGE.

SECY. WILSON

SECY. BLISS

SECY MAY.

ATTORNEY GEN. GRIGGS

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY AND HIS CABINET—EXPANSIONISTS



Rev. F. A. Noble, D.D.



Rev. Father T. P. Hodnett, D.D.



Cardinal Gibbons



Rev. J. P. Brushingham, D.D.



Rev. J. H. O. Smith, D.D.

COLUMBIAN ENG. CO. CHIC.

NOTED DIVINES—EXPANSIONISTS



A GROUP OF EXPANSIONISTS

CHAPTER XXVI.

EXPANSION SENTIMENTS.

THE RIGHTEOUSNESS OF INTERVENTION.

(The Rev. F. A. Noble, D. D.)

We have had four wars in this country—four, leaving out the old French and English wars. Of these four, three were righteous, and will be adjudged righteous by posterity. So far as England was concerned, there ought never to have been any occasion for a resort to arms; but on this side of the Atlantic the American Revolution was just and right. No intelligent man anywhere who loves liberty ventures to question it.

The same may be said of the War of 1812. England was the aggressor, and put forth claims and made demands which were intolerable; and there seemed no way of bringing her to her senses, but by giving her an allopathic dose of Perry and Scott and Jackson.

The war to maintain the integrity of the Union was a commendable and holy war. Hardly another disaster to mankind could have happened which would have been so serious as the breaking up of this nation and the establishment of human slavery on the ruins of the Republic.

But the war with Mexico was a wicked war. It was entered upon without justification and for an inhuman purpose; and the day will never dawn when the memory of it will not be a shame to every true patriot in the land. Under the providence of God the unwarranted deed has been overruled for good; but the credit of this is not due to the authorities and the conspirators who aided them in the mischievous plot, but to Him who maketh even the wrath of man to praise Him.

But the war with Spain was not a war of miserable intrigue and restless ambition, nor was it urged for any petty and selfish ends.

It was not a war in aid of commerce and trade. Business, no doubt, had been seriously affected by the unsettled and appalling condition of affairs in Cuba for the last three years, and losses to citizens of the United States had been large. But had these losses been a hundred

times as great, or a thousand times, they would have afforded no moral warrant for war.

It was not a war to enable our army and navy officers to display their skill and secure coveted promotion. This is one of the perils to which nations with armies and navies are exposed. Officers become impatient under the dull routine of peace and want a chance for promotion.

It was not a war for territorial aggrandizement. In the final action taken by Congress this was one of the resolutions: "That the United States hereby disclaims any disposition or intention to exercise sovereignty, jurisdiction or control over said island except for the pacification thereof, and asserts its determination, when that is accomplished, to leave the government and control of the island to its people."

Not so is it with us. We do not want Cuba. The citizens of this republic are not consumed with land-greed. Canada may remain under the dominion of the queen as long as she likes, and nobody on this side of the line will either woo her or disturb her. Mexico may go on her way, and nobody of sense and honesty within the bounds of the United States will wish her other than the utmost good will and God-speed in the development of her resources and the cultivation and advancement of her people. In acreage, in variety of climate, in fertility of soil, in mineral wealth, in fruits, in lakes and rivers and plains and mountains, in miles of sea coast, in great memories and resplendent hopes, enough are ours. As we have no need so we have no wish for Cuba.

It was not a war to avenge the destruction of the *Maine* and the cruel slaughter of two hundred and sixty-five officers and men, though in the preamble of the resolution offered in the Senate, the sad fate of this ship is named as one of the grounds in justification of the purpose to proceed to the extremity of blood, unless Spain should at once cease from her oppression and withdraw from Cuba.

What, then, was this war, and in what lies its justification? The answer is at hand. It was a war in behalf of humanity and for the vindication of human rights and the enlargement of human liberty. A people close to our borders, down-trodden, over-run, bruised, smitten, starved and done to death, but with hearts as human and rights as sacred as any people on the earth, stretched out their hands to us, and lifted up their voices from the dismal depths into which oppression had plunged them, and implored us to help; and we had no right, either in the sight of God or man, to avert our gaze and stop our ears

and pass on in a self-complacent and comfortable indifference. Nations, as well as individuals, have a duty of Good-Samaritanism laid upon them.

ADMIRAL GEORGE DEWEY.

THE FUTURE OF THE PHILIPPINES.

I have the greatest enthusiasm in the future of the Philippines. I hope to see America's possessions the key to Oriental commerce and civilization. The brains of our great country will develop the untold agricultural and mineral richness of the islands.

We must never sell them. Such an action would bring on another great war.

We will never part with the Philippines, I am sure, and in future years the idea that anybody should have seriously suggested it will be one of the curiosities of history.

The insurrection is broken. There will be no more hard battles, and the new era for the islands that was temporarily delayed by the rising will soon begin.

Aguinaldo's name is the real power among the natives. Many of the island provinces that were once warlike are anxious for peace, and will accept the American terms as soon as the Tagalos of Luzon are whipped into line, but they dare not treat with us as long as Aguinaldo has the power to confiscate property or punish those who offend him.

AT THE GATEWAY.

James Valentine sings as follows:

There's a baby at your gate-way,
 Uncle Sam, Uncle Sam—
 Filipino, Spanish-Malay,
 Uncle Sam, Uncle Sam—
 Never mind who placed it there,
 It has need of love and care,
 Shall your kindly hand not dare,
 Uncle Sam, Uncle Sam—
 Shall you say you do not dare,
 Uncle Sam?

It is bruised and worn and broken,
 Uncle Sam, Uncle Sam—
 Bleeding wounds, the Spanish token,
 Uncle Sam, Uncle Sam—

'All the World has heard its cry,
 Will you leave it there to die?
 All the World will ask you why,
 Uncle Sam, Uncle Sam—
 All the World will wonder why,
 Uncle Sam!

Do not heed the Stranger growling,
 Uncle Sam, Uncle Sam—
 Do not heed the Craven howling,
 Uncle Sam, Uncle Sam—
 Do not let disloyal fears
 Drown the Filipino tears
 Of three hundred bloody years,
 Uncle Sam, Uncle Sam—
 Of the long and cruel years,
 Uncle Sam!

Not for hope of gain nor glory,
 Uncle Sam, Uncle Sam—
 Not to make a bloody story,
 Uncle Sam, Uncle Sam—
 But to do the just and right,
 Turn the darkness into light,
 In your charity and might,
 Uncle Sam, Uncle Sam—
 In the glory of your might,
 Uncle Sam.

HON. STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.

(Address on Expansion at Freeport, Ill., August 27, 1858.)

It is idle to tell me or you that we have territory enough. Our fathers supposed that we had enough when our territory extended to the Mississippi river, but a few years' growth and expansion satisfied them that we needed more, and Louisiana territory from the west branch of the Mississippi to the British possessions, was acquired.

Then we acquired Oregon, then California and New Mexico. We have enough now for the present, but this is a young and growing nation. It swarms as often as a hive of bees, and as new swarms are turned out each year, there must be hives in which they can gather and make their honey. In less than fifteen years, if the same progress that has distinguished this country for the last fifteen years con-

tinues, every foot of vacant land between this and the Pacific ocean, owned by the United States, will be occupied.

Will you not continue to increase at the end of fifteen years as well as now? I tell you, increase and multiply, and expand is the law of this nation's existence. You cannot limit this great republic by mere imaginary lines, saying "thus far shalt thou go and no farther."

Any one of you gentlemen would be foolish to say to a son twelve years old that he is big enough, and must not grow any larger, and in order to prevent his growth put a hoop around him to keep him to his present size. What would be the result? Either the hoop must burst and be rent asunder, or the child must die. So it would be with this great nation.

With our natural increase, growing with a rapidity unknown in any other part of the globe, with the tide of emigration that is fleeing from despotism in the old world to seek refuge in our own, there is a constant torrent pouring into this country that requires more land, more territory upon which to settle, and just as fast as our interests and our destiny require additional territory in the North, in the South, or on the islands of the ocean, I am for it.

HON WILLIAM PITT FRYE.

(United States Senator from Maine. Address in New York City, April 26, 1899.)

WE WILL HOLD THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

What shall we do with the Philippine Islands? Restore them to Spain? There isn't an intelligent man in the world who has familiarized himself with the conditions who does not declare their unfitness for government.

Should we follow the advice of the statesmen who have likened Aguinaldo to George Washington, Patrick Henry, and Lafayette, and yield the control to him?

We might sell the islands and reimburse ourselves for the cost of the war.

We might sail away and leave them to chaos, shifting from our broad shoulders all responsibility to God and man; but would God and man hold us harmless?

What shall we do with the Philippines? In my judgment there will be no uncertain sound in the answer of our people. They have

been acquired honestly, and in their acquirement we have dealt generously with Spain. We will hold them as our own, for the good of the peoples who inhabit them and for the immense advantage, commercially, they promise us.

We will give them a good government, relief from burdensome taxation, ample security in all their civil and religious rights. We will build highways, construct railroads, erect schoolhouses and churches. We will allow them to participate in government so far and so fast as we may find them capable. We will give employment to labor and good wages to the laborer.

We will arouse in them an ambition to become good citizens, competent to manage their own local affairs and interests. We will make it possible for them, some time in the future, to form a stable republican government, capable of making treaties, enforcing their rights under them, and observing their obligations.

Then, we alone being the judges of their competency, will surrender to them the sovereignty, reserving to ourselves the naval and coaling stations necessary for our commerce and its protection.

In the meantime we will not restore a rod to Spain or sell a rod to any nation on earth, nor will we permit our supreme authority to be diminished or questioned by any power within or without the islands.

Such utterances as these may subject me to the charge of being an expansionist. I plead guilty to the indictment and find myself in most exalted company.

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND.

(Address before the Grand Army of the Republic at Buffalo, August 24, 1897.)

ACHIEVEMENTS ARE FITLY MEASURED BY THEIR RESULTS.

Achievements are fitly measured by their results. Of our achievements the results are the United States of the present time. The United States—hail to the great nation. By very force of her greatness and of the mission which Providence imposes upon her, she is compelled to wave her flag in triumphant ownership over remote islands whence vast seas are ruled.

Wherever throughout the whole world her Stars and Stripes is seen respect is at once awarded to it. Nations most powerful covet her alliance, and offer welcome to her promise of peace. Within her borders

the spirit of humanity's new age is at home—the spirit of humanity's progress, of humanity's freedom, of humanity's social elevation.

America leads in humanity's forward march; America's to-day is the world's to-morrow.

And this great nation—strong, resolute, proud, progressive—is a nation of freedom; popular suffrage is her life blood, civil and political liberty her native atmosphere.

Americans, hail to the great nation. Hail this night to the President of the United States.

The President symbolizes the nation; the President personifies the nation.

The majesty of the nation encircles his brow; the power of the nation rests in his hand; honor due to the nation is due to the President; honor from the President is honor from the nation.

To-night America sits at our board. Hail to William McKinley, the President of America.

Aye, hail to William McKinley, the man and the citizen, whom Christian virtues and patriotic deeds make worthy to be the President of America.

The achievements of the soldiers of the Civil War have given us the United States of the present time. The valor of those soldiers upon land and upon sea killed organized secession and saved the Union. Without those soldiers there would be to-day no United States.

A dozen of petty republics, writhing in the agonies of discord and revolution, would lie scattered between the Atlantic and Pacific shores—each one so small and impotent that her people could own no pride, and the nations of the earth should neglect and scorn her.

The union of states is the obligatory and perpetual submission of state governments in all national interests to the central government in Washington. This is the vital condition of strength and prosperity to the states and to the populations that cover their territory. The victories that the veterans are celebrating in Buffalo preserved the Union and endowed it with immortality.

HON. CUSHMAN K. DAVIS.

(United States Senator from Minnesota. Address in St. Paul, Minn., May 16, 1899.)

WE MUST HOLD THE PHILIPPINES.

Dewey lay in the harbor of Hongkong. Under the law of nations he was required to quit that port within twenty-four hours after the

declaration of war, and he went. And the only place upon that hemisphere of the globe to which he could go where he would not be subjected to the same law was the bay of Manila, and by an act of daring—not singular in the annals of the American navy, but which does not detract from his glory in the least—by one stroke, in one morning—with a slight interval for breakfast—he sank, deeper than ever plummet sounded, under the waters of Manila Bay, all the power of Spain in that hemisphere.

What was the consequence? The City of Manila is one of the great commercial cities of the world, far exceeding in proportion to its population, which is 300,000 people—a great distributing point in that great Oriental trade and distributions, which is opening upon us like a dream soon to become a reality.

What was he to do? The power of Spain was broken; she no more could hope to raise the head of power in Luzon or any other of the islands.

What was the United States to do? Were we to sail away? Was Dewey to trail his triumphant ensign at the stern of his ship and sneak out of the bay of Manila? To go where he couldn't go? For he had no refuge at Hongkong for more than twenty-four hours.

HOLD THE PHILIPPINES.

Now for the situation of the Philippines. This is no inconsiderable element of commerce, 6,000,000 is probably a conservative estimate of the population, but their exports and imports in 1896 were more than \$60,000,000 and the balance of trade in their favor was \$20,000,000.

A great market of itself, but it skirts the coast of China for 1,200 miles.

Manila is one of the greatest commercial cities of the world and has been for 200 years.

It is 600 miles from Hongkong, and any nation seeking to oppress or obtain undue advantage on the coast of China or follow its trade with the unnumbered multitudes of people has got to do business with the nation that holds the Philippine archipelago.

I am in favor, unreservedly—I speak only for myself and without any inspiration or concert of opinion with any other man—I am in favor of holding the Philippines at whatever cost permanently and

not provisionally until the inhabitants thereof shall demonstrate, and as they shall demonstrate their capacity for autonomy, and then grant it to them, little by little, to the fullest degree to which they shall show themselves capable.

I appeal to the commercial man.

I appeal to him who says that we have been trading among ourselves long enough, that we have brought to pass that condition of things whereby the American market is supplied by American labor and American superfluity is flowing out through all the world; I appeal to him, in the light of enlightened assurance, is it not worth while to hold on to these tremendous advantages we have?

I appeal to the ministers of Christianity.

I appeal to those who have carried the cross and the faith, irrespective of all denominations, in foreign lands and have subdued barbarism by teachings with which barbarism had been unfamiliar, is it worth while to stop this war and evacuate the Island of Luzon and leave it to the anarchy to which it would inevitably fall?

I appeal to all the forces of civilization, those forces which by some occult and powerful influence have for 200 years moved the West to the East, which sent the British into India to the infinite advantage of the Indian people, and which for the last twenty years has sent European nations into Africa, a continent larger than both North and South America, and which in the process of time will redound to the interests of humanity.

I appeal to Christianity, and civilization—an influence which has taken Madagascar, an influence which is in the process of extending its spheres of influence over China, however cruel and unjustifiable may be the incidental processes.

I appeal to those influences which we know, looking over the history of the last 500 years, in the process of time will conduce to a better Christianity and a higher civilization than those countries have ever yet seen—for they have seen none at all of either.

Why shall the United States, the representative of intelligent power, and probably the most power of any seventy millions of people on the face of the earth, why shall the United States confess themselves incapable of undertaking a task which England, Germany, France, Holland, and every colonizing nation of the world has not only asserted its adequacy to but has succeeded in its fulfilment?

GOVERNOR THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

(Address at the reunion of the Rough Riders, Las Vegas, New Mexico, June 25, 1899.)

THE FLAG SHALL NOT BE HAULED DOWN.

Let us not forget our comrades who this summer are facing all that we faced last summer. Let us not forget the gallant men, the regulars and volunteers, who are upholding the honor of the flag and the interests of the nation in the Philippines. Surely there is not one of us whose veins have not tingled with pride as he read of the gallantry of those men; and I suppose few of us have not thought at times that we should like ourselves to fight beside Lawton now as we fought beside him last July, and to see if the Rough Riders could not do their share of the work now done by the splendid men who follow Funston, Hale, and the other daring leaders, who, during the last six months, have added so many new pages to the honor roll of American history.

To our shame be it said there are men in this nation so indifferent to the country's honor, so lukewarm in patriotism and courage that they would let all the work of these men go for naught—let their blood be spilled in vain. But the heart of our nation is sound, and the puny folk who deem it otherwise are woefully mistaken in their countrymen. Where our flag has been raised it shall not be hauled down. If any difficulty seems greater than we expected it merely means that we shall exert a little more strength in overcoming it.

I read with pride the other day how both Senators from California, though of opposite political parties, joined in assuring the President that California would stand like a rock behind him in seeing that there was no stepback in the Philippines; and I can assure him of the like spirit in the great State of which I have the honor to be the Governor. We stand ready to give him whatever he needs in men or money to put down the armed savagery to which we are opposed in the Philippines.

SUPPORT FOR McKINLEY.

He shall have all he wishes to put it down quickly, and whether it is put down quickly or not, he shall have our support in ever increasing measure until the last spark of resistance has been stamped

out. We want no peace talk with men who bear arms in their hands. When once they submit they shall be treated with absolute justice and equity, and their rights most carefully guarded; but until they submit they must be taught with rough hand what it is to make war upon the American flag.

There is no East and no West when we come to deal with questions of this kind. The United States is to be the great power of the Pacific, and we men of the Atlantic coast are good Westerners and are as resolutely bent upon upbuilding our power in the Pacific as the men of the Pacific slope themselves.

Our nation must show itself great not only in the ways of peace but in that preparedness for war which best insures peace. We must upbuild our navy and army until they correspond to the needs which the new century will bring. Above all, my comrades and my fellow-countrymen, we must build up in this country that spirit of social and civic honesty and courage which alone can make any nation reach the highest and most lasting greatness.

HON. DON M. DICKINSON.

(July 4, 1899.)

ANOTHER STAGE OF EXPANSION.

Less than 123 years ago to-day, a few representatives of our people gathered in Philadelphia and proclaimed the birth of our republic. The news of the great event of the Fourth of July, 1776, was sent as speedily as the facilities would allow to New York, where it was spread on the evening of the ninth of July.

The people celebrated the event by pulling down the statue of King George, and later made it more appropriate and more effective by molding that statue into bullets and cannon balls.

For the four years following the year 1861 we were demonstrating to a doubting world the divine nature of our institutions, and showing that a government of the people and for the people and by the people should not perish from the earth.

With the Spanish war we gained the respect of the nations. Nay, we gained more, we gained the renewal of cordial fellowship and fellow citizenship of the North with the South, and the blue and the gray walked to victory beneath Old Glory.

The Spanish war, with all its bloodshed, loss of life and treasure, was worth more than all we gave.

We have come to the Fourth of July, 1899, and to-day the Fourth of July, 1776, is commemorated in the time that it takes the world to turn around, and not only here, but all around the globe.

We well know, fellow citizens, the highway that has been traveled by this nation in a short 100 years. And as the sun of the new century rises, we see by its rays the highway extended out into the future to another stage of robust growth and healthy expansion.

We will go forward as we came, under God and the flag, putting our trust in Him as did our fathers, with steadfast courage and fidelity.

HON. AMOZ J. SMITH.

(Postmaster General.)

OUR DUTY ON THE PHILIPPINE QUESTION.

This intense activity at home, this universal employment of labor, this great and increasing prosperity go on undisturbed, although we are engaged in a serious conflict 8,000 miles away. The contest in the Philippines has not affected our unparalleled industrial revival or our matchless prosperity.

In truth, the tremendous events of the past year have aided in awakening our domestic activities, for they have lifted the curtain and revealed new outlets for trade and commerce, and even this trouble in the Philippines would not have come if the action of the government had been left unhampered and unembarrassed.

SUCCESSFUL WHEN UNHAMPERED.

Its success where it had free hands was unlimited and undenied. Its victory in the war with Spain stands unequalled.

You will search the annals of history in vain for a parallel to its swiftness of execution and its completeness of triumph.

It was as skillful in making peace as in waging war. The treaty of Paris was also negotiated with extraordinary ability, promptness and judgment.

Up to that point there was no flaw in the sweep of success. Had the treaty been promptly and unanimously ratified, as it ought to have been, there would have been no conflict.

The treaty was sent to the Senate early in December. Then and for nearly two months after that time peace and order prevailed.

There was no outbreak till February. The sovereignty of the United States, established and recognized by the treaty, was accepted.

But the manifestation of opposition in the Senate incited and emboldened opposition in the Philippines, and the contest of nearly two months at Washington created a new and unnecessary contest around Manila.

BUT ONE COURSE POSSIBLE.

When that contest came the government had but one course and one duty: It was under obligation to suppress the insurrection of the Tagals in Luzon just as much as it would be to suppress the revolt of an Indian tribe in Idaho or Wyoming.

We owe it to the world, which recognizes our supremacy and expects us to secure peace and maintain law and order. We owe it to our own sovereignty, and we owe it to the interests and well being of the Filipinos themselves.

We have no war with the Filipinos. It is the testimony of our commission, and of all other authorities, that fully 90 per cent of the Filipinos accept and welcome the American flag, which carries liberty and the promise of enlightenment and progress to them.

Our conflict is only with the single tribe of Tagals, which because of encouragement from some of our own people, and because of a misunderstanding of the real American purpose, has broken out in insurrection.

That conflict has unhappily continued beyond the hope and perhaps beyond the expectation of the country.

EVERY BATTLE A VICTORY.

It is no fault of the government. It is no fault of the soldiers.

Every battle has been a victory. The American arms have never once been defeated or repulsed.

No soldiers ever fought more dauntlessly under greater hardships than the heroes who have borne our flag through the jungles of Luzon, and the names of Otis and MacArthur, and Lawton and Funston, with their gallant comrades, will ever be inscribed in the brightest records of American valor.

There has been no lack of vigorous leadership and no lack of faith-

ful and arduous service in the ranks. The only trouble has been that our numbers have not been great enough to overwhelm the insurgents and crush the revolt.

Where is the fault, if fault there be? What is the public feeling of which we have been conscious within the past weeks? The American people have not changed their spirit or purpose; they manfully accepted the responsibilities and the duties which came with the war of last year, and they accept them now. They have no thought of shrinking from the obligations which have fallen upon them. Instead of abandoning this work they are the more determined to proceed with it, and their feeling is not one of hesitation and doubt, but rather one of impatience to accomplish immediate and conclusive results.

EX-SENATOR PEFFER.

(Address at Maryville, Missouri, July 4, 1899.)

NOT THE TIME FOR DISPUTES.

Scarcely had the smoke of battle between American and Spaniard blown from over Manila when that part of the earth began to show signs of American prosperity and order. Everything went along smoothly until some of our soldiers were fired upon by certain ruffians.

It immediately became our government's duty to defend the lives of our soldiers and the honor of our country, and to secure and preserve peace and order. When it has been done we can find time to dispute among ourselves about minor questions of government, but not before.

Those who oppose this policy tell us we are violating the principles of the Declaration of Independence by enforcing our government upon people without their consent. Will you open the doors of our prisons and turn out all the men who are incarcerated there against their consent?

This country originally belonged to the Indian, but did the white man permit the Indian to ravish and burn and kill because to restrain him would be to govern him without his consent?

We are dealing directly with Spain. When the Spanish fleet was sunk and Manila captured the Philippines came into our control under the international code, and we became directly responsible for them and the acts of their inhabitants in the eyes of the world.

They are ours to dispose of as much as any territory of this nation,

and if the administration refused to put down that rebellion it would be as derelict in its duty as it would if it failed to put down a rebellion in Missouri or Kansas or Texas.

SENATOR SHELBY M. CULLOM.

(Address at Morris, Ill., July 4, 1899.)

THE UNITED STATES MUST EXERCISE SOVEREIGNTY.

When Dewey sailed into Manila Bay May 1, 1898, the world was startled, the map of the earth was changed, and the entire American people applauded this act, but few of us appreciated the extent of his victory or the mighty problems of the future which were so unexpectedly thrust upon us for solution. The close of the war with Spain made possible one of three solutions of the eastern question—either to return the Philippine Islands to Spain, leave them to be scrambled for by the grasping nations of the old world, or to hold them ourselves for such form of government as it might be proper to give them. I believe that no citizen favors handing the islands back to Spain, and I have not heard of any who favor their surrender to the European nations. But while this is true we are not all agreed that we shall retain them ourselves.

Some appear to desire that these islands should be left to the native population for such government as they may have the wisdom or ability to establish. As I said in a speech recently in Washington:

“Aguinaldo is an usurper, a dictator, a self-appointed ruler, who attacked the United States troops while they were at war with Spain, and the people of the islands would be no nearer a government of their own under him than they were under Spanish rule.

“The only probable outcome is that the United States must exercise sovereignty and control in those islands for the time, and as soon as the diverse and antagonistic tribal elements shall become better adapted and qualified for self-government a republican form of government will be accorded to them.”

Without any desire or motive on our part the future of these fertile islands has been confided to us. To us has come the international obligation of planting there a stable government, of giving security to life and property, of carrying to a benighted people the blessings of education, liberty and civilization.

The close of the century is rich in expectation and big promise for our nation. To hold and develop the Philippine archipelago gives the Pacific ocean to America, and the marvelous trade of the twentieth century trembles in the grasp of the world republic.

At the same time we are gaining the respect of the foreign nations. Our ship of state is the flagship of humanity.

We are planting schools for the ignorant. We are striking the shackles from those who sit in bondage. We are carrying the light of civilization into the dark places of the earth, and we are teaching the nations of the world that people only may safely extend its territory which holds such territory in trust for humanity.

EX-MAYOR MATTHEWS.

(Of Boston.)

HAVE NO RIGHT TO ABANDON THE ISLANDS.

The question is not whether we shall let the Philippines govern themselves, but whether we shall allow a small portion of them to misgovern all the rest. We have no more right to abandon those islands and their occupants to savage or semi-savage misrule than Dewey had to scuttle his ships after the battle of Manila.

As trustees we cannot resign.

The practical duty of the United States, which no amount of historical misinformation will enable us honorably to avoid, is to re-establish peace and civil order in the Philippine Islands and to do it at once; and then to formulate a scheme of government for the islands, framed for the sole purpose of promoting the material welfare and political progress of their inhabitants.

HON. CHAMP CLARK.

(Member of Congress from Missouri. Democrat. Address at Lexington, Ky., July 4, 1899.)

CONFIDENCE IN PRESIDENT MCKINLEY.

If America had never done anything worthy of remembrance except presenting Dewey to mankind her reason for being would be vindicated. He is the very flower of American chivalry in the closing days

of the nineteenth century. If he blossomed and matured under the cold light of the north star, he has no more ardent admirers than those who dwell beneath the southern cross. He belongs to the whole country, as he wrought and conquered for the whole country.

Of the good things done by the Fifty-fifth Congress perhaps the best thing was making Dewey an admiral, to be retired only on his own request. The fervent hope of all Americans is that he may live forever and be ranking admiral all the time.

In far-reaching consequences his victory at Manila ranks with the skirmish at Concord and Lexington, with the Declaration of Independence, the adoption of the Constitution and Washington's inauguration.

As the mighty Frederick said of his illustrious father, the great elector, so it may be said of Dewey with equal truth: "This man did great things."

If I had my way about it every calendar and almanac printed in this country henceforth and forever March 8, 1898, would appear in blood-red characters as a date worthy of our most grateful remembrance. That was the day when our great Civil War really closed and when the Spanish war, one of the most righteous of modern times, began.

That day the House of Representatives—Democrats, Republicans, Populists, without a man missing—performed the most gigantic piece of confidence seen among men since the world began by placing in the hands of President McKinley, without condition and without reserve, \$50,000,000.

As a Democrat of Democrats, I am happy in the belief that President McKinley did not abuse that confidence so freely bestowed. As an American, I am proud to think that no man ever did or ever will hold that high position who would betray such a sacred trust.

If it did no other good, the Spanish war made us once more a united people—united in fact as well as in name.

This alone was worth all the cost of blood and tears and treasure.

But it did more. It taught foreign nations a potent fact, which we knew before, that while we have fought each other viciously and ferociously on economic questions and will continue to do so, when we are engaged with a foreign foe our contentions cease at low water mark.

Beyond that we are Americans and Americans only, ready with united and unquailing hearts to confront a world in arms.

Is there between the Atlantic and Pacific a Republican with soul so small as to withhold his full measure of glory from young Hobson because he is an Alabama Democrat?

If so, he is unworthy of American citizenship.

Within the broad confines of the republic can there be found a Democrat so base as to wish to deprive Colonel Theodore Roosevelt of the guerdon of valor because he is a New York Republican?

If so I disclaim him as my countryman.

War has its pathos as well as glory, and since Nimrod first went forth to battle I think no field has presented a more pathetic scene than that of old Joe Wheeler, burning with fever and patriotism, his white hair gleaming in the wind, charging up Santiago Hill to place on foreign soil the glorious banner of the republic to pull down which he had devoted four of the best years of his life.

CHARLES J. BONAPARTE.

WON'T ENCOURAGE REBELLION.

Charles J. Bonaparte, the Baltimore attorney who was recently elected a vice-president in the Anti-Imperialist league of Boston, wrote a letter to Erving Winslow telling why he cannot accept the proffered distinction. He says:

"When the protocol was signed the President could have withdrawn our military and naval forces from the islands and abandoned all further interference in their affairs. Instead of so doing, he even agreed to pay Spain \$20,000,000 as the price of their sovereignty, and those of us who then condemned and still condemn his course are, to my mind, in no wise bound to show him now a way out of any embarrassment which he may have thus brought upon the country.

"If, however, I were to undertake this task, I should not, as at present advised, recommend negotiations with revolted Filipinos or any attempt to organize a quasi-independent government under our suzerainty or protection in the archipelago. If we must own the islands in any sense or become at all responsible for their peace and good government, then I think that a system of administration modeled substantially upon that of British India will be indispensable to their prosperity and our security, and complete submission to our authority on the part of the inhabitants is obviously the first step toward its establishment.

I may add that, while I fully recognize the injustice, and even absurdity, of those charges of "disloyalty" which have been of late freely made against some members of the league, and also that many honorable and patriotic men do not feel as I do on this subject, I am personally unwilling to take any part in an agitation which may have some tendency to cause the public enemy to persist in armed resistance, or may be at least plausibly represented as having this tendency.

There can be no doubt that, as a matter of fact, the country is at war with Aguinaldo and his followers; I profoundly regret this fact; I think its causes very discreditable to our President and his official advisers, but it is a fact, nevertheless, and as such must weigh in determining my conduct as a citizen.

GENERAL EDWARD S. BRAGG (Democrat).

No man of sound sense in favor of quitting.

General Bragg, the brave Wisconsin officer who was connected with the famous Iron Brigade, expresses his opinion as follows:

"We have got to whip those fellows and establish a protectorate. I did not agree with the administration in its position in those islands at the start, but after the war was begun I was not in favor of quitting. And no man of sound sense will say otherwise. As I read and study the character of those people I find them a strange mixture, and it is too bad we must keep on and kill men every one of whom is worth a hundred Filipinos. I am glad, however, to see that the campaign is being left to the men in the islands, instead of their movements being directed from Washington. The generals on the ground are the ones who know the situation best, as it was shown time and time again in the Civil war. The need of more troops has also been considered, which should have been done at first and with the regiments augmented the war ought not to last much longer.

"I have always found it to be true in the affairs of this government that great crises are adjusted properly and for the best good of the whole people. This will be the inevitable result of the war in the Philippines."

HON. WILLIAM DUDLEY FOULKE.

LOYALTY AND EXPANSION.

When war was declared there was only one course open to the commander in chief of our armies, and that was to strike the enemy as hard

as possible wherever he could be reached, in Cuba, in Porto Rico, in Manila. Commodore Dewey was at Hongkong. He could not stay there. Only twenty-four hours could he remain in a neutral port. We had no coaling station at hand, and the only place on the broad waters where he could go was straight to Manila. We will not forget the brilliant victory won upon that bright May morning one year ago, when Dewey entered an unknown harbor beset with mines and torpedoes, and without the loss of a single man annihilated the Spanish fleet.

PROPOSITIONS OF THE CRITICS.

(1) Let us consider the propositions of the critics. Should we have turned the islands back to Spain and consigned the people to a future without hope? Would that be worthy of the American Republic?

(2) Should we have delivered Manila to Aguinaldo and his tribe of Tagals, which composed only a small part of the population of the archipelago, a tribe that actually attempted to burn the city and to massacre the white population? Would that have been worthy of the American Republic?

(3) The project of consigning the Philippines to the joint guardianship of European powers was perhaps the wildest of all. To deliver these people to the care of guardians who are continually fighting each other for such prey as they can gather in distant regions of the earth is not fraught with the prospect of happiness. The Empire of Turkey has long been subjected to just this sort of joint protection. The American massacres and the war in Crete show how it has succeeded. In Samoa we have ourselves taken part in just this sort of joint dominion, and it has not been marked with success. To deliver the islands to the rule of any single power would have involved great danger of a European war. Besides the critics of the administration tell us that islands of that kind cannot be delivered by one power to another. So that was impossible.

HON. J. P. DOLLIVER, M. C., IOWA.

THE AGUINALDO GOVERNMENT AND THE HUBBUB OF LIBERTY.

When a man undertakes to attack his country he ought at least to understand the facts in the case and tell the truth about it. I undertake to say that the men who are filling this country with noisy maledictions against the President of the United States are not familiar with the facts of our Philippine foot race.

They say that President McKinley went to the Philippine Islands for the purpose of subjugating them and said when he got there: "Submit or die."

President McKinley is not the man who took the American people to the Philippine Islands. It was Admiral Dewey.

I saw the order in the President's handwriting directing our great Admiral in Asia to find the Spanish fleet and capture or destroy it, but neither the President nor the Navy Department expected the Admiral to be able to bunch them.

We expected to be chasing that fleet all over the Pacific Ocean throughout the summer, and gather the most of them in by late in the fall at any rate.

The fact is that nobody in particular took us to Manila. When they blew us up in Havana the law of gravitation did the rest. We came down in Manila, and when we got there we had responsibilities as well defined as the Ten Commandments. Having wiped out the only existing government that there was there, we had the responsibility for the maintenance of order and the protection of life, liberty and property throughout those islands.

For one I am not sorry that we stayed there. In fact, I don't see how we could very well have gotten away. Nobody seemed to suggest that we ought to have departed.

They said that McKinley wanted to go there to exterminate those people. On the contrary, on the 8th day of January, he sent to Admiral Dewey and to General Otis a distinct order not to fire on them under any circumstances, but to treat them with kindness, patience and consideration and get along with them in peace.

On the 13th day of February, being duly advised by certain humbug senators and representatives in Washington, on a telegraphic dispatch from a gentleman by the name of Agoncillo, who left town immediately, they fired on us. There were a great many of us that didn't like to see those poor people fired upon, but there wasn't one of us, so far as I have been able to find out, that felt that we were under any obligation to run from that particular kind of soldier. And so we are going to fight them to a finish, and we haven't done a thing that has not been indorsed by our admiral and by our general.

I picked up recently a letter written to the Topeka Capital by a young man from Kansas, who learned to swim in an old swimming hole down there on the banks of Deer Creek, in Kansas—Colonel Funston.

He is not particularly an enemy of liberty.

I saw him more than a year ago, wounded as a volunteer aid on the staff of Gomez in the original Cuban insurrection—I knew him—served with his father, Farmer Funston, in the Fifty-first Congress. He is an intelligent newspaper man and a lover of liberty. With all due respect to college professors, there is not a college professor in America that loves liberty any better than Brother Funston. What does he say?

“I am afraid that some people at home will lie awake at nights worrying about the ethics of this war. Liberty simply means to them a license to raise hell.”

And if these Tagals get control they would raise a fine crop of it. They are, as a rule, an illiterate, semisavage people, who are waging war not against tyranny, but against Anglo-Saxon order and protection. I have read in some newspapers a prediction that pretty soon Aguinaldo will have more friends in the United States than William McKinley will have.

Who is Aguinaldo? He is a young man, 28 years old. What is the Philippine Republic? It is the dictatorship of Aguinaldo.

I have here the constitution of the Philippine Republic laid before our Paris commission during their sessions last August. I want to read to you the tenth article of the constitution of this particular institution in the Philippine Islands:

“The President of the government is the personification of the Philippine people, and in accordance with this idea it shall not be possible to hold him responsible while he holds the office.”

That is the government about which this hubbub of liberty is raised.

JUDGE OLIVER H. HORTON.

NO MAN HAS THE RIGHT TO DISCOURAGE HIS COUNTRY'S DEFENSES.

What would the President's critics have him do? Would they have him, as commander-in-chief, require Dewey to humiliate himself and his nation by sailing out of that harbor, trailing in his wake the flag of his country in dishonor?

In August, 1898, a conference was held in Saratoga Springs, N. Y., “to consider the future foreign policy of the United States.” In the resolutions adopted at that conference it is said:

“As soon as the islands under our present protection can be trusted

to govern themselves they should be allowed home rule, either independently or as a part of the United States, as hereinafter recommended. Until such time as they may be able to govern themselves they should continue under the protection of the United States, and the question as to whether at some future period, at the mutual desire of both, they should be permanently annexed should be left to the time when it arises."

Among the fifty-two signers of those resolutions you may find the names of Carl Schurz, Samuel Gompers, Robert Treat Paine, Edwin Burritt Smith and Henry Wade Rogers. These men, with the other signers, presented those resolutions to President McKinley in person.

If this question from those resolutions was wise and prudent and good then why not now? Every man has a right to his convictions upon public questions, but no man ought to publicly utter sentiments which tend to humiliate or discourage his country's defenders in the fields or to lessen his country's influence in the family of nations.

As against our country and in support of the brave and loyal men at the front there should be no party, no sect, no section, no nationality, no sophistry of political economists—no fire from the rear.

BISHOP SAMUEL FALLOWS, D. D., LL. D.

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY OF THE ABRAHAM LINCOLN STRIPE.

American patriotism is not a weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth because American soldiers and sailors have just been adding through divine providence a new and imperishable luster to our family name.

The flag which has waved in glory over an expanding country from 1776 to 1899, under which the reunited soldiery of the blue and the gray, with their valorous, patriotic sons, have so splendidly striven together, will not be shot down at a range of 10,000 miles with the sulphurous paper wads of a Boston pamphleteer.

Not money, not lust of conquest, not desire of territorial expansion began the Spanish-American war, but humanity. In its every phase of anguish and suffering humanity has continued and crowned American chivalry with everlasting honor. And in God's good time, which we fervently pray may speedily come, humanity shall bring it to a triumphant close.

All hail to the nation's chief, on whom rests the burden of the

whole nation's responsibility. Heaven forbid that we should add one scruple to its fearful weight by unjust criticism and inconsiderate action. Rather let us show by our loyal devotion to the policy he has been compelled by the logic of events to adopt that without distinction of party or sect we will gladly help him bear it.

We all know that the President of the United States is not an angel, and I am particularly glad at this time that he is not, that he is one of our folks still. But he is neither a dictator, nor a tyrant, nor a king, nor an imperator. He is simply an old-fashioned, broad-minded, large-hearted, law-enforcing, typical American of our own Abraham Lincoln stripe.

Most heartily, therefore, do I approve of strengthening the hands of the people-loving, the people-consulting and the people-reflecting William McKinley. God bless him.

HON. E. BENJAMIN ANDREWS, LL. D. (Democrat.)

(Superintendent Public Schools of Chicago.)

THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS UNITED STATES TERRITORY.

I am one of those who believe that the American flag will, without any change in its historic creed of liberty, soon fly over every one of the Philippine Islands; that it will never be hauled down in any of them, and that all the Filipinos will before long hail its presence as an unqualified blessing. These views, of course, are debatable, but touching the nation's immediate duty in those islands, to the Filipinos themselves, to foreign residents there, and to all mankind interested in Philippine civilization and trade, I should think there ought to be no difference of opinion.

The simple legal fact is that the Philippine Islands are at this moment as truly United States territory as Illinois. The President must do his utmost to create civil order there or break his official oath.

As a loyal citizen I heartily approve his efforts. Our brave army and navy should be re-enforced if necessary and encouraged to press forward. All the citizen and all the soldier in me rises in protest when I hear appeals calculated to breed discontent, disobedience and perhaps mutiny among the men at the front.

HON. LUTHER LAFLIN MILLS.

A PROTEST AGAINST NATIONAL HUMILIATION.

While Dewey and Otis and the heroes around them are bravely upholding the flag of the country in the Philippines, the title to which has already been accepted by the United States as an incidental result of a most righteous war, it is urged by some of the citizens that the emblem of the nation be lowered there, as never yet in all its history it has been lowered, and that in the presence of the world we make confession that the brain and conscience of America have assumed a responsibility which they cannot or should not carry.

As I honor and revere my country I protest against such a policy of national surrender and humiliation.

The course announced by our wise, patriotic and humane President, contemplating, as it does, the permanent welfare of the inhabitants of the Philippines, the bringing to them of peace out of disorder, the establishing by them of laws in the land and the introducing among them of civilizing and Christianizing influences is but a continuance of the purpose for which we went to war with Spain, when the magnificent public sentiment of the country demanded that we rescue Cuba from ruin and to its people bring the light of a "better day." The star of humanity led us then; it leads us now.

No nation ever had a nobler policy than that of the redemption of another people, and this nation would be defiant of its duty and false to the great trust which it assumed when the treaty of peace was sealed with Spain and it took under its guardianship the barbarians of the sea if at the command of a youthful adventurer, with a few thousand adherents supporting him among eight millions of people and at the dictation of his sympathizers elsewhere than in the Philippines, it now abandoned them.

I have no fear that such a course will be sustained by the thought and conscience of our people. They have assumed their burden and will carry it. They are great enough to bear the responsibility; they are dutiful enough never to shirk it.

THE REV. LYMAN ABBOTT, D. D.

PROPOSITIONS NOT SERIOUSLY DISPUTED.

The following propositions seem to me undisputable, and so far as I know, have never been seriously disputed by any anti-expansionist:

1. When Admiral Dewey destroyed the Spanish fleet in the harbor of Manila, the only government in the Philippine archipelago, real or pretended, *de jure* or *de facto*, was the Spanish government.

2. By the destruction of the Spanish fleet the power of that government to protect persons and property in the archipelago was destroyed.

3. It is a well settled principle of international law, and a self-evident proposition of good morals as well, that when any nation destroys the power of an existing government it is bound to furnish a government in its place—that is, to furnish protection to persons and property until and unless some other government competent to furnish such protection is organized.

4. The United States could not have evaded this duty with honor by sailing away from the harbor of Manila after destroying the Spanish fleet, as the anti-expansionists then proposed; nor can it now evade this duty with honor by sailing away from Manila in the faith that the Aguinaldo or Malolos government has the will and the ability to furnish protection to persons and property, for

5. There is no adequate evidence that it has the will, and the proclamation officially certified to by General Otis, calling for the extermination of all foreigners without apprisement or compassion, does not indicate the existence of such a will. There is no indication that it has the power. It is composed of the Tagals, who are only a minority of the inhabitants of the Island of Luzon and a still smaller minority of the inhabitants of the archipelago. The government of the Tagals in the Philippines would not be self-government; it would be an oligarchy.

For these reasons it appears clear to me that the United States cannot escape the responsibilities of sovereignty in the Philippine archipelago until under its fostering care a government is organized both able and willing to furnish that protection to the rights of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness for which governments are organized among men.

It is my conviction, which events from day to day have only confirmed, that it is the purpose of the present administration to discharge these responsibilities and to fulfill the obligations which they involve. Nor do I see any reason to doubt the official declarations, constantly repeated by the administration—I quote now from Secretary Long's address in Boston May 1—disavowing "any purpose anywhere to subjugate or reduce these islands to vassalage, or make these people slaves,

or deprive them of any rights which are enjoyed by our own territories at home."

JUDGE RICHARD S. TUTHILL.

THE CRITICISM OF MALIGNANT OR IGNORANT FAULT-FINDERS.

Not during the struggle for independence, not during his two terms as President, did the great Washington escape the criticism of malignant or ignorant fault finders.

Foolish and presumptuous men, without adequate knowledge of the situation, without breadth of view to see what was wisest and best to be done in the struggle for the preservation of the Union in 1861 to 1865, ceased not to croak and to criticise Abraham Lincoln.

Great newspapers and leaders, who were willing to admit that they were wiser than the "western country lawyer," denounced the "great emancipator" as unequal to his task, as weak and hesitating, as willing to drench the land in blood, to destroy the Constitution and to whelm the government in financial ruin.

Not alone in the ranks of his political opponents were these found. From the classic halls of universities and colleges, from "reformers" par excellence, and from newspaper and magazine offices came the self-appointed advisers, who illustrated at once their ignorance and their egotism by assuming to criticize a Grant, a Sherman, a Sheridan, a Logan, because they so conducted war as to gain victories and to destroy the enemy and to end the struggle.

Liars in the field and at home wrote to the newspapers lies about them, and they ceased not to denounce Lincoln and the "wicked" Stanton for every insignificant fault which their jaundiced vision could discover at Washington or in the field.

To-day the people of the United States know that they have a chief magistrate who in early manhood upon many battlefields gave proof that he so loved his country that he was willing to give his life in her defense, and "greater love hath no man than this."

They know that in the fierce light of a continuous public career since the close of the great war he has stood unscathed, patriotic and true, wise and experienced in all the concerns of state, sincere and faithful, desiring to do without faltering his duty in the great place to which the voice of the people, which is the voice of God, has called him.

Again history repeats itself. The croakers, the self-appointed cen-

sors do not dare to question his purpose to do right. But they criticise the administration and find fault because our soldiers and sailors are fearless and shoot straight; because those who fight against them get the worst of it, as may the enemies of our country always do.

These do not seek prominence on the deck of a man-of-war, as did Dewey in Manila Bay, or in climbing the bloody hill at San Juan, or fighting a concealed foe in the swamps of Luzon, or in swimming in the face of Mauser bullets to place their country's flag where it belonged, and shall remain.

Ignorant, if not malignant, they cease not to find fault with the administration. Their efforts will avail not to keep back the ocean of civilization, which, thank God, shall yet cover all the dark places on earth, and shall make them in the future to blossom with the flowers and to be ripe with the fruits of a better era for the oppressed of all the earth.

HON. GEORGE E. ADAMS. (Democrat.)

ALL PARTIES MUST GIVE CORDIAL SUPPORT TO THE FLAG.

During the last eighty years the American people have done as much for international arbitration as all other nations combined. Since 1816 seventy-two arbitration treaties have been signed. Out of this number twenty-three have concerned Great Britain and thirty-six the United States. All other nations taken together have resorted to arbitration only thirteen times.

What we have done in the past is nothing to what we can do in the future. We shall be the greatest industrial nation of the next century. We can exert an overpowering influence against militarism and in favor of a peaceful method of settling international disputes. But we cannot exert this commanding influence except on two conditions.

First, the world must understand, as it does understand, that we are slow to begin war; secondly, the world must understand that when war does come men of all parties, whatever they may think of questions that led to the war or questions that rise out of the war, will postpone for a time all discussion that only tends to give aid and comfort to the enemy, and unite in cordial support of the men who carry the flag of the United States.

HON. LAMBERT TREE. (Democrat.)

(Former United States Minister to Russia under President Cleveland.)

THE AUTHORITY OF THE GOVERNMENT MUST BE MAINTAINED.

The brilliant naval victory which made the name of Dewey immortal and shed an imperishable luster upon American arms created at the same time conditions which we cannot escape. Great victories always do. The Philippine Islands fell into our hands. To have left them in the hands of Spain under the circumstances that existed would have justly excited the scorn and contempt of the world.

To have turned them loose, unprepared as their inhabitants were and are for self-government, would have made them the prey of every European power and caused international complications with responsibility for which we could not avoid. Hence there was no course left but to throw around them the shield of the protection of the United States until such time as it could be properly determined in our interests, as well as theirs, what should be done with them.

The world thought the inhabitants of these islands were most fortunate in having the protection of the government of the United States, which had, moreover, just released them from centuries of Spanish oppression, from which they were unable to release themselves.

Their gratitude was what was naturally expected, but that utterly unscrupulous and dishonest leader, Aguinaldo, by base misrepresentation of the purpose of the United States, stirred them to insurrection, and instead of kissing the flag of their rescuers they fired upon it. Now, will anybody tell me what the government could do under such circumstances otherwise than what it has done?

Would its critics have had it withdraw the soldiers when they were fired upon by the very men they had just released from their Spanish oppressors? Did they wish the government to order the fleet of Admiral Dewey to come home?

It is presumed that the American Congress will in good time determine what shall ultimately be done with the Philippine Islands, but until then it is the duty of the President of the United States to maintain authority over them, no matter how many men it takes to do it, and all persons there resisting that authority should feel the bayonet and the ball cartridge. To have these people expect anything else is in the end cruelty to them and belittling to our government.

RESOLUTIONS DRAWN UP BY GENERAL JOHN C. BLACK.

(Democrat.)

(Passed unanimously at the great mass meeting in the Auditorium, Chicago, May 7, 1899.)

First. We recognize that a condition of war prevails in the Philippine Islands between the government of the United States and certain men who are in insurrection against the lawful authority of the United States. We believe that such condition of insurrection has arisen from a course of events which, when once instituted, has moved in irresistible sequence to the present situation—that this course of events began with the barbarities practiced by the Spanish government toward the inhabitants of the Island of Cuba.

These barbarities were continued by the Spanish authorities in spite of our protestations and entreaties through a series of years for an amelioration of these dreadful conditions, and finally culminated in the destruction of the *Maine* in the harbor of Havana.

Every step which followed has been inevitably sequent of the preceding events—war between the two nations, the success of American arms and the consequences which attach to the conquest of an armed foe. Among these consequences were the occupation of the Philippine Islands by the American naval and military forces, and the substitution during the remainder of the war of the sovereignty of the conqueror for that of the conquered. In the Philippine Islands, with the exception of a single year, Spanish sovereignty has been complete since the sixteenth century.

Spain collected the taxes, held the fortifications, appointed all the civil officers. Spanish viceroys, Spanish judges, Spanish courts administered the laws which were proclaimed by the Spanish government and enforced by the Spanish army and navy. The sudden destruction of this sovereignty compelled the substitution of the sovereignty of the conqueror.

No other government in the archipelago was competent to receive the authority surrendered by Spain. Our government had to accept and assume the responsibility of the situation and execute the duties devolved upon it by the change in the administration of the laws. The only alternative was to surrender the islands to anarchy or to foreign and selfish intervention. Neither course was compatible with duty or with the dictates of humanity. Therefore, after the conquest in the

harbor of Manila it was incumbent on our government to protect life and property throughout the archipelago.

We recognize and declare the facts to be that from the 13th day of August, 1898, until the 4th day of February, 1899, peace prevailed in Manila under the protection of American arms—that on the day last named an insurgent force assailed our army in its fortifications and encampments under the cover of darkness—and by this act of aggression inaugurated hostilities, the first result of which was intended to be wholesale massacre and the destruction of property within the city.

We recite with sorrow the fact that the chief encouragement has been from some of our misguided fellow citizens, and to them must be ascribed much of the bloodshed and ruin which has followed.

We further declare that the government of the United States has sought in every honorable way to secure cessation of hostilities, as evidenced by the appointment of a commission fully authorized to treat with the insurgents and to offer them peace and amnesty, and by the action of our military and naval authorities, who have at all times been ready to protect those who would surrender their arms and cease their warfare against the government of the United States.

We point to the fact that these efforts of peace have been constantly rejected by the insurgents until it became manifest even to them that they were waging a hopeless war.

Second. We declare our belief in the high honor and just action of our army and navy in the Philippine Islands. We believe that our government has taken every step that it should take to secure peace and order. We believe that the administration representing the government has highly and fully discharged its duty in the premises. We consider it our part to share the burdens of our government, rather than to embarrass its efforts and thus prolong the conflict of arms.

Third. We know that at this very hour our soldiers in arms are face to face with an armed foe, and until the close of hostilities we know only our country, its army and navy, and its executive. We pledge to them while our flag shall be in battle our unfaltering support.

Fourth. We as Americans take pride in the achievements of our army and navy, both in the war with Spain and in the present military operations in the Island of Luzon. The heroism of officers and men alike has shed renewed luster on American arms.

The cause in which they have fought was and is a just one. They are now fighting for the security of the lives of peaceable noncombat-

ants throughout the archipelago, and in just reprisal for an unprovoked attack.

We believe that the sending of seditious appeals to the American troops, engaged in hostilities, is an act of treasonable character, and that every appeal to them to abandon their colors or disregard their duty as soldiers merits the lasting condemnation of every patriot.

Fifth. The government of the United States should be, and we believe will be, true to its principles in the disposition of all questions that may arise in the future in our relationship with the people of the Philippine Islands.

Sixth. We regard the great issue of the hour to be the success of our country in the performance of the duty which it owes to civilization. Until this is assured—until armed insurrection has ceased—we have no terms to offer but the American terms of unconditional surrender.

EX-JUDGE JOHN BARTON PAYNE. (Democrat.)

MISTAKE OF SO-CALLED ANTI-IMPERIALISTS.

It is well known that the President was not in favor of a declaration of war against Spain; that his attitude toward that subject was conservative; so much so, indeed, that many of the men who now charge him with ulterior motives insisted that he was too slow and did not desire a war with Spain.

It is a fact that twelve months ago it was recognized by nearly all of the people of this country that the situation in Cuba had continued for so long and was so acute as to demand the immediate intervention of the United States, and the voice of the American people went up as one man, demanding that the atrocities of Spain toward the Cubans should cease. This culminated in a declaration of war. This declaration received practically the unanimous support of the Congress and people of the United States.

One fundamental mistake made by the gentlemen who style themselves anti-imperialists is that they treat the government of the United States as a thing apart from the people of the United States. I deny that there is any difference. The people here find speedy expression of their convictions, and when the time comes for us to deal with the future of the Philippine Islands, I rest confident in the conviction that we will be able to deal with that question in a just and humane manner; that we will not deny, alter or abridge the principles upon

which this government is founded, but will be found both able and willing to deal with the question in a way to merit the continued respect of mankind and to add to the glory of our achievements.

Meantime our duty is to stand firmly and unalterably by the government of the United States until it shall establish complete supremacy over its foes, whether those foes be great or small, whether a mighty nation or a band of Philippine insurgents. Until then no loyal heart should for one moment doubt the loyalty, the patriotism or the wisdom of the President of the United States or of the soldiers or sailors who stand before the enemies of the country, maintaining its integrity, its honor and its glory.

THE REV. P. S. HENSON, D. D.

A CONDITION AND NOT A THEORY CONFRONTS US.

We are confronted, as a late lamented President of the United States was wont to say, with a condition rather than a theory. A poor wretch was lying by the roadside that runs between Jericho and Jerusalem. He had been beaten and robbed, was bleeding and bruised and lying there likely to die. A good Samaritan came along. He took him in hand. He bent tenderly above him. He bound up his wounds. He gave him a cordial and he never rested until his work was done.

That good Samaritan is Uncle Sam, who stumbled upon the Philippines and was God-guided as he went, like that good Samaritan. He went in with Dewey. Not to have gone in would have been insanity. To sneak out would have been pusillanimity. The thunder of Dewey's guns broke the grip of Spain upon that race of slaves. What then? Shall we deliver them over to Aguinaldo? Pray, who is Aguinaldo? It would be worth while to have his picture.

Well we would know how to use his picture. There have been those that regarded him as a demon, and some that bow before him as a demigod, and they have had the effrontery to put him on a pedestal as high as Washington.

Shame on such a man.

When there is issued such an infernal proclamation like that which has come to us to-day, as if it was sent out from the bottomless pit, when such a proclamation shall be signed by George Washington and shall come to us, when it shall be authentically proved that he was

guilty of such rapacity and cruelty as Aguinaldo, when it shall be shown that he stole away from these shores with his pockets filled with British gold as the price of his surrender, then you can sink his pedestal to the level of that of Aguinaldo.

THE CUBAN JUNTA RECALLED.

And whom does Aguinaldo represent? You remember the Cuban junta. Do you ever hear of the Cuban junta? Where is that junta now? There were those who insisted that our President should deliver over the Island of Cuba to the Cuban junta.

There was a clamorous crowd of them, and there was a clamorous crowd of little Americans who insisted that he should do it, but as that gem of the Antilles marches to-day, radiant with beauty and purged of its filthiness, the filthiness of Spanish rule, as it marches to enter upon a new era of splendid civilization, where is the man that does not applaud the sagacity and the level-headedness of President McKinley?

And so to-day there are those that wave the Declaration of Independence in our faces and tell us that the thing to do is to deliver over those islands of the archipelago in the East to the people who are their rightful masters for "all governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed." So wrote Thomas Jefferson.

Do you remember that the Lord said to Joshua, "My servant is dead"?

And so is Thomas Jefferson. I do not believe that Thomas Jefferson was infallible.

I believe that a live President in the year of grace 1899 is just as much of an authority as a President that lived and died a hundred years ago. I am no worshiper of a saint just because he is dead. Let the dead bury the dead.

As to that hallowed document that declares that all governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed, if that is to be literally construed there never was a greater falsehood palmed off by the devil upon a credulous world.

It is not true of the government of God. There has been a book published lately entitled "The Republic of God," and there are a lot of palavering fellows who think that if they can get a consensus about hell and heaven that settles it.

I do not think the principle will apply in a family. I am the father

of a numerous progeny. I have not been accustomed to gather a congress of kids about my table to determine how the family should be run.

And nations have their childhood just like infants. There never was a greater absurdity than the declaration that the people everywhere, regardless of character, regardless of advancement, of intelligence and civilization, are fit subjects for popular government.

Whether all governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed depends very much upon the people—the kind of people. There are conditions of society, there are nationalities for the government of which the iron hand is better than a hydra-headed monster.

The American people have been heard from through their representatives in Congress assembled, and they have ratified the treaty with Spain that ceded to us the Philippine Islands.

And the President of the United States has no more right to-day to deliver over the Philippine Islands to the redoubtable Aguinaldo than he has to deliver Governor's Island over to Richard Croker

The American people are not fools, and they are not fanatics. They are not howling jingoes, thirsting for blood and eager for more territory, and our friends need not work themselves up in a fine frenzy lest we should degenerate into a race of swashbucklers.

We are a hard headed, lawful, broad-minded, industrious, peace-loving and eminently sensible people, and the President is a typical specimen of us.

As has been said, he hesitated a long time before he went to war. He realized, as many did not, that war was hell. He abhorred war, but the time had come when it had to be done, and when it did have to be done, he said let it be done quickly.

He did not want to sniff the air, but he let loose the dogs and they ran down their game. Go in Dewey, rouse up ye Rough Riders, charge San Juan, take Santiago, hail Sampson and Schley, Cervera's fleet is coming out, steaming out. Run them down and beat them with shot and shell.

But they said have mercy. Better to have drops of blood now than rivers of blood by and by. We can have mercy then, but we want quick work now.

That is what Grant said. There were timorous people then, afraid of blood, you know. Grant was a grim soldier, but he loved peace better than war. He fought with all his might and had a gun with him.

That is the President, that is Dewey, that is the soldier in the field and the admiral on the ship.

We never meant to go to the Philippines. We did not want to go there. We have no special desire to stay there now. But we have to. We have got territory enough, the Lord knows, and problems enough at home to settle. We did not want to go.

We deplore blood, but I tell you who have the greater reason to deplore the bloodshed that is going on to-day, and they are the men who have instigated by their cruel suspicions of the President and of the government, the prolongation of this war in the Philippines.

They never would have suspected us of mercenariness if it had not been shoved into them by men who ought not to have the name of men.

"Every night through blood to light. Every night through blood to light." That is the history of the sweep of civilization all down the ages. That is the history of ours.

In the providence of God Columbus was guided. America was founded, and a like providence has guided us to the Philippines and our flag floats above the islands.

Through Dewey, through Funston—if ever a man was in the swim it is Funston—and MacArthur, and Lawton and many another hero of renown, we are there in the providence of God, and we are going to stay there until something better turns up

If it shall be proved to our satisfaction that the Filipinos are capable of establishing a republican government, there is nobody that will hail it with greater satisfaction than America. "All hail," we will say to the young republic of the East, to the first born child of the great republic of the West.

And when that day comes, if it ever should, we will sail out of Manila, not as they want us to. We went in by the orders of Almighty God and we won't go out until we get orders from headquarters and not from Central Music Hall.

And when we go out it will be with Old Glory flying at the masthead.

We will go out as we went in, in a blaze of glory. While all the nations of the earth and all heavens shall say to Uncle Sam, his beneficent task accomplished: "Well done, good and faithful servant."

REV. EDWARD EVERETT HALE, D. D.

On the Sunday after the war with Spain was announced I said to my congregation that whenever I knew more about the existing trouble than the government at Washington I should offer advice to the gov-

ernment and my own congregation. Until I was in possession of such superior knowledge, I said then, I would not propose measures or policies for the guidance of the administration. I advised the members of my congregation to adopt a similar policy.

I am of the opinion that such a policy would be a good thing for most citizens to follow at this time. Conditions are not so different but that the principle obtains now as then.

I hold it to be the duty of the citizens of any nation to support the government as against other nations and to trust in the authorities of the country in whom are intrusted the administration of the nation's affairs.

I am a firm believer in a permanent peace between all civilized nations. It is practical, and I believe it is obtainable. As I have repeatedly urged in my public utterances, I think the peace congress proposed and called by the Czar of Russia, the head of the greatest military power on the globe, to be a significant and timely move toward the solution of international difficulties. We preachers like to look forward to a better future rather than cling to the mistakes of the past.

THE REV. FATHER T. P. HODNETT.

(Pastor of St. Malachy's Roman Catholic Church.)

I believe that the government should not be hampered in its action; that no obstacle should be flung in its path that would impede the execution of its plans at this juncture. Our flag has been fired on, our troops slain before we had a chance of explaining to the natives the nature of our mission. The insurgents must lay down their arms—unconditionally surrender—ere any steps can be taken to definitely settle our relation to the Philippine archipelago.

It is my humble opinion that the Filipinos are unfit for self-government as we understand it. The rule, the dominion, the civilization that exists among them is Spanish. The United States by treaty has assumed all the rights and claims of Spain.

If our troops are withdrawn anarchy will ensue, turmoil, rapine, confusion, murder and all the evils that follow in the wake of tribal strife and factious revolution, and our government will be justly held up to the scorn and contempt of European nations. The terrible scenes that occurred in Hayti and San Domingo will be repeated, and we cannot escape the responsibility thereof.

Hence, we must uphold the sovereignty of Uncle Sam, support the President in his vigorous measures to put down the insurrection, if we would maintain our respect as a people and preserve stainless, unsoiled, the honor of Old Glory.

COL. J. H. DAVIDSON.

FIGHTING MUST BE FORCED TO A FINAL OUTCOME.

As to the present war, what is there and what has there been to do but to force the fighting to a final outcome? I for my part would not give up one island even if that island was no larger than a dinner platter in the big sea, for in the course of a thousand years it might grow and therefore I say keep it.

Thirty-seven years ago the shackles were struck off four million slaves, and the name of the emancipator, Abraham Lincoln, was there and then made immortal.

That was an emancipation proclamation to the Filipinos as well, notwithstanding what the philosophers of Boston do or say, or what the malcontents who stood on this platform last Sunday saw fit to declare. We depend on the loyalty and intelligence of the American people in this crisis as we have done on other occasions.

We can rest assured that our people and their President will give the Filipinos the largest liberty and the freest government that is compatible with their intelligence.

BISHOP CHARLES H. FOWLER, D. D., LL. D.

WE NEED THE PHILIPPINES.

We need the Philippines; they'll come in handy some time, when we need coal. The situation in the east demands that the United States have an oriental rendezvous. China offers a market we can't afford to overlook—a market for the overproduction of this nation—and that market can be gauged and protected from such a point as the Philippines offer. Uncle Sam wants "a finger in the Chinese pie" and he's bound to get it. The welfare of the nation in part hinges on this, and that's why I am so heartily in favor of expansion.

REV. E. A. DUNNING, D. D., EDITOR OF THE CONGREGATION-
ALIST, BOSTON.

(Address before the Chicago Congregational Club, December 18, 1899,
on The Greater Nation.)

What have we to hope or to fear from the Latin races? We have nothing to hope or fear from France and nothing from debt-burdened Italy or decadent Spain, or the fickle republics of South America.

But the contest will be with the Slav, with the Greek church. It may be a contest of brains or it may be of bayonets. In the far East the Puritan of America is facing the Slav in Asia, and in the West and South the Anglo-Saxon is facing the Slav in the Persian Gulf.

What have we to do with Russia? The question might have been asked five years ago, but not now, when the most vital topic concerning our Congress is that of providing government for 10,000,000 of Asiatics and when our government has sent a diplomatic command to Russia that American interests shall not be disturbed in China.

We know little of Russia. We know something of Germany and France and Italy, but we know little of the Slav. We have read the books of Tolstoi and we know that there are queer ideas of democracy expressed in them.

We know also that the Russian stands for centralization of power, but we cannot tell the result when his ideas of centralized power come into conflict with the Anglo-Saxon idea of individualism. (Great applause.)

As to the Puritan's right to be in the East, no student of history doubted it. Few students of history are anti-expansionists, and the trouble with the anti-expansionist is that he is not a student of history. (Applause and cheers.)

The greatest risk to the nation would be if America should do as the man with the one talent, dig a hole in which to bury its talent.

The exacting master would demand the interest which his money should have made, and to the nation which had made the greatest use of its opportunities would the most be given. (Renewed applause.)

REV. J. H. O. SMITH, D. D., OF CHICAGO.

THE MISSION OF AMERICA.

The sentiment "America for Americans" is being changed to America for the world. It is our mission as a station to translate into history

the Lord's ideal of greatness. "He that would be chief among you let him be servant of all," until the wild spirit of freedom shall rule like an angel of mercy in the islands of the sea.

For a century America has been in training under God for the place she is to fill in the future or forfeit the right to survive. We will hold our new possessions in trust for their inhabitants.

Our republic could never inaugurate a colonial policy which would repeat the follies and crimes of Spain, or harness Liberty to the treadmill of American syndicates or translate the Declaration of Independence into the language of George the Third, but we must contribute largely to the solution of the world's problems, and use our exhaustless resources in the sacred interests of humanity.

Our gates are swinging outward and we must go to teach the difficult art of self-government; the meaning of equality, loyalty, liberty and love to half barbarous peoples, and lead the forces contending for the reign of the people.

AMYAS NORTHCOTE.

(A son of Sir Stafford Northcote of England, and member of the Chicago firm of Aldis, Aldis & Northcote.)

SHOULD KEEP THE ISLANDS.

I make the positive statement that England stood out against a European plan to intervene in behalf of Spain, and that but for England's decided assertion that it would neither interfere nor consider interference by others a friendly act the United States would have found itself opposed by the concert of Europe.

I believe that the United States should keep the islands. I believe, too, that they will open a mission for this country.

The Anglo-Saxon is a born colonizer, and he owes colonization as a duty to civilization. The United States has proved its capabilities by colonizing a continent.

Let it keep on to the westward. Hawaii is a step, the Philippines another.

The islands can go only to Great Britain or to Japan if the United States gives them up.

If the United States gives them up the Eastern question will be tenfold more entangled, but if they are retained England will feel that they are in the hands of a friend.

The English people do not want an alliance any more than do Americans, but they do want to feel that if every other country joins to fight Great Britain then the United States will step up alongside.

UNITED STATES SENATOR CARTER OF MONTANA.

(September 4, 1899.)

THE PRESIDENT HAS STRUCK A RESPONSIVE CHORD.

The public utterances of the President have struck a responsive chord among the people of the West. The Republican policy should be to meet the expansion question squarely on its merits by declaring at once in favor of the permanent retention of the Philippines by the United States. The Republicans will have the support of the people if they continue to maintain the supremacy of the flag.

I can pledge to the President the support of the whole West on a platform defending the flag and promising to open the Philippines to the products of the farm and the factory.

GOVERNOR THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

WE CANNOT AVOID FACING DANGEROUS QUESTIONS.

As a nation we cannot avoid having responsibilities thrust upon us. We cannot avoid facing dangerous questions of foreign policy any more than we can avoid facing dangerous questions of internal policy.

All that we can do in one case, as in the other, is to try to solve these questions with honor, courage and intelligence.

Unless we are false to every tradition of the American foreign policy we must continue to uphold the Monroe doctrine; but it would be better to surrender the Monroe doctrine outright than to discredit ourselves and make ourselves the laughing stock of the world by loud lip-loyalty to it, while we nevertheless decline to take any step which would make good our pretensions.

We have asserted this doctrine in the past against England and France, Spain and Russia, and it will be a deep discredit to us in the future if we fail to assert it against any power in the world should it seek to gain a foot of new territory on the soil, whether of the American continents or of the islands that fringe those continents.

Yet, as I said, it would be better to surrender the doctrine entirely than to bluster about it and then fail to live up to it.

The bully who does not fight is one degree meaner than the coward who makes no pretensions of fighting; and the worst offenders against the honor and dignity of America in foreign affairs are those who loudly proclaim a desire to entangle us in foreign difficulties, but who refuse to help make ready the forces by which alone our pretensions would be made good.

HON. BINGER HERMANN, COMMISSIONER OF THE GENERAL
LAND OFFICE.

WEST WANTS EXPANSION.

“Everybody on the Pacific slope wants expansion. I assisted the Governor in welcoming home the Oregon volunteers, and I never saw greater enthusiasm. The boys who served in the Philippines looked very different from those who served in Cuba. They looked better when they came back than when they went away. They spoke as though they were well pleased with their experience, and that their enthusiasm was not affected is proved by the fact that many of them have re-enlisted in the new regiment now being formed.

We have a few Aguinaldos out our way, but the anti-expansion sentiment is so small that it will be difficult for the opposition to make an issue out of the question. If they do they will certainly lose the Pacific coast by it. The West has never known greater prosperity than it is now enjoying, and all signs are propitious for the Republicans.

HON. A. G. FOSTER, UNITED STATES SENATOR FOR WASH-
INGTON.

FAR WEST IN PERFECT ACCORD WITH THE PRESIDENT.

We are all in perfect accord with the President's Philippine policy. It satisfies Democrats as well as Republicans.

It is a great thing for the coast people. They are enjoying a boom in business. We are proud of our soldiers and the record they made as fighters.

There is no doubt that China would have been parceled out to the European powers had Dewey not taken the Philippines.

REV. THOS. E. GREEN, D. D.

(Address at Denver, Colo., September 17, 1899.)

THE HAND OF DESTINY SWEEPED THIS NATION ONWARD.

Can any man make himself believe that the past two years of our national history could have been dreamed out in wildest imagining by any man? Step by step, so fast that one crisis did tread upon another's heels, the hand of destiny swept this nation onward.

No man marked the lines or created a policy. We were not even ready; we had few ships—few men—untried commanders.

But God called—and Dewey sailed into Manila Bay—and Schley bottled up Santiago harbor—and Shafter and Roosevelt and Lawton and Funston and Hale stood forth, and at the head of all a man brave enough to face the duty as it came and do it as he saw it best, the President of the United States.

Standing here to-day, under the tossing folds of the flag we love, I give you the prayer that should rise from every true American heart: "God bless the nation; God guard the army and navy; God save the President."

EX-GOVERNOR HOGG OF TEXAS (Democrat).

We have expanded in defiance of the Texas Democratic platform. We must prosecute a vigorous war policy in the Philippines. They must be held, subject to the authority of the United States.

COLONEL CHARLES DENBY.

CLEAR TITLE TO THE ISLANDS.

We conquered and bought the Philippines. They belong to us as Alaska does, and as Porto Rico does, and Florida and other States and Territories. We will do with them what justice and humanity and our own and their mutual advantage may dictate. It has cost us a bloody war to hold them. They are the dearer for that. We did not inaugurate this war. We did all that men could do to avoid it, except that our brave troops did not run when they were fired on.

It would seem that the war had to come; that the Filipinos would not have respected us unless they had tried our mettle. They believed that we were cowards, because they had so often insulted us without

resistance. We had turned one cheek; possibly they thought we would turn the other.

Before the senate had ratified the treaty, before Spain had ratified it, before ratifications were exchanged, a general, deadly, vigorous assault was made on our lines.

Our sentinel fired first. That was no excuse for a general attack on our lines. He obeyed his ordinary orders to allow no man to cross his post. It was mere routine. He might have been shot himself by his own commander if he had not obeyed orders.

The simultaneous attack along many miles of front showed that Aguinaldo courted the opportunity for war. He has been gratified. He has had more than he bargained for. He made the fatal error of believing that he could strengthen his cause by killing our soldiers. He has consolidated our people.

In private life, in public life, at home and abroad, the main thing is to be in the right. The private man leads a felon's life when he has soiled his honor.

The nation that at this day forfeits the respect of other nations on account of wrong doing will find no compensation in the gains that may accrue from its treachery. In the history of our dealing with the Philippines there is not one act that we should wish to blot out.

The preceding short account fairly tells the story as to what we actually did, and leaves the escutcheon untarnished.

Let us discuss as we may choose, the propriety of making the Paris treaty, and what now should be done with the Philippines, but let no man smirch his country's honor.

MURAT HALSTEAD.

THE FUTURE OF THE UNITED STATES.

What an advertisement has been made of the future of the United States in Asia! We have a greater interest there than any other nation, not excepting Russia and England. We possess the great archipelagoes of the Pacific, the future States. They are nearer now than were the present States to civilization when their development began.

American tools and machinery are going to Europe, American grain is going to Asia. The road to India and Asia has become the road of American growth and development. This country is coming into a greatness and splendor that will give every American reason to be prouder of his country than ever before.

We are at the turning of the century. It was one hundred years ago that George Washington died. The one hundredth anniversary of his death sees the country serene and peaceful. The twentieth century is about to open propitiously.

OPINIONS OF PROFESSORS IN SEVENTEEN WESTERN COLLEGES REGARDING PRESIDENT MCKINLEY'S POLICY.

On the first of May, 1899, an anti-expansion meeting was held in Central Music Hall, Chicago. It was presided over by President Henry Wade Rogers, LL. D., of the Northwestern University, a moderate anti-expansionist. Professor Lawrence Laughlin of the University of Chicago, made an address on the occasion.

In order to ascertain the opinions of a large number of professors in the Western colleges, the Chicago Tribune sent its correspondent at the seats of learning of seventeen of these institutions to interview them upon the question at issue.

One hundred and sixty-two professors were seen. Of that number, one hundred and twenty-seven emphatically approved the President's course. The Tribune printed the replies given in its issue of May 3, 1899.

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO.

Fourteen members of the faculty indorse the President's course, five oppose it, and one is non-committal.

Eri B. Hulbert, Dean of Divinity School.—I take an unqualified stand in favor of supporting President McKinley and the Government. The country was full of copperheads in 1861 and 1862. I knew them then and I know them now. I have no use for them.

Major Henry A. Rust, Controller.—Until something is proposed that will solve the question I am opposed to criticising the Government in its honest endeavors.

President W. R. Harper.—I have nothing to say on the present occasion. I have been quoted before and my position on the general subject is known.

Thomas W. Goodspeed, Secretary.—As long as an enemy stands before our army threatening our soldiers with disaster and death there is but one course open to patriotic men. Assailing the Government and the policy of the country at such a time is "giving aid and comfort to the enemy."

G. S. Goodspeed.—I am not an imperialist, but stand rather with the

large majority of people here in the university, who would rather be called with the expansionists than with those who are criticising the policy of the Government.

Galusha Anderson.—I think it is a time when all good American citizens should support the Government. The people classed as anti-imperialists ought to be ashamed of themselves, and I believe they will be some day.

Ernst Freund.—I signed the call for the meeting at Central Music Hall. Criticism of the Government means merely we do not approve of what is going on. Disloyalty is a thing we should not expect to have applied to us.

Professor Frederick Starr.—I was one of the vice-presidents of the Central Music Hall meeting. That is enough to explain my position.

F. W. Shepardson, President Harper's Secretary.—The Government must establish conditions under which it can act finally and its efforts to secure peace in the Philippines should be credited with honesty of purpose.

F. J. Gurney, Examiner's Department.—I believe in the present policy of the Government and I should trust American citizens to support it.

William Hill.—The question at present is which will be the better—the rule of the United States in the Philippines or the rule of Aguinaldo and a few of his favorites? On that basis I should think perhaps United States government might be preferred.

Jacques Loeb.—I am not only a loyalist but an expansionist. I believe the Philippines ought to become a part of United States territory.

W. G. Hale.—I do not indorse the administration's attitude. As for the term traitor, which has been applied so freely to those who differ from our chief public servant, I am entirely ready to bear the title along with such men as Senator Hoar, ex-Senator Edmunds, Bishop Potter, General Alexander McClurg, and others.

H. R. Hatfield.—It is our duty, until some definite plan is formed, to stand by the Government in its efforts to discharge the responsibilities forced upon it.

Albion W. Small.—I think the Administration's policy with reference to the Philippine matter has been cautious and wise.

H. Hancock.—I think the policy of the Administration in dealing with the Philippine question is wise. I cannot see any imperialism.

Charles H. Thurber.—The policy of the Administration in handling

the matter has been legitimate, I believe. The sending of literature to the Philippines makes the senders disloyal, and they are doing what some nations would hold as traitorous.

J. Laurence Laughlin.—I do not think the Administration is pursuing a good policy with reference to the Philippines, in accepting a scheme of subduing colonies of different races and habits. It is really putting itself against the trend of our institutions and as soon as the people have time to think sentiment will react.

George E. Vincent.—In the present state of affairs we are bound to put our confidence in the wisdom and good intentions of the Administration.

T. L. Neff.—The present policy of the government is contrary to all the best traditions of this country.

ATTITUDE AT NORTHWESTERN.

In the Northwestern University, Evanston, members of the faculty talked as follows regarding the President's policy:

Dr. Robert D. Sheppard, Treasurer.—The feeling in our university is strong. My personal opinion is that the Philippines ought to be subdued and a white man's government organized there. It would be an error to suppose the university is not in line with the policy of the President.

George Coe, Psychology.—I do not think we could have withdrawn from the islands after the battle of Manila without shirking our duty, but mistakes have been made since then and I am disappointed in the work of the Philippine commission.

Charles Pearson.—It seems to me of paramount importance that the right of free speech and temperate discussion be maintained.

Thomas F. Holgate.—We must support the President and carry the thing through. We cannot withdraw with justice to that nation or to ourselves.

John H. Gray.—I do not indorse President McKinley's policy, nor do I consider it treason to express my opinion to that effect when the country is not in peril.

W. Crook, Science.—I see no way but to follow the policy of the President. The obligations he is carrying out were forced upon us and he should be sustained.

D. D. Bonbright, Latin.—Irrespective of the right or wrong of the

President's policy, I do not think it patriotic at this time to put obstructions in his way.

John Scott Clark, English Language.—I have nothing but praise for the President's action up to the close of the Cuban war, except for his appointment of Alger. I am willing to believe he is still sincere, but I believe he has been misled by unwise advisers into making war without warrant on a liberty-loving people.

James A. James, History.—I think it wrong at this time to do anything that would tend to embarrass the President.

DIVIDED AT MICHIGAN.

There is a sharp difference of opinion among the members of Michigan University's faculty in regard to the expansion question. In reply to the query, "Are you in favor of sustaining the President's policy in the Philippines?" interviews were secured as follows:

President Angell.—We are at peace here, and I do not care to express myself on the matter at all.

H. B. Hutchins, Dean of Law.—I am in favor of sustaining the President in his policy.

A. C. McLaughlin.—I have not been in sympathy with the annexation of the Philippines nor with the methods pursued by the Administration, but I am not so strong in my position as not to sustain the President in his policy.

Fred Taylor.—I am with McKinley. I am opposed to an imperial policy in the sense of a desire to aggrandize the American nation at the expense of any people.

Professor Johnson.—I believe the President is doing all that can be done at present, and am willing to trust future action to his judgment.

Professor Hinsdale.—I am in favor of getting out of a bad business as best we can, taking everything into account.

F. N. Scott.—I am much opposed to any violent condemnation of the President's policy or any attempt to interfere with his plans.

A. H. Pettingill.—I am not in favor of President McKinley's policy.

Bradley M. Thompson.—I am in favor of the policy. I am not in touch at any point with the gingerbread and lollypop policy of the Chicago Music Hall Fellows.

Dr. B. P. Bourland.—I am not in favor of expansion.

R. T. Ely.—I don't care to say anything about the matter.

OPINIONS AT MINNESOTA UNIVERSITY.

The question "Are you in favor of the President's policy in the Philippines?" was put to ten leading professors in the University of Minnesota with the following results:

Dean W. S. Pattee.—I am with the President. The Philippines came into our possession as an incident of war. We must maintain order there because we have removed all other lawful authority.

C. F. McClumpha.—I am in favor of it. I believe in expansion commercially.

F. J. E. Woodbridge.—I was not in favor of the Philippine war. It is now complicated, and we must protect American interests.

J. S. Clarke.—On the whole, yes. I hope the superior civilization of America will develop them into a better people.

F. S. Jones.—I see no other policy to maintain. I do not think we can withdraw.

W. M. West.—Yes. There is no other way now. We are bound to maintain a stable government.

H. T. Eddy.—I think the President has done right. It was inevitable. We cannot let go now.

G. D. Shepardson.—I think the President has acted for the best. It came as a development. There was no other course.

Maria Sanford.—Yes. Our commercial interests demand it. I believe it will have a good influence on our people as a whole.

Dr. W. W. Folwell. —Up to date, so far as it has developed, yes. We are engaged in war and must fight it out.

SENTIMENT AT DE PAUW UNIVERSITY.

Greencastle, Indiana.—On the question, "Are you in favor of sustaining the President's policy in the Philippines?" professors of De Pauw University answered as follows:

Dr. H. A. Gobin, President.—I approve of the President's policy, because I understand that it is a prominent feature of the policy that the Philippines will be allowed to develop a self-supporting government if they are competent to do so.

W. E. Smyster, English Literature.—In my opinion, our country is under moral obligations to establish a stable government in the Philippines. I am willing to leave it to Dewey, Otis and Shurmann.

James Riley Weaver, Political Science.—Most certainly, as far as

developed. No other possible under political and humanitarian reasons.

Dr. Hickman, Vice Chancellor.—Yes, it's the Lord's policy. I have no sympathy with the movement of Dr. Rogers.

M. T. Cook, Biology.—I am an expansionist all the way through, and the President's policy has my hearty approval.

Dr. Philip S. Baker, Chemistry.—Yes, we're there; there's but one course to pursue under the circumstances, and the administration is following that.

Henry B. Longden, German.—McKinley has not any policy in the first place, and I believe our actions in the Philippines to be an outrage of all humanitarian and just principles.

John W. Walker, Oratory.—I most heartily indorse the policy pursued by the administration. I am an expansionist.

Dr. Edwin Post, Latin.—I am doubtful if the course we are pursuing is the wisest one under the circumstances.

SENTIMENT AT KANSAS UNIVERSITY.

Lawrence, Kansas.—Members of the faculty of Kansas University expressed their views of the President's policy in regard to the Philippines as follows:

Chancellor F. H. Snow.—The policy is highly commendable.

E. D. Adams, European and English History.—Now that we have the Philippines, I am in favor of getting all that we can there and holding it.

E. M. Hopkins, French.—I have not seen the need of the aggressive action.

L. E. Sayre, Dean of Pharmacy.—Now that we are in possession of the Philippines, I can hardly see what other policy than that which the President seems to have outlined could be adopted.

W. C. Stevens, Entomology.—The policy of the President, as far as I can interpret it, seems to me to be about the only one that could be successfully used in the matter.

W. H. Carruth, German.—I agree with the President in deploring the war. At present I think no formalities should be allowed to prevent a cessation of hostilities.

OPINIONS AT KNOX COLLEGE.

Galesburg, Illinois.—The professors of Knox College to-day had the following to say in favor of sustaining President McKinley's policy in the Philippines:

President John H. Finley.—I think the President is doing the best possible under the circumstances.

John P. Cushing.—I have confidence enough in the administration to let it handle this question as seems best to it.

W. E. Simonds.—Yes, so far as present conditions hold.

T. R. Willard.—The President's policy, as far as I understand it from his speech in Boston, I certainly sustain.

H. V. Neal.—The President's policy has drifted into butchery.

Albert Hurd.—Yes. The President's policy is necessary and will be beneficial both to this country and to the Philippines.

H. W. Read.—Yes. The Filipinos are unfit for self-government.

H. S. Latham.—I am not in favor of his policy or of holding the Philippines.

Professor Thwing.—Yes. It seems to me the President has done the only thing possible under the circumstances.

George Churchill.—Yes. I do not see what else could be done under existing circumstances.

Professor Griffith.—I am not sufficiently informed to express an opinion.

AT ILLINOIS WESLEYAN.

Bloomington, Illinois.—Opinions of members of the faculty of Illinois Wesleyan University on the President's Philippine policy were as follows:

President E. M. Smith.—I am in favor of McKinley's policy as far as developed. I believe in obtaining unqualified and undisputed control, and, this obtained, developing self-government.

Dean R. O. Graham.—The present course is certain to result disadvantageously to the United States by forcing her to maintain a large standing army; also through loss of moral influence among nations. Nor can it benefit the Filipinos.

Wilbert Ferguson.—I favor McKinley's course until I clearly see a better. Am not in favor of permanent occupation of the Philippines.

A. F. Caldwell.—The carrying out of the present policy is a duty the United States Government cannot shirk.

R. B. Steel.—Emphatically, no.

A. A. Walters.—Yes. Any other course would be weak and cowardly.

M. P. Lackland.—The Filipinos should have been told plainly that our authority there would be only temporary.

AT OTHER COLLEGES.

At Iowa College, Grinnell, Iowa, Professors Macy, Wyckoff, Hendrixson, Simmons, Whitcomb, Smith, Buck, Emory and Nolan indorsed the President's policy, and Professor Heidel was non-committal.

At Wabash College, Crawfordsville, Indiana, ex-President Tuttle and Professors McLain, Kingery, Campbell, Studley, King, Thomas, Bodine, Milford and Osborne were unanimous in upholding the President.

At Cornell College, Mount Vernon, Iowa, President King and Professors Boyd, Norton, Williams, Collin, Nicholson, Harris, Freehof and Burnett agreed the President must be upheld.

At Monmouth College, Monmouth, Illinois, President Lyons, Vice-President McMillan, and Professors Graham, Swan, Brosius and Wilson were strong to sustain the President. Professor Maxwell said he was against imperialism.

At the State University of Iowa, Iowa City, Iowa, Professors McClain, Weld, Calvin, MacBride, Rohback, McConnell, Nutting, Shimek and Shambaugh were with the President, and Professor Hayes was non-committal.

At Albion College, Albion, Michigan, the President's policy was indorsed by President Ashley and Professors Fall, Waldo, Barr, Ford, Goodrich, Kimball and Lyon. Professors Lutz and Benner were non-committal.

At the University of Lincoln, Nebraska, Chancellor MacLean and Professors Bessey, Sherman, Caldwell, Nicholson, Barbour and Ward were a unit for supporting the President.

REV. ROBERT STUART McARTHUR, D. D.

(Calvary Baptist Church, New York.)

ON NATIONAL EXPANSION.

(Address before the Chicago Baptist Social Union, December 12, 1899.)

"Two years ago, in the international meaning of the word great, there were only four great nations in the world—France, Germany, Russia and Great Britain. Now there are five great nations—France, Germany, Russia, Great Britain and the United States of America.

"We have lived more during the last two years than ordinarily we would live in 100 years.

"While anti-expansionists have been discussing expansion as an academic question, the country has gone on expanding with marvelous rapidity.

"We have passed in one year from isolation to universality, from provincialism to cosmopolitanism; from a vigorous but somewhat selfish childhood to a robust and generous manhood.

"To-day America sits crowned as queen in the congress of nations; to-day the foremost man in all the world is the President of the United States."

"Russia is struggling for the mastership of the world. She now owns territory equal to one-sixth of all the land on the globe. Russia's Czar soon can ride from St. Petersburg to Vladivostock, a distance of 6,666 miles, without leaving his palace car and without leaving Russian soil. He can hasten forward about 2,000 miles more to Port Arthur."

"The Queen's diamond jubilee was a remarkable testimony to Britain's greatness. In the triumphal procession rode eleven Premiers of eleven self-governing colonies.

"This noble Queen rules over a territorial area of 11,500,000 square miles—more than three times the size of the United States. She rules over more Mohammedans than does the Sultan of Turkey. She sways a scepter over more than 400,000,000 of subjects.

"Sixty-one per cent of all the shipping in the world is carried under the British flag. This is vastly the mightiest empire the world has ever known; perhaps it is the greatest the world shall ever know."

"Contrary to the strangely unhistorical statements of some Americans, expansion has been our traditional policy from the early days of the republic.

"The purchase of Louisiana made us a great steamboat people. The acquisition of California made us a railway and telegraph nation, and the acquisition of Hawaii, Porto Rico, and especially the Philippines, will make us one of the greatest naval peoples on the face of the globe.

"What American to-day would give up one foot of all this territory?" he continued.

"We soon shall have a great merchant marine in every port and we shall have a navy sufficient to defend this marine in every port and on every sea."

"We shall not shrink from the new and enlarged mission which the providence of God is opening to the thought and duty of the American

people. We have a message to all nations of the earth. We must push out into the Pacific Ocean."

"These new problems will develop new resources on the part of our people. They will lead us away from the schemes of petty politicians who are seeking simply place and power. They will tend to the development of a true civil service reform, of a virile statesmanship, and of a world-wide Americanism. The golden age of our politics is thus in the future."

"Another result of the war is a virtual, if not a formal, Anglo-Saxon alliance. A few pulmonary patriots will oppose this union, but all true Britons and Americans will welcome it with patriotic enthusiasm.

"A new day is dawning for the great Anglo-Saxon race.

"The Queen's birthday awakens an enthusiasm in the United States second only to that evoked in Great Britain and her colonies."

"Another result of the war will be that the American republic will come up to its great place in the congress of nations. This nation has now reached its majority; it will never again go back to childhood.

"It must take its place in bearing the responsibilities and discharging the obligations of the leading nations of the world. We have striven too long to be an isolated people.

"George Washington was one of the greatest men of the human race, but he was not omniscient. We have often made his farewell address a sort of fetich, chiefly because we have misunderstood his true meaning.

"He spoke according to his light, as all men must speak. But he could not conceive of the greatness of the republic whose foundations he so nobly laid."

CHAPTER XXVII.

ANTI-EXPANSION SENTIMENTS.

FROM WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN.

(Interview at Savannah, Ga., Dec. 13, 1898.)

DEFENSE OF THE COUNTRY.

Our people defended Cuba against a foreign army, now they must defend themselves and their country against a foreign idea—the colonial idea of European nations.

Heretofore greed has perverted the government and used its instrumentalities for private gains, but now the very foundation principles of our government are assaulted.

Our nation must give up any intention of entering upon a colonial policy, such as is now pursued by European countries, or it must abandon the doctrine that “governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed.”

To borrow a Bible quotation: “A house divided against itself cannot stand.” Paraphrasing Lincoln’s declaration, I may add that this nation cannot endure half republic and half colony—half free and half vassal. Our form of government, our traditions, our present interests and our future welfare all forbid our entering upon a career of conquest.

THE FLAG OF THE FREE.

(Bryan’s speech at Lincoln, Nebraska, Dec. 23, 1898.)

Our flag stands for an indissoluble union of indestructible states. Every state is represented by a star, and every territory sees in the constitution a star of hope that it will some day take its place in the constellation. What is there in the flag to awaken the zeal or reflect the aspirations of vassal colonies which are too good to be cast away, but not good enough to admit to the sisterhood of states?

Shall we keep the Philippines and amend our flag? Shall we add

a new star—the blood-star, Mars—to indicate that we have entered upon a career of conquest? * * * No, a thousand times better that we haul down the Stars and Stripes and substitute the flag of an independent republic than surrender the doctrines that give glory to “Old Glory.” The mission of that flag is to float—not over a conglomeration of commonwealths and colonies—but over “the land of the free and the home of the brave,” and to that mission it must remain forever true—forever true.

ANNEXATION AND FINANCE.

(Bryan’s speech delivered in Chicago, Jan. 7, 1899.)

The forcible annexation of the Philippine Islands would violate a principle of American public law deeply imbedded in the American mind.

Whether we can govern colonies as well as other countries can is not material; the real question is whether we can, in one hemisphere, develop the theory that governments derive their just power from the consent of the governed, and at the same time inaugurate, support and defend in the other hemisphere a government which derives its authority entirely from superior force.

And if these two ideas of government cannot live together which one shall we choose? To defend forcible annexation on the ground that we are carrying out a religious duty is worse than absurd.

The Bible teaches us that it is more blessed to give than receive, while the colonial policy is based upon the doctrine that it is more blessed to take than to leave. I am afraid that the imperialists have confused the beatitudes. * * * * Annexation cannot be defended upon the ground that we shall find a pecuniary profit in the policy. The advantage which may come to a few individuals who hold the offices, or who secure valuable franchises, cannot be properly weighed against the money expended in governing the Philippines, because the money expended will be paid by those who pay the taxes. * * * *

Spain under compulsion gives us a quit-claim to the Philippines in return for \$20,000,000, but she does not agree to warrant and defend our title as against the Filipinos. * * * Still weaker is the argument based upon religious duty. When the desire to steal becomes uncontrollable in an individual he is sent to an asylum; when the desire to grab land becomes uncontrollable in a nation we are told that “the

currents of destiny are flowing through the hearts of men" and that the American people are entering upon a "manifest destiny."

Shame upon a logic that locks up the petty offender and enthrones grand larceny. Have the people returned to the worship of the golden calf? Have they made unto themselves a new commandment consistent with the spirit of conquest, and the lust for empire? Is "thou shalt not steal on a small scale" to be substituted for the law of Moses?

IMPERIALISM.

(Article written by Bryan in 1899.)

Imperialism as it now presents itself embraces four distinct propositions:

- 1st. That the acquisition of territory by conquest is right.
- 2nd. That the acquisition of remote territory is desirable.
- 3rd. That the doctrine that "governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed," is unsound.
- 4th. That people can be wisely governed by aliens.

To all of these propositions Jefferson was emphatically opposed. In a letter to William Sharp written in 1791, he said:

"If there be one principle more deeply written than any other in the mind of every American it is that we should have nothing to do with conquest."

If it is said that we have outgrown the ideas of the fathers, it may be observed that the doctrine laid down by Jefferson was reiterated only a few years ago by no less a Republican than James G. Blaine.

All remember the enthusiasm with which he entered into the work of bringing the republics of North and South America into close and cordial relations; some, however, may have forgotten the resolutions introduced by him at the conference held in 1890, and approved by the commissioners present. They are as follows:

1st. That the principle of conquest shall not during the continuance of the treaty of arbitration, be recognized as admissible under American public law.

2nd. That all cessions of territory made during the continuance of the treaty of arbitration shall be void if made under threats of war, or in the presence of an armed force.

3rd. Any nation from which such cessions shall be exacted may

demand that the validity of the cessions so made shall be submitted to arbitration.

4th. Any renunciation of the right to arbitration made under the conditions named in the second section, shall be null and void.

If the principle of conquest is right, why should it be denied a place in American public law? So objectionable is the theory of acquisition of territory by conquest that the nation which suffers such injustice can, according to the resolutions, recover by arbitration, the land ceded in the presence of an armed force. So abhorrent is it that a waiver of arbitration made under such circumstances is null and void. * * * * But this is a time of great and rapid changes and some may even look upon Blaine's official acts as ancient history. If so let it be remembered that President McKinley (Dec. 6, 1897) in a message to Congress discussing the Cuban situation, said:

"I speak not of forcible annexation, for that is not to be thought of. That by our code of morality would be a criminal suggestion."

And yet some are now thinking of that which was then "not to be thought of." Policy may change, but does a "code of morality" change?

In his recent speech at Savannah Secretary Gage, in defending the new policy of the administration, suggested that "philanthropy and five per cent" may go hand in hand. Surely we know not what a day may bring forth, if in so short a time "criminal aggression" can be transformed into "philanthropy and five per cent."

FROM ANDREW CARNEGIE.

(Curtis Publishing Co., Philadelphia, Penn.)

Let me put on record my belief that, should the United States assume control of the Philippines she will have cause to ponder well over what the London Times tells us, as follows:

"If the Philippines are to be effectively occupied a large naval and transport power will be necessary. The United States must show themselves ready to repel any attempt on the part of other powers to attack a position which for some time can hardly be regarded as secure."

It will not be sufficient that we have ships equal to any of the powers, to insure perfect safety on the islands. Something more will be necessary, for European nations combine and change combinations with alarming rapidity.

Europe is an armed camp with nine millions of trained soldiers—two millions of these in the regular army, while the United States is a hive of peaceful industry, with only 56,000 regular soldiers. The warships of Europe number over fifteen hundred—those of the United States only eighty-one.

Obviously we have not yet prepared ourselves against these forces, even singly, much less if they are allied. * * *

Of course we can prepare ourselves * * * but the fact remains, we have yet to do this, and until we do it is madness to incur the responsibilities of territory in the far East. * * *

The entrance of the United States into this zone of constant dread of war is even more to be feared than the danger of actual war itself, except so far as the latter involves direct sacrifice of human life. * * * There can be no genuine prosperity in a country which is kept in constant apprehension of war. * * * One path—safety, peace, prosperity, civilization, Republicanism. The other—dangers, taxation, sacrifice of life, worry, militarism, imperialism. Can there be any serious doubt as to the choice of the American people?

FROM GENERAL J. B. WEAVER.

GOVERNMENT WITHOUT CONSENT OF THE GOVERNED.

“No man is good enough to govern another without the other’s consent.”—Abraham Lincoln.

This postulate, selected from the many wise sayings of one of the greatest emancipators of the world, contains within itself in indestructible form, the whole problem of rightful human government. * *

And yet we have a distinguished and honored citizen sitting in the chair of Washington, Jefferson and Lincoln who thinks that if he is not “good enough,” he is at least strong enough, with the aid of an army and modern battleships, to govern ten millions of distant and alien people against their consent. And to prove his ability to do so, and to defend his position against attack, he has felt compelled to take the lives of thousands of people who were so wicked as to desire to govern themselves. * * * In all contentions involving the taking of human life, either in single combat or on the field of battle, the moral sense of mankind must and will enquire whether the taking of human life could have been reasonably avoided. And if it could, the verdict of history and the conscience of humanity will hold to strict accounta-

bility the man who deliberately refused to listen to the voice of reason.
 * * * The President thinks he has found a people to whom the Declaration of Independence does not apply!

He assumes that one can deny to them, "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," unless they will submit to be governed by a people alien to themselves, whose seat of government is ten thousand miles away from their islands.

When the President announces, as he did in his Boston speech, that he cannot ask the consent of the Filipinos to allow him to govern them, he virtually proclaims a war of extermination. If they will not consent but resist his authority he will kill, and if they continue to resist, he will continue to kill. * * * No conqueror during the last two centuries has ever enunciated a more deplorable theory.

Has not our Christian nation yet learned that we cannot substitute force for the Golden Rule and then reasonably expect peace?

FROM HON. BENJAMIN R. TILLMAN.

(Speech in the United States Senate, Feb. 7, 1899.)

Are we to spread the Christian religion with the bayonet, as Mahomet spread Islamism with the scimiter?

There are two forces struggling for mastery here, and the better instincts of every senator within the hearing of my voice leave him to side with me in the proposition that we do not want to shoot people into a civilized condition if we know how to get around it.

The two forces to which I have referred as struggling for mastery are liberty and light, and morality—in a word, Christianity—contending against ignorance, greed, and tyranny—against the empires of Mammon and Belial.

In the summer seas of the tropics, two flags are afloat to-day upon two ancient cities. They both bear the emblem of this great Republic. One goes there, and is floating on the free air, as a harbinger of peace, order, prosperity, happiness, liberty. The other floats in Manila as an emblem of power, cold blooded, determined to do—what? To subjugate those people at whatever cost and force on them such a government as we think is best for them, and then, according to the language of the resolution, determine afterwards as it may be to "our" advantage, whether we will sell them, or whether we will rule them in our "own" way, without regard to their rights.

FROM HON. GEORGE F. HOAR.

(Speech of Geo. F. Hoar, of Massachusetts, in the U. S. Senate.)

OUR GOVERNMENT AS IT WAS INTENDED.

'After all I am old fashioned enough to think that our fathers, who won the Revolution and who framed the Constitution, were the wisest builders of States the world has yet seen. * * * They did not disdain to study ancient history. They knew what caused the downfall of the mighty Roman Republic. They read, as Chatham said he did, the history of the freedom, of the decay, and the enslavement of Greece. * * * They learned from her that while there is little else that a democracy cannot accomplish, it cannot rule over vassal States, or subject peoples, without bringing the element of death into its own constitution.

FROM SAMUEL GOMPERS,

(President of the American Federation of Labor.)

DANGER OF IMPERIALISM.

It is more than folly, aye, it is a crime, to lull ourselves into the fancy that we shall escape the duties which we owe to our people by becoming a nation of conquerors, disregarding the lessons of nearly a century and a quarter of our national existence as an independent, progressive, humane, and peace-loving nation. * * *

If the Philippines are annexed, what is to prevent the Chinese, the Negritos and the Malays coming to our country? How can we prevent the Chinese coolies from going to the Philippines and from there swarm into the United States, and engulf our people and our civilization?

If these new islands are to become ours, it will be either under the form of Territories or States.

Can we hope to close the flood-gates of immigration from the hordes of Chinese, and the semi-savage races, coming from what will then be part of our own country? Certainly, if we are to retain the principles of law enunciated from the foundation of our Government, no legislation of such a character can be expected.

FROM HON. ARTHUR P. GORMAN.

(U. S. Senator from Maryland. Speech in the U. S. Senate, 1898.)

A MENACE TO THE REPUBLIC.

From the whole transaction I shrink—from the whole transaction, in the interest of the people of the American Union, I protest—for, I repeat, I believe the absorption of the inhabitants of these islands would be more disastrous than the war from 1861 to 1865, so far as the material interests of the country are concerned. I think it would be more disastrous than the pictures drawn by the Senator from Virginia of the great misfortune which came to us by the injection into our body politic of the slave, against the protest of Virginia, and because of which, the whole land was deluged in blood and brother turned against brother.

FROM HON. MARION BUTLER.

(U. S. Senator from North Carolina.)

A GOVERNMENT BASED ON FORCE.

No man has ever doubted the ability of the United States Government to subjugate the Filipinos, and in fact to kill and bury every one of them if we so desired.

If we should conquer such an half-fed, half-clothed, and half-savage people in a hundred different battles there would be no glory or credit in it for a great civilized government like the United States. * * * If we had the Philippine islands what would we do with them?

If we attempt to govern them as a conquered people, it will be necessary for us to keep a large standing army, at great expense, ready to shoot down and kill the inhabitants of these islands, whenever they evince the least desire for freedom, just as the English were ready to shoot us down in 1776. * * *

Besides, we will have to send a large number of office holders to those islands, who would not only draw their salaries from our government, but would consider it their privilege to oppress the Filipinos for their own personal profit and gain. What advantage could come to our people from this great outlay? * * * None whatever. There might be a few monopolists in this country who could gobble up some franchises, or valuable resources of the islands, for their own personal

profit, while Uncle Sam and the American public footed the bills. * *

We paid Spain twenty million dollars for a law suit. We have already spent much more than that amount since, in trying to establish our claim, which will be more than a white elephant after we have won it.

FROM GEORGE G. VEST.

(U. S. Senator from Missouri. Speech in U. S. Senate, Dec. 12, 1898.)

ANNEXATION FROM A LEGAL POINT OF VIEW.

Every schoolboy knows, or ought to know, that the Revolutionary war, which gave us existence as a people, was fought for four years exclusively against the colonial system of Europe. * * *

What is the colonial system against which our fathers protested?

It is based upon the fundamental idea that the people of immense areas of territory can be held as subjects, never to become citizens—that they must pay taxes and be impoverished by governmental exaction without anything to do with the legislation under which they live. * * *

I know not what may be done with the glamour of foreign conquest and the greed of the commercial classes of this country. For myself, I would rather quit public life, and would be willing to risk life itself rather than give my consent to this wicked and fantastic attempt to revolutionize our government, and substitute the principles of our hereditary enemies for the teachings of Washington and his associates.

FROM HON. STEPHEN M. WHITE.

(U. S. Senator from California. Speech in the U. S. Senate.)

THE PASSING OF CONSTITUTIONAL RESTRAINTS.

The extracts which I present are announcements of the Supreme Court of the United States, and from the distinguished naval commander whose victory at Manila has made him an historical character. * * *

“There is certainly no power given by the Constitution to the Federal Government to establish or maintain colonies bordering on the United States, or at a distance, to be ruled and governed at its own pleasure. * * * It (the new acquisition) is required to become a State and not

to be held as a colony by Congress with absolute authority." (*Dred Scott vs. Sandford*, per Taney, C. J., 19 How., 393.)

"This decision has never been reconsidered in the Supreme Court of the United States." (Justice Miller's Lectures, p. 406.)

"I speak not of forcible annexation, for that cannot be thought of. That by our code of morality would be criminal aggression." (President McKinley's Messages, December of 1897 and April 11, 1898.)

"In a telegram sent to the Department on June 23, I expressed the opinion that these people (the Filipinos) are far superior in their intelligence, and more capable of self government than the natives of Cuba, and I am familiar with both races. Further intercourse with them has confirmed me in this opinion." (Admiral Dewey to Secretary of Navy, August 29, 1898; Senate Document No. 62, part I, Sixty-fifth Congress, Third Session.)

Spain herself believed in expansion. Imperialism brought her down.

* * * The United States will never be too prosperous nor strong to adhere to constitutional restraints, and to work out its mission.

FROM CHAS. FRANCIS ADAMS.

(Letter to Hon. Carl Schurz, Boston, Dec. 21, 1898.)

WHAT POLICY SHOULD BE PURSUED.

The policy heretofore pursued by us in such cases, the policy of "Hands-off," and "Walk alone" is distinctly American. It is not European, not even British. It recognizes the principles of our Declaration of Independence. It recognizes the truth that all just governments exist by the consent of the governed. It recognizes the existence of the Monroe Doctrine. In a word, it recognizes every principle and precedent, whether natural or historical, which has from the beginning lain at the foundation of our American policy.

FROM HON. HENRY M. TELLER.

(U. S. Senator from Colorado. Speech in the U. S. Senate.)

A NATION'S POWER.

What is the principle that ought to animate the American Senate, the American House and the American people? I would say to the new inhabitants of these new possessions, "If you can maintain a govern-

ment of order for your local affairs you shall be allowed to do it." I should say to them in addition, "We will, for your good, stand between you and the European powers, who would appropriate your country, and would inaugurate a system of colonial dependence such as England has in India, and such as Spain has maintained over you, and we will see that no foreign power interferes with you. * * * We may call it a protectorate, or we may call it what we please, I would stand back of these people and help them—help to give them a government that will secure to them the blessings of liberty.

FROM HON. GEO. FRANKLIN EDMUNDS.

(Ex-U. S. Senator from Vermont.)

COUNTING PARTIAL COSTS.

Rapidly developing events seem to show that a military force of at least 50,000 men must be kept up in those lands in order to our obtaining an effectual supremacy. And this force must be supported by many naval vessels, with their crews, etc. * * *

Besides the casualties of battle with foes (some of whom Spain has not been able to subdue in two hundred years) there is also the constant and unconquerable foe of the tropical climate and the diseases always present in it.

And besides this no troops from the temperate zones can long endure the effect of such a climate. * * * Our troops in the Philippines must be transported by sea four or five thousand miles. * * * To accomplish all of this, the annual and enormous expenditure of millions upon millions of the earnings of our people must go on indefinitely.

* * * The Senate, however, may consider that while Spain ought to depart from the Philippines and renounce her dominion there the United States ought not to assume her sovereignty, such as it was, against the express will of the people of the islands.

And in view of the evils likely to follow, even if those people desired to become a part of the United States, the Senate can amend the treaty so as to provide substantially, as the scheme has been as to Cuba, that the people of those islands should be left to govern themselves as best they may, with such guarantees for order and personal safety of the inhabitants as shall be adequate to the preservation of order.

Such a guarantee can be presently enforced at infinitely less cost of blood and treasure than our undertaking to assume and exercise sovereignty over the islands.

FROM HON. ADLAI STEVENSON.

(Ex-Vice President of the United States.)

THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

The Monroe Doctrine is wholesome and enduring. It is the faith of Americans of every creed and party—is of the very warp and woof of our political being. * * * This has been our settled faith and practice for seventy-five years. * * * Under it Louis Napoleon, a third of a century ago, was obliged to withdraw from Mexico; under it the empire established by foreign bayonets disappeared and the Republic was restored. Are we now to say that we still recognize the binding force of this doctrine upon ourselves?

FROM DAVID STARR JORDAN.

(President of Leland Stanford University.)

FALSE STEPS ARE HARD TO RETRACE.

It is our plain duty to withdraw from the Philippines as soon as in dignity we can. * * * Annexation without imperialism is sheer anarchy. Annexation with imperialism is still worse, for, so far as it goes, it means the abandonment of democracy.

We make slave nations out of the Philippines but never free States in the sense in which the name State applies to Maine, or Iowa or California.

FROM HON. WILLIAM V. ALLEN.

(U. S. Senator from Nebraska. Speech in the U. S. Senate.)

RACE PROBLEMS.

We are confronted to-day in our own country with a great race problem that must be solved soon if it is not to bring us trouble. * * * Are we now prepared, under these circumstances, to take within our population 12,000,000 people alien in race, alien in pur-

poses and language, to a great popular government like ours?

I challenge any gentleman on this floor to point out the authority this government would have, when the Philippines are annexed to the United States, to restrict the exportation of those people and their immigration here.

There is no power to prevent it.

FROM CHAS. A. TOWNE.

(Ex-Representative of Congress from Minnesota. Address delivered on Washington's Birthday, 1899, at the University of Michigan.)

"LEST WE FORGET."

The possession of the Philippine Islands was in no way necessary to the success of the war nor within its purpose. Admiral Dewey went to Manila in pursuance of his well known instructions to "find the Spanish fleet and destroy it." In his subsequent operations he was assisted by the insurgent Filipinos, who were engaged, like the rebels of Cuba, in an effort to throw off the yoke of Spain, if possible a more heavy burden and a more odious tyranny in the Philippines than in the Antilles.

Said Admiral Dewey on the 27th of June: "I have given the insurgents to understand that I consider them as friends because we oppose a mutual enemy."

The publications of the government show beyond all cavil that, * * * our representatives immediately in contact with Emilio Aguinaldo and his coadjutors treated the insurrectionists as allies and that we were honorably bound to respect the relation.

FROM HON. CARL SCHURZ.

AMERICANIZING OUR NEW POSSESSIONS.

The scheme of Americanizing our new possessions, in that sense, is therefore absolutely hopeless. The immutable forces of nature are against it.

Whatever we may do for their improvement the people of the Spanish Antilles will remain in overwhelming numerical preponderance. Spanish creoles and negroes, and the people of the Philippines, Filipinos, Malays, Tagals, and so on—some of them quite clever in their

way, but the vast majority utterly alien to us, not only in origin and language, but in habits and traditions, ways of thinking—in short, in most things that are of greatest importance in human intercourse and especially in political co-operation. * * * I ask in all candor, taking President McKinley at his word: Will the forcible annexation of the Philippines by our code of morals, not be “criminal aggression”—a self confessed crime?

FROM HON. JOHN W. DANIEL.

(U. S. Senator from Virginia. Speech in the U. S. Senate.)

EFFECT OF ANNEXATION UPON AMERICAN LABOR.

It is the first step that costs. To-day we are the United States of America. To-morrow, if a treaty now pending in the Senate is ratified, we will be the United States of America and Asia!

Our name, like the hoop on a barrel, marks the boundary of our national projection and ambition. It is proposed to embody into the American commonwealth, as an integral part thereof, a large and miscellaneous assortment of Asiatic islands, estimated in number at from 1,200 to 2,000, and to make citizens of the United States, with all the rights of citizenship which attach to the inhabitants of an American Territory, a large and miscellaneous and diversified assortment of people. * * *

The treaty is the thoroughfare, and through and over that thoroughfare eight millions of Filipinos march into the open doorway of the American Republic. More than that, 70,000,000 Americans march into the Philippine Islands as the Filipinos march here.

It is a marriage of nations. This twain will become one flesh. * * Henceforth and forever, according to the terminology of this treaty, the Filipinos and Americans are one. I trust that yet, before this marriage is consummated, the spirit of American constitutional liberty will arise and forbid the wrong.

FROM HON. HERNANDO D. MONEY.

(U. S. Senator from Mississippi. Speech in the U. S. Senate.)

CRITICAL TIMES.

This is a critical moment, when a turn of the wrist will send the wheel to the right, and carry the ship home and safe into harbor, or a turn to the left will lay her upon the rocks; and whether the turn shall

be dexter or sinister, the future shall give judgment to the people.

It is a serious thought that we are about to do something for which our posterity may blush—that in the very exuberance of our strength we are about to exercise it without judgment or mercy; that we may esteem but lightly the rights, the liberties, the sacrifices of a people who for a hundred years have groaned under the tyranny of aliens.

Are all of these 10,000,000 of people—nobody knows how many—unworthy of any consideration in this most international transaction?

It is said that we have not treated with these people as allies or auxiliaries.

Let us not deceive ourselves, for we shall not deceive anybody else. Senators fear that we shall lose prestige if we recede from the advanced step which they say we have taken, and we have heard a lot of rant and fustion that would do credit to a lot of barn storming tragedians about "hauling down the flag." We all know that no hand but the hand of an American will ever do that. * * * When we lower the colors, it will be because national honor and good faith demand it, and not otherwise. * * *

These people purchased arms to do what? To acquire their liberty, to conquer their liberty. These people who had groaned for a hundred years under exactions and tyranny in comparison with which those which drove our forefathers into rebellion in 1776, were trivial. These people, not discouraged by repeated failures nor by bloody punishment, were making another effort as they had been doing again and again for a hundred years.

Then Aguinaldo was sent for, not to excite insurrection against Spain, but to control these forces already organized in rebellion, in the interests of the American attack upon the Spanish forces in Manila and the islands of the Philippines.

This is evidenced by the proclamation of the junta at Hongkong, by the proclamation of the junta at Singapore, by the correspondence of our consul, Mr. Pratt, at Singapore, of Mr. Wildman, at Hongkong, and of Mr. Williams in the city of Manila.

Aguinaldo, on his part, promised that he would conduct the war with humanity; that he would control the forces that were operating against the Spanish at that time around Manila, and he was only put on board ship at Singapore when Commodore Dewey telegraphed, "Send Aguinaldo at once."

He went to Hongkong and there he put himself into the hands of another American consul, Mr. Wildman, who, in the secrecy of the

night to prevent any interference, himself put Aguinaldo and seventeen of his officers on board the U. S. S. McCulloch and sent them to Manila. There he was put ashore and taken to the arsenal at Cavite and was furnished by the Americans with the arms which he required.

The chiefs who were carrying on this revolution throughout the different provinces rallied around him and made him their leader.

They came promptly in and gave their adhesion to him. Then the correspondence continued between General Anderson, commanding the American forces, and General Aguinaldo, commanding the insurrectionary forces of the Philippines.

He was asked to give passes to our officers to go through his lines and was requested to furnish us with the materials of war. He did give us carts, bullocks, horses, firewood, and everything else we demanded of him. In these communications he is called our ally—in others, he is called our auxiliary. * * * These are the men whom it is now proposed to sacrifice in order that we may have certain commercial advantages with the Orient. I ask you, Senators, does that commend itself to your consciences as representatives of the American people, as the custodians of their honor, their dignity, their majesty? I ask you, is that consistent with your sense of justice?

FROM HON. WILLIAM E. MASON.

(U. S. Senator from Illinois. Speech in the Senate on
"Universal Liberty.")

SPAIN AND EXPANSION.

Spain is an expansionist and has been for centuries. And have you forgotten the first rule proved by all history, without exception, that every square inch of territory taken by force has to be held by force? * * *

Are we to continue to imitate Spain? She has believed in expansion of territory, expansion of commerce by force, without the consent of the governed, and her ships are lying at the bottom of the sea. Her flag has been dishonored, disgraced, defeated, and sent back to her peninsula, and the crown of imperialism that she has sought against the will of the people has turned to ashes in her palsied hands.

FROM HON. HORACE CHILTON.

(U. S. Senator from Texas. Speech in the U. S. Senate.)

ANNEXATION DANGEROUS TO LABOR.

Blackstone lays down that great principle of Anglo-Saxon progress that one of the first attributes of personal liberty is the right of locomotion from one part of the domain to another. And upon original principles, as well as American authority, it is fairly deducible that whenever we take the Philippine Islanders under our jurisdiction the Supreme Court will hold that it is beyond the power of Congress to prevent them from passing between different parts of the territory of the United States. * * *

But suppose this danger could be safeguarded by legislation. Where, under our Constitution, do you find the authority to keep the productions of the Filipinos, manufactured in their own homes, from coming unimpeded to the ports of the United States? * * *

So long as the Philippine people are held in allegiance to the Government of the United States you cannot deny them the privileges which pertain to other persons who owe allegiance to our Government. Congress has no power to make discriminations between the people who owe a common obligation to a common Federal sovereignty. * * * And why are we asked to take up these dangers? Why are we asked to run the risk of admitting 500,000 Chinese and cross-breeds into this Republic, to say nothing of the vast Malay millions which stand behind them? * * *

I would not have this government surrender all the advantages which come from our glorious Eastern victory. I would ask for coaling and naval stations in the Philippines, so that hereafter, if we had unwilling trouble upon the sea, we might have a base of operations in that quarter of the world. But I would rather have a treaty which gave free entry to American productions—yes, ten thousand times rather have it—than a profitless, and never quiet sovereignty of the ignorant and mixed millions of the Philippines. * * * Whenever we take the Philippine Islands within our jurisdiction, every man and every dollar of the American people will be consecrated to their defense. * * * Why should we cast American destiny upon a sea which is bound to bring our people into bloody conflict with the powers of the Old World? It is a dreadful responsibility to propose at this hour of our history.

The last civil war has already cost the people of the United States over \$10,000,000,000. The wars of Europe during the present century have cost the people of Europe over \$100,000,000,000, and the end is not yet.

Shall we gather nothing from this experience? Shall we go headlong into a policy which has brought the European masses into a state almost equivalent to despair?

FROM HON. AUGUSTUS O. BACON.

(U. S. Senator from Georgia. Speech in U. S. Senate.)

INDEPENDENCE FOR THE PHILIPPINES.

There is but one Government among the leading nations of the earth, that recognizes the right of self government in a people—that recognizes that the consent of a people is essential to their government. And when this Government practically denies that right in the march of free institutions, the hand upon the dial of the clock of the world has been set back an hundred years.

It is impossible to conceive that this Government will, knowingly and purposely, deny to a people the right of self government. It is incredible that the liberty-loving people of this country will, by force of arms, impose a government upon another people against their will—a people who owed us no allegiance—who are struggling to be free. There is no public man who will admit that he is in favor of that proposition; there is no official, no senator, who would not repel the charge, if it were made against him, that he would thus violate the right of self government. * * *

Again, do senators consider the Herculean task which we undertake when we say that we will maintain a military establishment in the Philippine Islands? Do they realize that even when not at war with a foreign power we must maintain there an army of at least 30,000 men? Do they for a moment realize what it is to transport 100,000 men across the sea? And yet, if we become involved in a war with a foreign power, we would have to transport more than 100,000 men across the Pacific Ocean, 7,000 miles. * * *

Situated as we are, with an ocean on each side, with the great power we have, it is an impossibility, so long as we maintain this position, for any nation to make war against us successfully, and no one will ever



Prof. E. Von Holst.



Pres. Henry Wade Rogers, D.D.



Hon. Carl Schurz



Ex. V. Pres. A. E. Stevenson



U. S. Sen. Jno. W. Daniels

COLUMBIAN ENR. CO. CH.



W.M. MASON.

J.G. CARLISLE.

COL. W.J. BRYAN.

B.R. TILLMAN.

G.F. HOAR.

G.G. VEST.

attempt it. But if we reach out to Asia, if we become embroiled in the politics of the governments of Europe, more especially if in so doing we surrender our right to maintain the Monroe doctrine, * * * then that priceless immunity is gone forever, and we are remitted to a period of wars, the end of which no man can see.

FROM HON. GEORGE W. TURNER.

(U. S. Senator from Washington. Speech in the U. S. Senate.)

OUR SHIP OF STATE.

I am not a strict constructionist of the Constitution. * * * I am, I believe, a liberal nationalist. But there are bounds to my liberality. I draw the line at that vain and boastful spirit which seems to be abroad in the land that we of this age and generation are entirely sufficient unto ourselves—that there are no problems that we cannot solve unaided—that there is no danger which it is not cowardly and un-American for us to fear, and that reverence for the wise admonitions of the fathers, even when incorporated in the organic law of the land, or when spoken in the great instrument which the organic law was framed to carry out, * * * is contrary to the progressive spirit of this age and this people. * * *

The American people are not lacking in the faith and courage of the fathers. They have sometimes, however, been lacking in the wisdom of the fathers. But in every case the aberration has been temporary. When the excitement or passion which led them astray has subsided, they have returned to that wisdom and conservatism, always tempered with faith and courage, which is the birthright they inherit from the fathers.

FROM HON. JOHN L. McLaurin.

(U. S. Senator from South Carolina. Speech in the U. S. Senate.)

OUR NEW COLONIAL POLICY.

It is idle to speak of Americanizing a tropical country 8,000 miles away. Our people will never consent for the people of that far-off land to ever have a voice in the affairs of our country.

Therefore, to govern them we must inaugurate a military or colonial system utterly at variance with the principles of our Republic.

But even if by a strained construction of the Constitution the power is vested in the United States to inaugurate a colonial system, I am utterly opposed, as a matter of policy, to the acquisition of any territory that cannot be Americanized and brought into harmony with our institutions. * * *

Imperialism means that we must beat our pruning hooks into spears and be ready to water distant lands and stain distant seas with a never ceasing torrent of American blood. It means a never-ending strife with the nations of the world. * * *

Rome colonized in all parts of the habitable globe, and from the proud pinnacle of mistress of the world she has fallen into eternal decay and lives only on the pages of history.

I believe that if we embark in a colonial career, unsuited as are our institutions to such a system—nay, with a form of government utterly antagonistic to the idea—that it is the first downward step along the path upon which so many nations have fallen.

I believe it is the great rock upon which our republican institutions will finally be stranded. Senators need not call upon Providence and “manifest destiny.” The most horrid crimes and foolish blunders of the ages have been committed under similar protestations. * * * It does seem to me that the rent garments and whitened bones of other nations who have tried that way and found their death, should hold some warning for us.

FROM HON. ALEXANDER S. CLAY.

(U. S. Senator from Georgia. Speech in the U. S. Senate.)

EXCESSIVE TAXATION.

I ask again, where are we drifting? If it takes 50,000 soldiers to maintain a stable government in Cuba, where we grant them the right of self government, what kind of an army will it take to put in operation a government by force against the consent of 9,000,000 people on the Philippine Islands? At the same ratio it would require 400,000 soldiers to govern the Philippine Islands as an American province.

The annual expenses of the army, previous to the late war, ranged from twenty to twenty-four million dollars. The expenses of the army for 1900 are estimated at \$144,500,000, an increase of \$120,000,000. The increase of pensions is estimated at about \$4,000,000. In my judgment

the acquisition and retention of the Philippine Islands means an army of 150,000 soldiers. It means that the annual expenses of the army will increase from \$20,000,000 to \$200,000,000. A large standing army means that the pension list will increase from \$5,000,000 to \$10,000,000 annually.

Then let us consider the dangers of disease to which our soldiers will be necessarily exposed when located in the tropics. The death rate in such a climate would be at least two hundred per cent greater than in our own country.

FROM HON. HENRY U. JOHNSON.

(Representative in Congress from Sixth District of Indiana. Speech in the House of Representatives.)

IMPERIAL MISTAKES.

Now I am determined that the President of the United States shall neither befog the issue between himself and those of the Republican party who oppose his Philippine policy, nor mislead the public judgment, nor escape responsibility for the gross official blunder which he has committed in connection with this Eastern problem.

If this war for subjugation of an alien race, waged without the declaration of Congress—the permanent acquisition of their territory to our own domain, the creation of a great standing army and navy, the loading down of our people with grievous taxation, the departure from the policy of non-intervention in foreign affairs, is right, then the President is entitled to the glory of the accomplishment, and no man should be permitted to snatch a single laurel from his brow.

If, on the other hand, the policy is wrong, and fraught with grave menace and serious danger to the American public, the President is alone responsible for it.

I assert that the entire policy is not simply an error, but that it is a crime, and that the chief executive of this nation is the one who has precipitated upon us the embarrassments and the difficulties by which we are now confronted.

ANTI-IMPERIALISTIC RESOLUTIONS.

Resolutions adopted at the anti-imperialistic meeting, Central Music Hall, October, 1899:

"We hold that the policy known as imperialism is hostile to liberty and tends toward militarism, an evil from which it has been our glory to be free. We regret that it has become necessary in the land of Washington and Lincoln to reaffirm that all men, of whatever race or color, are entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. We maintain that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed. We insist that the subjugation of any people is 'criminal aggression' and open disloyalty to the distinctive principles of our government.

"We earnestly condemn the policy of the present national administration in the Philippines. It seeks to extinguish the spirit of 1776 in those islands. We deplore the sacrifice of our soldiers and sailors, whose bravery deserves admiration even in an unjust war. We denounce the slaughter of the Filipinos as a needless horror. We protest against the extension of American sovereignty by Spanish methods.

"We demand the immediate cessation of the war against liberty, begun by Spain and continued by us. We urge that congress be promptly convened to announce to the Filipinos our purpose to concede to them the independence for which they have so long fought and which of right is theirs."

THE REV. HERBERT D. BIGELOW, OF CINCINNATI, OHIO.

(Address at the anti-imperialist meeting, Chicago, Oct. 17, 1899.)

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS.

The nation is standing at the parting of the ways. Two paths lie before her. Two voices are speaking. One voice asks, "Which path will pay?" the other, "Which path is right?"

I do not fear the apostasy of the American people. Their religion is the religion of justice. The Declaration of Independence is the expression of that faith. Never knowingly will they repudiate it. The vice of mankind is the lust for possession. To-day that lust comes to the people in the mask of humanity.

We are told that Aguinaldo has imperialistic designs. Then let Congress declare the right of the Filipinos to rule themselves and let us recognize the government the people shall choose. We are told they are not fit for self-government. How can we tell when a people are fit for freedom? Why, sir, when they will die for it.

If they were encroaching on our liberties it would be legitimate for us to resist. But have we a right to murder them because they are not as good to themselves as we think they ought to be? We are told we are to "bestow" the blessings of a good and stable government upon them. Sir, we have been reared in the political faith that governments are derived and not bestowed.

Is liberty dead? Have we lost the right of self-government? What is the crime of slavery compared with the insult of Aguinaldo in refusing to bend the knee to Emperor William and his high priest, Hananias?

Sir, we protest against destroying the first republic in Asia with the army organized for expelling the last monarchy from America.

A WOMAN'S PROTEST AGAINST MR. BIGELOW'S SENTIMENTS.

"Take down that flag! Don't let it be desecrated longer." The shrill voice of a woman, ringing out high above the tumult of applause that greeted the close of the Rev. H. D. Bigelow's address. Hanging from the organ balcony over the stage was a large American flag, and to this all eyes were turned, as the woman, standing in the middle of the hall, pointed to it and repeated her demand that it be taken down.

"I am the daughter of one soldier, the sister of another and the wife of another," she shouted loud enough to be heard above the storm of hisses that broke from the audience. "To sit here and hear that flag defamed is more than I can stand! Oh, it is shameful! shameful!"

She stepped to the aisle and swiftly left the hall, taking with her a gray-haired woman who sat beside her. Her eyes blazed and her cheeks were red with excitement. She refused to give her name, and would only say that she was a Chicago woman.

EX-CONGRESSMAN CHARLES A. TOWNE, OF MINNESOTA.

DRIFTING TOWARD A MONARCHY.

Under its present policy the government of the United States is drifting toward a monarchy. There are big men in New York right now who get together and seriously discuss the prospect of doing away with the republic. President McKinley is daily acting in defiance of our constitution, and, more than this, I believe there is some significant understanding between the present administration and England.

The policy of the administration in the Philippines, as has been repeatedly asserted, is against our constitution. On the 22d of next

February, when the senate convenes, Senator Fry, in accordance with the custom, will be supposed to read the constitution of the United States. I'll wager that they won't read the constitution. It is directly against their present principles.

I want to say that the present so-called prosperity is fictitious. It will collapse within the next few months and the results will be terrific to contemplate. Our financial system has no sound basis. It is like a house of playing cards and will certainly collapse.

PROFESSOR GEO. D. HERRON.

THE TERMINOLOGY OF IMPERIALISM.

In connection with the present unholy war of conquest and spoliation, waged in the name of progress and Christianity by the present administration against the Filipinos, who are fighting for their liberties, there have been introduced some startling and unwonted uses of English words.

First of these is the word "rebel." The head-lines of the censored dispatches use this word almost invariably. Now, a "rebel" (according to the Century Dictionary) is "one who makes war upon the government of his country from political motives," and the Filipinos are no more rebels in endeavoring to repel our invading armies than would be the inhabitants of Mexico or Turkey or France if we should make a similar vandal descent upon their countries.

"Benevolent assimilation" is another new euphemism which, in view of the number of dead and amount of loot recorded in the public and private accounts of the progress of our armies, is full of grim irony. It is best defined for common appreciation by substituting the word "murderous" for "benevolent" and "theft" for "assimilation." But then those engaged in nefarious practices always like to have their guilt concealed by phraseology. So the influential shop-lifter is a "kleptomaniac" and the wealthy gambler a "speculator." Says honest Pistol: "Convey, the wise it call; 'steal!' foh; a fico for the phrase!"

In like manner the "white man's burden" of Kipling has been used as expressing a duty of the white man to "carry the blessings of civilization and Christianity to the Filipinos if we have to kill half of them in order to do it," as one of the military advocates of imperialism has expressed it.

More recent tendencies in the imperialistic terminology relate to

the division of opinion at home in regard to the Philippine invasion. Those who oppose the continuance of war find themselves branded as "traitors" by the imperialistic press, while those who favor further bloodshed are ranked as "loyalists." In one view of it the latter is not a bad characterization. In our own Revolutionary War those who stood for the divine right of George III. to rule this land called themselves "loyalists," and were eloquent in their denunciation of the doctrine of the "consent of the governed" as the basis of just governmental powers. These "loyalists" of 1899 have the same arguments against the Filipino patriots which the loyalists of 1776 used against the American patriots of that day, who were also declared to be incapable of self-government and sure to lapse into anarchy if their "treasonable rebellion" against King George should succeed.

EX-GOVERNOR GEORGE S. BOUTELL.

(September 5, 1899, Springfield, Mass.)

WHAT CONTINUED WAR MEANS.

The continuance of the war means more men and more money. The increase of the army for service in the tropics means a longer death roll, and that without reference to the losses in the field.

With men, and the frequent renewal of the supply of men, we can overrun the territory, we can destroy property, we can lay waste the evidences of civilization; we may blast the prospects of youth and dim the hopes of age; we may make misery the general conditions of millions of human beings and the inheritance of those yet to be born, but there are two enemies in the Philippines that we cannot vanquish.

The climatic diseases of the tropics gloat upon numbers, and prosper with every addition. When you double or treble the army in the East, you lengthen the death roll and increase the sum of family and domestic misery in the same proportion.

Our other enemy is the embittered hostility of the people, which war may aggravate, but can never remove.

We declared war against Spain in the belief—a belief in which I had no share—that the sufferings of the patriotic Cubans were such as to justify and require our intervention upon grounds of humanity. The country was deceived and misled and we entered at once upon a war of aggression and conquest, first in Puerto Rico and Cuba, then

and now in the Philippine Islands, with hints that the interests of trade and the missionary spirit combined may soon demand our intervention in China.

PROF. A. H. TOLMAN AND SIGMUND ZEISLER, ESQ.

(From addresses at Chicago, August 5, 1899.)

Thank God for the brave Filipinos. They are more true to American principles than the Americans themselves.—Prof. A. H. Tolman.

With the attempt to subjugate the Filipinos, the conception of subject has for the first time found a place in our political dictionary—the bacillus despoticus has been introduced into our government system.—Sigmund Zeisler.

PROF. J. LAWRENCE LAUGHLIN, UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO.

(Address at Chicago, August 5, 1899.)

A GREAT PRINCIPLE AT STAKE.

Some wise persons object to any public protest of this nature (against expansion), because it may possibly be interpreted as giving aid and comfort to the enemy.

Let us look closer at this attitude and its consequences. If the servants of the people in a short period of office may be left free to inaugurate any new condition whatever and then claim freedom from criticism because the conditions of their own creation have placed them in a critical position, then there is an end to free government by the people.

There is a great principle at stake here for which we ought to contend.

Do the sovereign people completely abdicate their sovereignty when they choose a public servant?

Why should they not cry out in alarm at any surprising new departure by their agents, especially when we are asked to express our opinion publicly?

If any particular public servant makes a specialty of listening, then it should be our specialty to let him hear the voice of the people.

CLARENCE M. DARROW.

ORGANIZED LABOR OPPOSED TO EXPANSION.

In the last six months I have personally talked with scores of the leading representatives of organized labor. A large number of these men regard this question as of the most vital interest, and, without dissent, every one of them condemns the policy.

Among the reasons why men interested in organized labor do not believe in the present war are the following: They do not believe in assassination or murder, either wholesale or retail.

Any body of men who is sufficiently enlightened and humane to believe in labor organization understands something of the brotherhood of man and knows that men have no cause to fight their fellow-laborers in any land on earth.

The working people of this country do not believe in a standing army. They know that a large army is a menace to liberty.

The workmen are opposed to it because they are interested in many movements for the good of themselves and the common good of their country, and they understand that the cry for blood, which always comes with war, entirely drives out every thought or consideration from the minds of the people and that a war invariably postpones indefinitely all reform or ameliorative movements.

They are opposed to war because the strength of their cause rests in the humane sentiments of the American people, in the recognition of the principles of justice, honesty and humanity. All of these principles are forgotten and swept aside by the cry of war.

They are opposed to the war because they understand the vast expense that war entails.

They know that it must be paid from the product of labor; that wherever or whatever taxes are levied they must ultimately be taken from the earnings of the laboringman.

LOUIS F. POST (Editor of *The Public*).

SINGLE-TAXERS OPPOSED TO IMPERIALISM.

In my judgment the single-tax men and women are unanimously opposed to imperialism. I know of only one in Chicago and of only two in all the United States who favor it. There may be others.

My acquaintance does not comprise all of Henry George's followers by any means, but it is so extensive among them that I think I should know it if there were any serious difference of opinion on this subject.

Moreover, the very nature of the subject is such that a well-grounded single-taxer instinctively must be opposed to imperialism.

It is enough to observe that an attempt by the United States to force its authority upon the Filipinos under cover of a purchase from their late tyrannical master, the Spanish Government, is in violation of the principle of self-government in its most obvious and most widely accepted sense. Imperialism and the single-tax philosophy do not mix.

RESOLUTIONS OF THE NEW ENGLAND BRANCH OF THE ANTI-IMPERIALISTIC LEAGUE.

(These resolutions embody the plan of Prof. Francis E. Abbott, of Cambridge.)

Resolved, That we repel with vigor the charge that anti-imperialists are "traitors" and "copperheads" because they are loyal to the Declaration of Independence; or, because they respect in others the liberty which they maintain for themselves; or, because they deny the right of one free people to claim sovereignty over another—much less to enforce that unjust claim by bloody and cruel war.

Resolved, That in any democratic republic, anti-imperialism is the only true patriotism, and that loyalty to the principles of our own great Declaration is the only true loyalty to the flag which represents those principles.

Resolved, That, in order to refute this slanderous but mischievous charge of disloyalty in the most dignified and effective way, and thereby to undeceive thousands of honest voters who have been beguiled into believing it by political tricksters, we urge every anti-imperialist at once to sign the following:

PATRIOT'S PLEDGE.

TO DEFEND THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE AT THE POLLS.

We, the undersigned voters, pledge ourselves to each other and to the American people to subordinate all other political issues, in 1900, to preservation of the free popular Government founded by Washington and saved by Lincoln; to oppose at all costs the degradation of this democratic republic into a military empire; and to cast our ballots in

favor of only such party platform and candidates as shall be thoroughly loyal to the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of the United States, and the equal rights of all mankind.

Resolved, That we request the Executive Committee to use all possible means to obtain signatures to this patriots' pledge before Congress meets or can be induced to sanction the President's policy of conquest in the Philippine Islands.

SENATOR GEORGE F. HOAR.

(From a letter written to the Rev. J. B. Remensnyder, of New York, November 14, 1899.)

THE IMPERIALISTS ARE THE REAL ENEMIES OF THE FLAG.

I am very much obliged to you for your kind and sympathetic letter, and for the excellent statement of our duty to the American flag which you inclose.

Certainly the flag should never be lowered from any moral field over which it has once waved. To follow the flag is to follow the principles of freedom and humanity for which it stands.

To claim that we must follow it when it stands for injustice or oppression is like claiming that we must take the nostrums of the quack doctor who stamps it on his wares, or follow every scheme of wickedness or fraud, if only the flag be put at the head of the prospectus.

The American flag is in more danger from the imperialists than there would be if the whole of Christendom were to combine its power against it. Foreign violence at its worst could only rend it. But these men are trying to stain it.

As to the publication of my Philippine article, I am no good judge of its value, and could not undertake to suggest to other people what they shall do with it. It is at anybody's service for any use which may do good.

EWING WINSLOW TO PRESIDENT MCKINLEY.

On November 30th, 1899, Ewing Winslow sent the following "thanksgiving greeting" to the President:

Lovers of liberty, who would rather be the hunted patriot than the blood-guilty usurper to-day, will nevertheless use it to pray that he, who has given America her first thanksgiving of shame, may be brought to repentance and a better mind.

GENERAL W. B. SHATTUC AND EDWARD ATKINSON.

(Correspondence between them.)

General Shattuc began the correspondence and contest by objecting to Mr. Atkinson sending "unclean and disloyal publications" to General Shattuc's home. Mr. Atkinson in return threatened to make a personal fight against General Shattuc in the First Ohio congressional district. The result has been that Shattuc has made more friends than he ever did before in his life by his patriotic stand. On September 19 he sent Mr. Atkinson the warmest letter of the whole lot, in answer to a brief letter from the Boston man. Atkinson's letter and Shattuc's answer follow:

BOSTON, Mass., Sept. 14, 1899.—W. D. Shattuc, M. C., Cincinnati—Dear Sir: Yours of the 13th has been received too late to be included in my special edition of No. 5, addressed "To the Voters of the First Ohio District, and Others," which will be in circulation next week. Have taken your advice in making an early beginning in securing a change in the representation from that district. The document is already going through the press. Yours very truly,
EDWARD ATKINSON.

CINCINNATI, Ohio, Sept. 19.—Edward Atkinson, President Anti-Imperialist League, Boston, Mass.—Dear Sir: Replying to your letter of the 14th inst., I thought I could start your rebel press in a hurry. I was quite sure you would not want to print a pen picture of yourself, true to life, in one of your own publications. I observe that you are less frisky, less demonstrative in your last letter than you were when you commenced this correspondence. I had an idea when you sent me your first egotistical, patronizing letter that you might possibly discover your mistake before you got through with the correspondence.

You say in your letter of the 6th inst. that I "should not use bad language." My "language" expresses my sentiments. Any "language" that stands for patriotism, love of country, and loyalty to same is "bad language" to you. Any "language" that breathes the spirit of secession, sedition and treason is approved by you.

Now, let me call your attention to the fact that my "language" has not been prohibited by this government from passing through the mails. Your "language" has been so prohibited. It was prohibited, too, because it was treasonable, seditious, and disloyal. Au revoir,

W. B. SHATTUC.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

CONFERENCE AND OPINIONS ON TRUSTS.

PROF. JOHN B. CLARK, COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY, NEW YORK.

TRUSTS MAY BECOME POPULAR.

The whole great economy that consolidation insures may be made to inure to the benefit of the public if only potential competition does its normal work. Trusts with the element of true monopoly taken out of them might become as popular as they are now unpopular. They might give to the country in which they should be most numerous a decisive advantage in the struggle for the trade of the world.

What would the total extinction of trusts mean?

It would mean security bought at the cost of wasteful production.

What would the full development of trusts unchecked by potential competition mean?

It would mean a perverted distribution, with extortionate profits for a few and burdens for many. It would mean a state from which many a man to whom the picture of state socialism is now a terrifying specter would even begin to turn to socialism itself as the more tolerable system.

Trusts are largely checked by potential competition, and may be checked far more efficiently than they now are. The type of lawmaking that promises to secure this end is as yet unknown to the practical world.

The principle on which it rests is an old and fundamental principle of common law.

Monopolies are against public interest, and trusts must not survive if that means retaining the monopolistic power. Courts acting under common law have done a little in enforcing this principle, and statutes may help them. Statutes well enforced may greatly help them.

What should the statutes be?

Here I shall encounter objection and dissent. The evil power of a trust rests almost on its power to make discriminating prices. It can do many things that are evil; but it could do almost none of them if it were forced to treat all its customers alike.

At present, trusts can make ruinously low prices in one small area, where some competitor is operating, while sustaining itself by profits made in twenty other areas where it has a full possession of the market.

If it were under the single necessity of making one price for all buyers it would ruin itself by any attempt to compete in the cut-throat way as quickly as it could ruin a competitor.

HENRY WHITE, OF NEW YORK.

(General Secretary of the United Garment Workers of America.)

THE UNIONS WILL DEMAND CONSIDERATION.

On this serious problem, "Where does labor stand?" I have been invited to speak from the standpoint of the wage-earners, or rather the organized portion of them, for the unorganized have no voice, and, like "the man with the hoe," have always been mute. The attitude of the trade unions toward the great industrial corporations depends altogether upon their attitude toward the unions.

The organized workingmen, while they may disagree somewhat on the general question, agree on this, that improved means of protection is of more consequence to them than improved methods of production. To have some say as to the terms of employment is what is wanted.

Even though the trust may concede higher wages and shorter hours, it is the recognition of the right to make terms through the agency of the union that concerns them most.

Employers will often voluntarily grant concessions as the means of offsetting the demand for recognition, knowing that such recognition would enable the men to deal with the employer more like an equal.

Will it be the policy of these corporations to recognize the function which organized labor fulfills in society and treat with them as such, or will they deny to the workers advantages which they themselves enjoy?

Will they insist upon ignoring the necessity of workingmen acting in groups in view of the impossibility of the individual making satisfactory terms of employment in a great factory where uniform conditions are determined by the management?

What will the policy be toward united labor when the trusts are more fully established? Will the unions not have to meet a more unyielding foe? That is the question which a million organized mechanics are asking, and an assuring answer cannot be given by words alone.

It might be said that necessity would stimulate and strengthen the movement of the workers. No doubt it will, because years of struggle and sacrifice made for economic independence have trained and nerved the American toiler for a greater trial, and the test must soon come, for the organizations on the other side are proceeding at such a pace that labor will have to make great strides to catch up. To meet one single employer who speaks for the entire trade is quite different than coping with one who represents himself alone.

The trust managers have magnificent opportunities. Will they avail themselves of them? Will they show the necessary large-mindedness? Judging by our knowledge of human nature, which we know has not changed perceptibly for a thousand years under varying conditions, we have cause to possess grave doubts as to whether they will. But the American people have never failed to successfully meet a great issue when once they grapple with it.

In the lowering clouds of social strife there is welcome light. The mere fact of such a gathering gives us hope that the age of reason is dawning, and when men reason every thing is possible.

HON. W. D. FOULKE, OF INDIANA.

QUESTION OF TRUSTS PARAMOUNT.

This question, ladies and gentlemen, dwarfs into insignificance all other issues at the present time, not only in our country, but throughout the world. When Dreyfus shall have been forgotten, when the war of the Philippines shall be regarded as only an incident in history, when men shall cease to talk either of the tariff or the currency, the present time may well be regarded by future generations as the crucial time in our industrial life.

Those that have been suffering from competition have resolved themselves into combinations for two purposes. First, to save expenses which competition involves. That is the first and necessary purpose. Secondly, also to control, if possible, the market, and get a larger profit.

The first proposition is a wise one. Society justifies the curtailment of expenses as much as possible; the second, however, the suppression of competition, gives them the power of monopoly, a power which may be used for the purpose not simply of meeting rivals and competitors, but may be used for the displacement of labor, and may be used to the injury of the entire purchasing public.

That is the first great evil of monopoly.

The difficulty that has been spoken of by one of the members of this conference, who represented the commercial travelers, is a serious one—the displacement of the large amount of labor. Yet that is the same trouble which has come in with every labor-saving machine. The work of the world is sufficient to employ all hands finally.

These great corporations are now seeking the avenues to political power. They are now seeking to enhance their fortunes, in the words of Judge David Davis, often by purchasing legislatures and by corrupting officials.

The most efficient way of stopping the evil of the trusts is not to be found in the legislation which seeks to annihilate and extinguish them altogether. One kind of monopoly may be as dangerous as another. The same condition that exists in the sugar industry is the ideal to which all other industries seem to be tending, and the result will be to reach the practical ideal which has been realized by the sugar trust, that is controlling practically the prices of all the output of the country.

What has been done in the past may be done in the future. What, then, will be the result? As the nations of the world have been growing fewer and fewer, yet stronger and stronger, until we can say to-day that four or five of the greatest of them control all the future destinies of the world, so the industries of our country grow greater and greater, embracing a larger and larger area, tending to absorb our entire industrial life.

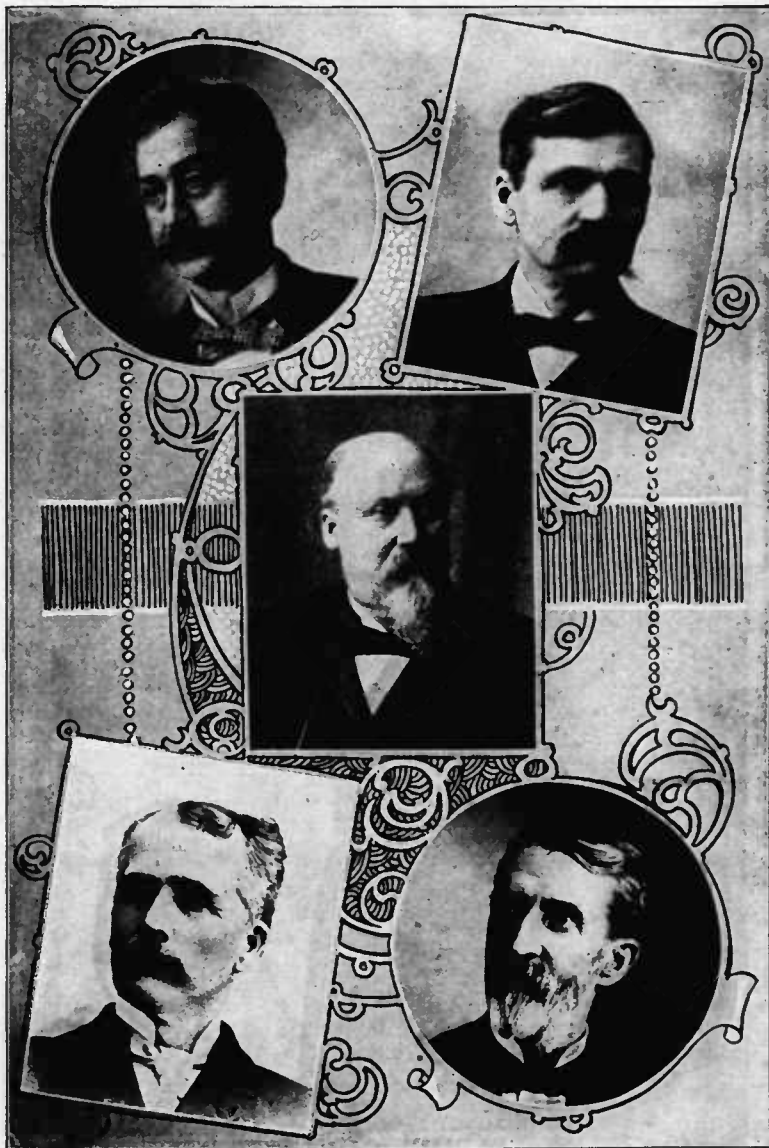
All I want to say in conclusion is that there is a method that may be found to control the direction of these corporations, but who shall invoke that which shall charm the leviathan of the sea and conduct him into the still waters of virtue and benevolence?

Whether we find that or not—whether we will or no—this movement will go on, and for the most part all we can do is to stand by and see the salvation of the Lord. It will not be the first instance in history nor the development of mankind where agencies that threatened ruin and destruction were afterward found to be the ministers of blessing and prosperity.

LOUIS F. POST, OF THE NATIONAL SINGLE-TAX LEAGUE,
GIVES THE SINGLE-TAX VIEW.

THE TRUSTS REST UPON MONOPOLY.

The real trusts rest upon monopoly. The trust question is at the bottom of the monopoly question. Trusts are buttressed by protection.



GEORGE W. ATKINSON
Governor of West Virginia

W. A. POYNTER
Governor of Nebraska

HAZEN S. PINGREE
Governor of Michigan

W. E. STANLEY
Governor of Kansas

EDWARD SCOFIELD
Governor of Wisconsin

Statesmen who took part in Trust Conference, September, 1899, at Chicago



OFFICERS OF CONFERENCE ON TRUSTS, Chicago, Sept. 13 to 16, 1899

DUDLEY G. WOOTEN
First Vice-Chairman

FRANKLIN H. HEAD
Temporary Chairman

STEPHEN P. CORLISS
Third Vice-Chairman

HENRY V. JOHNSON
Second Vice-Chairman

WILLIAM WIRT HOWE
Permanent Chairman

RALPH M. EASLEY
Secretary

or have direct special privileges, like railways, or peculiar land advantages.

In the last analysis trusts cannot be perpetuated unless they come to own the natural sources of supply and distribution—the land. Like Antæus, they must have their feet upon the ground, and it is only by forcing their feet off the ground that we can destroy them.

Abolish the tariff, abolish all monopolies that can be abolished, take public highways for public use and collect from land-owners the annual value of their special advantages—do that, and you put an end to the trust. You cannot do it in any other way.

M. L. LOCKWOOD.

(President of the American Anti-Trust League.)

MANY MEN ARE MONEY MEN.

To-day we have men with fine-spun theories telling us that trusts and monopolies can lop off here and lop off there and make more money. Money everything! Man nothing! My friends, they have gone money mad.

We are confronted to-day by two great forces—property rights and human rights. If the Standard Oil Trust could be secure in the monopoly it now has it could well afford to pay the Government \$30,000,000 annually for the privilege.

A gentleman upon this floor tells an American audience that Russia had put a protective tax of \$2 a barrel on oil to keep American oil from driving the Russian oil out of Russian markets, and in the very next moment he tells us that if it had not been for the organizing genius of the Standard Oil company people that Russian oil would have flooded the American markets and dried up the American oil wells and shut down American refineries. Now that is spreading it on pretty thick—thicker than I have been used to, and I have been used to a great deal.

The gentleman would have us believe that the Standard Oil company has a monopoly of the brain and business capacity of America, but I want to tell the gentleman and you that if it had not been for railway rebates and discriminations that there would never have been a Standard Oil trust monopoly.

I want to say to the gentleman and to you, that if he will re-establish and maintain equal rates over the railways of America, that in spite

of this legitimate evolution of business we hear so much about, the energy, enterprise, courage and business capacity of the American people will drive the Standard Oil company, with its extravagant methods, into a secondary position in the oil trade of America in less than ten years.

Oh, but they say that would be waste, that that wouldn't be evolution of business; that that would be competition; but I want to say to you, my friends, that competition is a good thing for the people and a bad thing for monopoly.

THOMAS J. MORGAN, CHICAGO SOCIALIST.

SOCIALISTS SEE THE END OF THE FEUDAL SYSTEM.

We see from the socialistic view, not the special interest of this or that trade, of this or that nation, of this or that particular race, but we see the interest of the whole human race as it is involved in the development of modern industry and modern commerce.

The socialist sees the end of the feudal system. He sees the domination of the landed aristocracy destroyed and the rising importance of the new manufacturing and business interests; we see the employer and the merchant stepping into the imperial parliaments and taking charge of the guide of the nations.

We see, following the employer, a partnership; following the partnership we find a corporation; and following the corporation in its logical order we see the introduction of the trusts.

We welcome the appearance of the trust as one of the natural and inevitable products of our industrial and commercial system.

The trust is the legitimate child of capital, and if it were not for the seriousness of the problem we should be more than amused at the efforts that are made to check the growth and to kill this offspring that is made by those that produce.

The fetich of private property in the mines, in the oil, in the forests and in the fields, and everywhere else, is the bane of civilization; is the illusion of civilization, and must be wiped out of the intellect. We socialists rejoice that the trust has come to show you the logical sequence of the ownership and control of what is now known as private property, and the resources of the earth.

All you business men and members of the great middle class have to make up your minds that the private property of this great country,

and others like it, will be organized into trusts until there will be one trust and you will not be in it.

You can send bands of music to your legislatures; you can pass resolutions; you can hold your demonstrations everywhere, but the concentration of private property, the right of man to own all he can get, and hold all he gets, will go on with irresistible force so long as the principle of private property in the things by which we live is maintained by you men.

EDWARD KEASLEY, OF NEW JERSEY.

DANGER EXAGGERATED.

The danger to be met is that the trusts shall become too powerful, control too much and prevent all competition. I don't think that can be prevented by law. I think that we exaggerate the danger of the ability of want of competition to put up prices. I have waited all through this discussion to hear any proof of this fact, and we must remember that the burden of proof of this discussion is on those who assert that these trusts must be legislated against.

There is a remedy which we ought to try at once, and that is in the first place to make the trusts disclose to the public what the capital stock of the company is made up of, and not to allow the fraudulent inflation of stock.

Let their capital stock represent not exactly their property in the business but what they can earn a dividend on. It is not necessary it should be actual property. Let every company be compelled to file in its own office the actual contract for which its capital stock is issued and let every stockholder and every member of the public, if you please, have a copy of this on payment of ten cents.

That is the plan that is followed in England, where great combinations of capital have been effected, and they have not had the outcry there against trusts that we are having here.

PROF. EDWARD W. BEMIS, OF NEW YORK.

TRUSTS ACCEPT SOCIALIST VIEW.

One of the greatest criticisms of the competitive system is the waste involved, for example, in the journey through the same street of a dozen different mill carts or ice wagons, stopping at as many different houses.

The manager of the trust, adopting unconsciously this socialist view of the matter, familiarizes us with the arguments as to the advantages of combination. We are then face to face with our problem, given on the one hand a new form of organization, which has in it vast possibilities of social economy and advantage, but on the other hand is now being selfishly used to work great social harm. What shall he do about it?

We may leave the entire matter alone, in the belief that many of these trusts will soon go to pieces.

We may favor the solution which is attracting some attention in England, where, if I understand the matter aright, the trust of capital allies itself with a strong labor combination, and the two together agree to rob the consumer of all they can, the monopoly profits to be divided in the proportion of two parts to capital to one for labor.

We may smash the trust, or endeavor to do so.

In some respects the trade union resembles the trust, since it seeks to secure a monopoly of the labor market, and in order to secure it adopts many trust methods, such as refusal to deal with rivals who will not surrender to it.

A more hopeful attack upon the abuses of the trusts consists of the removal of tariffs upon such products as congress shall decide to be of trust make.

The notorious and widespread granting of secret rebates and other privileges by railroads to large shippers, and particularly to trusts and combinations, must be checked in the most summary and speedy manner.

The conference has been several times invited to consider direct public regulation of the trust. This will require, in a large measure, preliminary constitutional changes, so as to give more opportunity than we now have for national regulation of industries that, through their wide area of operations, are superior to state control.

EDWARD ROSEWATER.

THE TRUST A NATURAL OUTGROWTH.

We are confronted by grave problems generated by the industrial revolution of the nineteenth century. The trust is but the outgrowth of natural conditions. The trend of modern civilization is toward centralization and concentration.



WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN
CHARLES FOSTER

W. BOURKE COCKRAN
HENRY W. BLAIR

Noted Politicians—Anti-Trust



SAMUEL GOMPERS
EDWARD Q. KEASBEY
U. M. ROSE

T. B. WALKER
M. M. GARLAND
A. LEO WEIL

MEN OF AFFAIRS ON TRUSTS

This tendency is strikingly exhibited in the congestion of population in large cities, the building of mammoth hotels, tenement blocks, sky scraper office buildings, the department store and colossal manufacturing plants. The monopolistic combination of corporate capital known as trusts have their origin in overproduction and ruinous competition.

Honestly capitalized and managed, with due regard for the well-being of their employes, and operated economically for the benefit of consumers of their product, these concerns are harmless. Within the past decade the trusts have, however, for the most part, degenerated into combinations for stock jobbing.

Nearly every trust recently organized had its incentive in the irresistible temptation held out by the professional promoter to capitalize competing plants at from five to ten times their actual value.

This fictitious capitalization constitutes the most dangerous element of the modern trust. In nearly every instance overcapitalization becomes the basis for raising the price of trust products, and invariably lays the foundation for bank failures, panics and the ills that follow in their train.

The imperative duty of this conference is to devise measures that will make the trusts harmless. With this end in view, it should recommend:

1. The creation by act of congress of a bureau of supervision and control of corporations engaged in interstate commerce with powers for its relief similar to those exercised by the comptroller of the currency over national banks.

2. Legislation to enforce such publicity as will effectually prevent dishonest methods of accounting and restrict traffic and competition within legitimate channels.

3. The abrogation of all patents and copyrights held by trusts whenever the fact is established before a judicial tribunal that any branch of industry has been monopolized by the holders of such patents or copyrights.

4. The enactment by congress of a law that will compel every corporation engaged in interstate commerce to operate under a national charter that shall be abrogated whenever such corporation violates its provisions.

5. The creation of an interstate commerce court, with exclusive jurisdiction in all cases arising out of the violation of interstate commerce laws.

6. In order that the constitutional limitations and decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States relative to the power of congress to regulate and control trusts may be overcome, the conference should recommend the revision of the Constitution of the United States by a constitutional convention to be called by two-thirds of the states at the earliest possible date, as provided for by article 5 of the federal Constitution.

While the trusts might be reached by a single amendment to the Constitution, I doubt very much whether anything could be gained by such patchwork, since the Constitution contains many other provisions that would constitute a bar in effecting enforcement of the interstate commerce law. The mode of procedure for securing a single amendment is, if anything, more cumbersome, and ratification thereof more difficult to push than would be a complete revision of the organic law of the land.

If you will examine the Constitution you will see that it lies within the power of the States to call a national constitutional convention whenever two-thirds have concurred in such call, whereas the ordinary amendment requires the concurrence of two-thirds of each of the houses of congress, which is very difficult to procure in view of the tremendous influence exercised over the senate by the confederated corporations.

SAMUEL GOMPERS, OF THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF LABOR.

COMBINATIONS OF CAPITAL WILL GROW.

Perhaps the greatest sufferers from the wrongs which the combinations have done society have been the wage-earners, but in spite of this fact we do not close our eyes to actual facts and conditions or join in the general howl simply for the purpose of howling.

The cry is now by a large number of our people for untrammelled competition, and the old cry which was turned against the organized efforts of the workers for improved conditions is turning against the combinations of capital.

They grow and will grow, and I have no hesitation in saying that the organization of industry upon a higher and more scientific basis will continue.

If prices have been raised the combinations of capital have always been held responsible. If prices have fallen when combinations of

capital exist it is argued that they would have fallen still lower if the individual concern had existed.

Be this as it may, this proposition cannot be disputed, that prices continually tend downward. On the other hand, the tendency of wages, in spite of all declarations of the pessimists and the enemies of organized labor, is upward, due solely to the organized effort of the wage-earner.

It has been said that organized labor is a trust, and I want to say in connection with this that to our minds that is an absolute misnomer.

Organized labor throws open its doors to all who work for wages, and asks them to come in and share in the benefits. We try to prevent by all means within our power anyone from leaving or getting outside of the union.

You cannot break into a trust.

And for this reason I want to say that any legislation proposed by this conference or by any legislature or by congress which does not eliminate or specially exempt organized labor from the operations of the law will meet the unquestioned opposition of all the labor forces of our country.

I believe we can tax the corporations; we can tax franchises; we can advocate and have municipal and common ownership of public utilities.

In the midst of greater concentrations of wealth and the vast development of industry, it behooves the workers more ceaselessly than ever to devote their energies to organized labor and to counteract the effect which otherwise their helpless and unprotected condition would have put upon them. Organized and alert, the workers cannot fail to lighten toil, shorten hours and lengthen life by constant and persistent effort, and make the world better for our having lived in it.

M. M. GARLAND,

(Ex-President of the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers.)

THE TRUST QUESTION AN OLD ONE.

The whole life of the man employed in the iron and steel rolling-mills must, from the very nature of his labor, be practical.

The trust question is an old one. It has been the instigator of much

attempted legislation and has formed the target for campaign speakers in almost every kind of elections.

When the iron and steel worker became convinced that the vast industrial pursuits of the world were becoming centralized under the control of a comparatively small portion of mankind he realized that to secure for himself an equivalent for his labor sufficient to maintain him in comparative independence and respectability it was absolutely compulsory that he form a combination with his fellow workers to control, as far as possible, wages and fair treatment.

This organization was immediately termed a trust by many, but the fair mind cannot consider the open trade union as such under the general acceptance of the term.

But in deference to a number of decisions by eminent judges in the several States and the decision of an Attorney-General of the United States, all of which declare us at least amenable to whatever penalties would occur to trusts violating the statute of present enacted anti-trust legislation, to that extent we are compelled to accept the onus.

But it is the recent rush of corporations doing business in the same line of manufacture or interest into one or more immense corporate combinations, usually termed trusts, that has challenged widespread comment and occasioned the discussion of the question by this conference. No corporation desires to lose its identity, and there can be no doubt that much of this in the iron and steel industry has been caused by the same element that forced the workmen to organize—that of self-preservation.

The corporation of many years' standing had grown with the increased uses of iron and steel until, in some branches of the trade, several firms were more powerful and held more assets, each one in themselves, than any of the trusts that have yet been formed in the same line of business.

We have passed the point where corporations in iron and steel were of great moment whose capitalization was limited to thousands or hundreds of thousands of dollars, and we have entered the era of millions and hundreds of millions of dollars' capitalization.

That this new form of trust will bring, voluntarily, any new virtues to the business world is a doubtful question. They are organized to make money, and will certainly attempt to operate to that end, but they have awakened powerful watchers in the interests of the great mass of common people, and in this country the privileges and interests of the majority of the people cannot long be trampled on.

The action of the trusts within themselves will soon decide whether they are to be tolerated as useful members to the nation's household or whether the show of hands raised against them will relegate them to oblivion.

GOVERNOR H. S. PINGREE, OF MICHIGAN.

THE EFFECT OF TRUSTS UPON OUR NATIONAL LIFE AND CITIZENSHIP.

The trust is the forerunner, or rather the creator of industrial slavery.

In all that has been said about trusts scarcely a word has been written or spoken from the standpoint of their effect on society. In gathering material for the use of this conference the Civic Federation sent out circulars containing, in all, sixty-nine questions. Those inquiries were addressed to trusts, wholesale dealers, commercial travelers' organizations, railroads, labor associations, contractors, manufacturers, economists, financiers, and public men.

Only one of these sixty-nine questions related in any way to the effect of "trusts" upon society. I think that this is the most important consideration of all.

Everybody has been asking whether more money can be made by trusts than by small corporations and individuals—whether cost of production will be increased or decreased; whether investors will be benefited or injured; whether the financial system of the country will be endangered; whether we can better compete for the world's trade with large combinations or trusts; whether prices will be raised or lowered; whether men will be thrown out of employment; whether wages will be higher or lower; whether stricter economy can be enforced, and so on.

In other words, the only idea nowadays seems to be to find out how business or commerce will be affected by trusts. The almighty dollar is the sole consideration.

I believe that all these things are minor considerations. I think it is of far greater importance to inquire whether the control of the world's trade, or any of the other commercial advantages claimed for the trusts, are worth the price we pay for them.

Will it pay us, either as individuals or as a nation, to encourage trusts?

Instead of discussing the question from the standpoint of commercial gain, let us view it as patriots. I believe that a conference of this

kind should not attempt to judge a question so important to our national welfare as this by the selfish standard of commercial greed. I think that loftier motives should rule us in this discussion.

In this republic of ours we are fond of saying that there are no classes. In fact, we boast of it. We say that classes belong to monarchies, not to republics.

Nevertheless none of us can dispute the fact that our society is divided into classes, and well-defined ones, too. They are not distinguished by differences of social standing. That is, we have no aristocratic titles, no nobility. The distinction with us is based upon wealth.

The man is rated by the property he owns. Our social and political leaders and speakers deny this. In doing so, however, they ignore actual conditions. They discuss what ought to be under our form of government—not what is.

The strength of our republic has always been in what is called our middle class. This is made up of manufacturers, jobbers, middlemen, retail and wholesale merchants, commercial travelers and business men generally. It would be little short of calamity to encourage any industrial development that would affect unfavorably this important class of our citizens.

Close to them, as a strong element of our people, are the skilled mechanics and artisans. They are the sinew and strength of the nation.

While the business of the country has been conducted by persons and firms, the skilled employe has held close and sympathetic relations with his employer. He has been something more than a mere machine. He has felt the stimulus and ambition which goes with equality of opportunity. These have contributed to make him a good citizen. Take away that stimulus and ambition and we lower the standard of our citizenship. Without good citizenship our national life is in danger.

It seems to me, therefore, that the vital consideration connected with this problem of the trust is its effect upon our middle class—the independent individual business man and the skilled artisan and mechanic. How does the trust affect them? It is admitted by the apologist for the trust that it makes it impossible for the individual or firm to do business on a small scale. It tends to concentrate the ownership and management of all lines of business activity into the hands of a very few. No one denies this.

A very select few may become heads of trusts, but such opportunities will be rare indeed. They will, therefore, be entirely useless as incentives to the ambition of the army of those employed by the trusts.

As a result of the ceaseless and heartless grind of the trusts in the almost insane desire to control trade, ambition and perhaps inventive genius will be deadened and killed.

The trust is therefore the forerunner, or rather the creator, of industrial slavery. The master is the trust manager or director. It is his duty to serve the soulless and nameless being called the stockholder. To the latter the dividend is more important than the happiness or the prosperity of any one.

The slave is the former merchant and business man and the artisan and mechanic, who once cherished the hope that they might some time reach the happy position of independent ownership of a business.

Commercial feudalism is the logical outcome of the trust. The trust manager is the feudal baron.

These may perhaps be harsh characterizations, but who can deny their truth? Honesty to ourselves and loyalty to our country and its free institutions compel us to face and recognize the situation.

We cannot be true to our republic by ignoring these things. We cannot be honest to the people, either at this conference or in our legislative assemblies, by confining our deliberations to the commercial advantages and disadvantages of the trust.

It is better to be forever poor, but independent and happy as individuals, than to lay the foundations for industrial tyranny and slavery. Personal liberty is rather to be chosen than great riches. Equality of opportunity to all men is better than the control of the world's trade.

The effect of the trust upon our national life and our citizenship will not be sudden, perhaps. It will rather be a silent and gradual change. It may not be observed at once, but its influence will nevertheless be felt.

The warning with which the history of the decadence and downfall of other nations furnishes us may not be heeded now. If not, we may pay the usual penalty of slavery to commercial avarice and greed.

Increase of the wealth of the country is greatly to be desired, but if the people are to be degraded to industrial slavery, wealth under such conditions is a curse. If our independent and intelligent business men and artisans are to be crowded out of existence as a class by the trust, there is no remedy too drastic for the trust.

Some may think it too early to sound a note of warning of this kind, but the time to check an evil tendency is when it first shows itself.

We have given the private corporation "too much rope." Some say give it more rope and it will hang itself. In other words, they claim

that the trust problem, if left alone, will work out its own solution.

I do not believe in such a policy. There is too much at stake. The most important element of our citizenship is in the balance. We cannot afford to sap the strength of our democracy in order to forward an experiment.

I favor complete and prompt annihilation of the trust—with due regard for property rights, of course.

I care more for the independence and manliness of the American citizen than for all the gold or silver in the world. It is better to cherish the happiness of the American home than to control the commerce of the globe.

The degrading process of the trust means much to the future of a republic founded upon democratic principles. A democratic republic cannot survive the disappearance of a democratic population.

HON. CHARLES W. FOSTER.

TRUSTS HAVE COME TO STAY.

Governor Pingree was followed by Hon. Charles W. Foster, of Ohio, who said in part:

The gentleman from Texas yesterday stated that his State had no industrial development, that it sold raw material and bought its supplies, as the reason for its fierce opposition to trusts. He also portrayed, as did the gentleman from Michigan before me, the superiority of manhood over money.

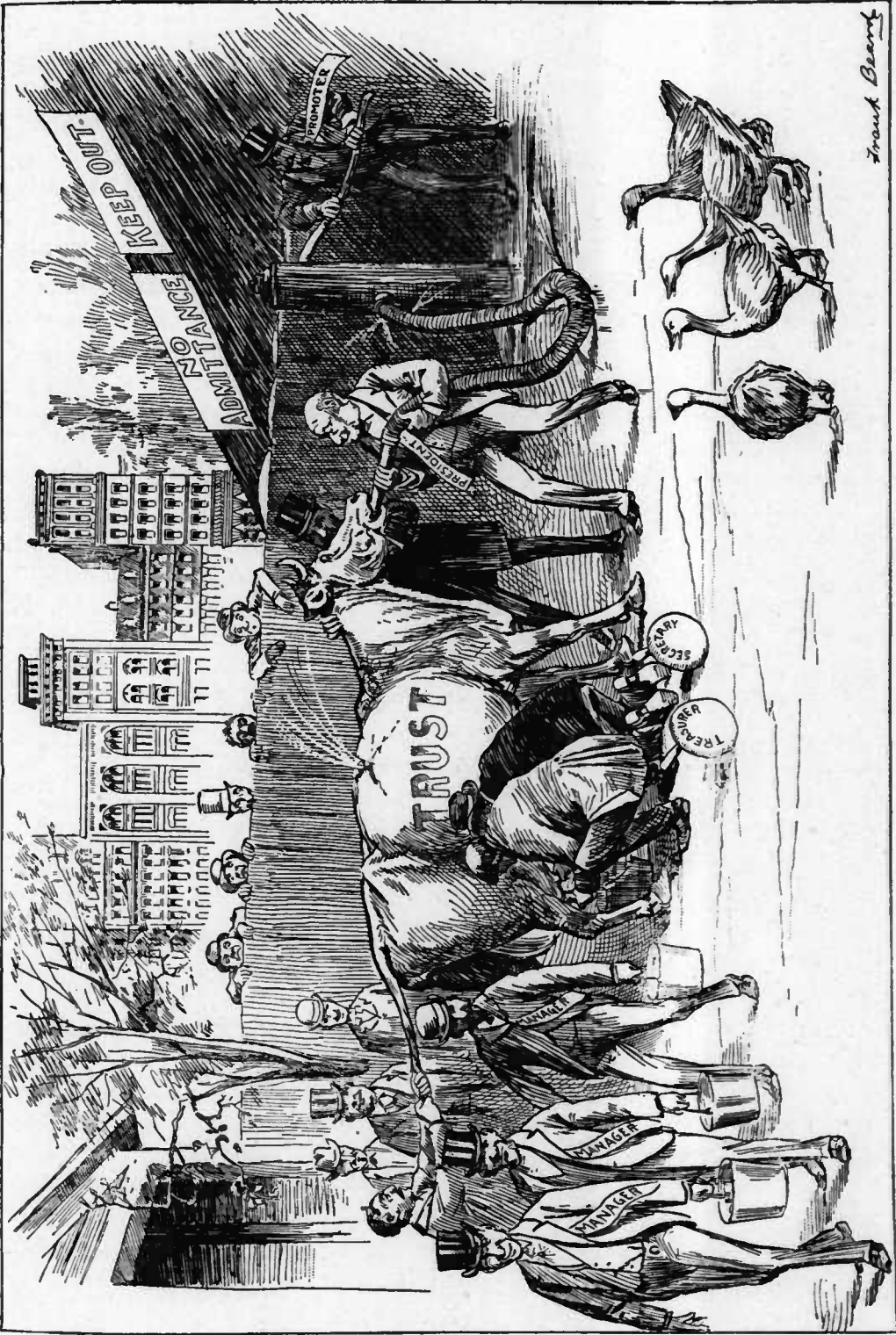
It strikes me that if the Texas people had sufficient enterprise to establish industries, to consume their cotton, wool and other raw material, their manhood would not deteriorate, their opposition to trusts would be less vehement, and they would have more money.

The evolution in business from the individual to the partnership, and from the partnership to the corporation, was no more natural and necessary than is the evolution from the corporation to the trust. Let us look the situation squarely in the face. Denounce it as we may, it has come to stay. Why? Because the gigantic business operations of the present and future cannot be carried on without it.

P. E. DOWE, PRESIDENT OF THE COMMERCIAL TRAVELERS' NATIONAL LEAGUE.

COMMERCIAL TRAVELERS OPPOSED TO TRUSTS.

Commercial travelers are opposed to trusts, both from policy and from principle, and consider them detrimental and demoralizing—detrimental.



Frank Beard

HOW BALEFUL TRUSTS ARE OPERATED

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mental as menacing the possession and enjoyment by the people of those rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness and equal privileges and possibilities in the application of individual enterprises and experience; demoralizing as presenting un-American conditions, imitation of English business methods, as offering evidences of rascality and corruption.

At my suggestion the American Anti-Trust League has begun a work of statistical investigation. It proposes to show by authentic data that while the cost of living has increased within the last two years at an average of between 12 and 16 per cent, wages have been advanced less than 3 per cent; and that wages to-day are lower than in 1895.

I have a list showing advances in the prices due to the direct or indirect influence of trusts of about 150 commodities, the advances ranging from 5 to 500 per cent. The list was obtained by representatives of the Anti-Trust league applying to manufacturers and dealers for information and making daily reports. Nearly 500 establishments were visited. The list is sworn to. Ordinary shovels doubled in wholesale price and snow shovels advanced 145 per cent, iron 85 to 130 per cent, coal 50 cents a ton wholesale, gasoline 4 cents a gallon, shoes for the workingmen 15 to 50 cents per pair, etc.

Over 90 per cent of 100 hotels interviewed claim a falling off of traveling men by 10 to 50 per cent during the last year, which in most instances they attribute to the effects of trusts and combinations.

The amount of the common and preferred stocks of all the listed trusts, and inclusive of their bonded indebtedness, is the vast total of \$8,000,000,000 in round figures. This statement is made upon most reliable authorities.

A well-known statistician stated that the intrinsic valuation in the aggregate of all the trusts is about \$2,000,000,000, a four to one ratio for stock-jobbing manipulation.

Previous to 1895 nearly 600 trusts were projected, and to include a great variety of commodities; several of these trade combinations failed to materialize, some disintegrated; but the processes for the centralization of capital and power continued, combination and recombination going on until in March last there were between 350 and 360 combines, yet their capitalization was billions more than the capitalization of the 600 trusts of 1894 and before. To-day my list shows 425 trusts.

"What if the trusts win? The whole machinery of independence as we have known it heretofore in this country is entirely gone, and man, whatever his prospects might have been, is absolutely at the mercy of

the trust. It must feed him, clothe him, shelter him and educate him as will serve its interests." The foregoing is quoted from the letter of an attorney-general.

The remedy for the plague of trusts, now epidemic, I have not discussed, excepting as suggested by Senator Chandler, the purpose of my paper being to demonstrate that trusts are considered as an abominable curse by the people. I speak for the commercial travelers especially, but for the people generally in opposition to trade combines, for the commercial men have felt the pulse of the people as could no other class.

I have gone on record as opposed to trade combines, otherwise trusts, for specific reasons; have also been interested in other matters pertaining to the privileges of the people generally and commercial travelers particularly, and a participant in contests to protect the rights of the people from infringement by unjust laws.

F. B. THURBER, REPRESENTING THE NEW YORK BOARD OF TRADE.

CORPORATIONS ARE CO-OPERATIONS.

It is overlooked that corporations are really co-operations; that the number of partners as stockholders in any industry is increased; that any one can become a partner, and that instead of being concentrators of wealth, they are distributors of wealth. It has been assumed that labor would be oppressed by the organization of capital, but experience has shown that organized labor has met organized capital, and that the largest organizations of capital have furnished the steadiest employment and have paid larger wages than individual employers.

The grievances of individuals injured in this evolution of industries have been magnified and the general good minimized. The lesson of the stage driver thrown out of work by the locomotive or the workman by the machine, is forgotten when the traveling salesman who loses his job through the economies of industrial organization appeals to public sympathy.

That wider markets are necessary and that large capital intelligently administered is necessary to find them, is not appreciated. That "rule of reason," as expressed by the minority of the Supreme Court, is in danger of being expunged from our statutes.

Within the limits of a paper like this it is of course impossible to do more than speak suggestively and touch upon but few of the many

points involved, but I have faith that with further study of this subject by the American people the facts will become plainer and they will appreciate that

“Through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened by the process of the suns.”

GOVERNOR G. W. ATKINSON OF WEST VIRGINIA.

WHAT ARE THE ADVOCATES OF TRUSTS GOING TO DO?

If the advocates and participants in the trusts could satisfy the minds of the masses upon the three following propositions they would have but little opposition in the years to come:

Will you, and can you, in all cases, as you claim, agree to furnish a better and cheaper article to consumers of all the necessaries of life covered by your trusts and combines?

What do you propose to do with the tens of thousands of middlemen now employed, who of necessity must lose their present positions?

What will become of the small dealers scattered over our country from Maine to Florida, and from the Atlantic to California?

What are we going to do with this large class of our fellow-citizens who are now prosperous and happy in their occupations? These are momentous problems and involve momentous results.”

HON. C. E. SNODGRASS, MEMBER OF CONGRESS OF TENNESSEE.

THE TRUST DESTROYS AMBITION.

While I am not an enemy of capital and realize the beneficent influence it has exerted, I believe that any combination which takes away the incentive for men to exert their best energies and destroys ambition is evil. This the trust does. I think that Colonel Bryan's suggestion that all corporations doing interstate business should be licensed by the Federal Government is right and feasible. I am not prepared to say whether the trusts can be made a political issue, but the Republican party will have a hard time to “square” itself with the people on the trust question.

E. ROSEWATER, EDITOR OF THE OMAHA BEE.

It is my idea that a commission or bureau should be created which shall have control of all corporations doing interstate business. In addition to this there should be a court clothed with the authority to try all cases and adjudicate all matters arising from infractions of trust laws and which shall hear no other causes.

To protect the purchasers of trust securities there should be public certification of stocks.

JUDGE WILLIAM H. CLAGETT OF BOISE CITY, IDAHO.

MONOPOLY THE FOUNDATION OF TRUSTS.

Monopoly is the foundation of trusts. There are no such things as real trusts now. Under the broad decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in the sugar-trust case they are no longer trusts, but rather commercial combinations. The decision was based on the sovereignty of the States, and was in effect that whatever legislation was needed should be enacted by the States.

I am sure the decision could not have been better for the masses, as it throws the case back to the people, who can take action for themselves. It is now a matter of State rights, and I believe each individual State can do more by itself than through the Federal Government, though national legislation should also be enacted.

The two sovereignties—that of the State and that of the nation—should work in harmony and make the trust a thing of the past.

HON. DUDLEY WOOTEN OF TEXAS.

SOME THINGS GREATER THAN ACCUMULATION OF WEALTH.

We come from a State whose area, resources and population, we think, entitle us to entertain some very positive and pertinent convictions upon the great question that called together this meeting, and will provoke the learned discussions of the distinguished gentlemen here present.

We believe that there are some things more valuable, more to be desired and more worthy to be contended for by a free people than the mere accumulation of worldly wealth, industrial activity and commercial progress.

We do not believe in that school of political philosophy that despises the wisdom and experience of the fathers of American and English liberty and law, that rejects as antiquated and inadequate the great precepts and principles of a venerable jurisprudence at the behest of modern monopoly, that salves the wounds of freedom with the oil of avarice, and condones a constitutional crime with the argument of pelf and greed.

If, as we believe and think, the facts demonstrate, the inordinate growth and power of corporations are the real germs of the alarming trusts and monopolies of the age, then clearly that should be the point of first attack. Under our institutions these artificial persons or citizens are created by the States and not by the Federal Government.

But the burden of this great work cannot and ought not to be thrown entirely upon the States. Notwithstanding the high authority of the attorney-general of the United States and his presumable familiarity with trusts in their natural habitat, we believe that the Federal Government both can and should assume the initiative in the movement to suppress and restrain these great corporate monopolies.

By these two means—State and Federal legislation combining to reduce the number, power and privileges of private corporations—the rapid growth and menacing tyranny of the corporate monopolies can be controlled and restrained, but in no other way that we can perceive.

The methods suggested may appear radical and revolutionary to some, but the time has come when the country must face the crisis and solve it conscientiously, courageously and completely, unless we are to surrender those principles for which the Union was formed and without which it is not worth preserving.

Developing under the frown of judicial disfavor, the original trusts have passed from the loose and imperfect combinations of affiliated corporations into the crystallized and condensed union of huge capitalized monopolies under one charter and a centralized control.

Their fundamental purposes are to reduce the cost of production to the manufacturers by lowering expenses, minimizing the cost of labor, depressing the prices of raw materials, and concentrating the expenditure of energy into the smallest possible compass; to destroy competition by absorbing all rival industries, squeezing out the small, coercing the weak and amalgamating the strong; to monopolize and control trade and industry by absolutely dominating the markets and subsidizing or terrorizing the free and normal course of commerce and labor.

The courts of the country have uniformly and correctly declared

that but for the existence and operation of private corporations, trusts and monopolies could not exist for an hour. The loose and risky methods of personal enterprise, the legal limitations and liabilities of individual investment, and the motives of selfish caution that control the actions of men or firms engaged in business on their own responsibility render it impossible for great industrial and commercial monopolies to be built up in that way.

It is only by the corporation, with its peculiar and artificial attributes, that trusts and trade combinations can be successfully carried out. Here, then, we have the root of the evil, in the private corporation.

If there be need for uniform statutes on marriage and divorce, wills, insolvency and other similar interests in which the entire country has a common and identical share, then certainly there is need for it on this most vital question that affects the prosperity, happiness and freedom of the republic at large.

It was this consideration that induced the governor of Texas to call the meeting of governors and attorneys-general which will convene in St. Louis next week, and it is to be hoped that some harmonious and united plan of legislation will be agreed upon by them.

If we are asked along what lines this universal and uniform legislation shall be framed, then we unhesitatingly answer that it should be in the direction of limiting also the amount of capital stock for which a company may be incorporated, so as to curtail their enormous power to amass undue wealth and exercise despotic control over the commerce, industry and policies of the nation.

PROFESSOR JOHN GRAHAME BROOKS OF HARVARD
UNIVERSITY.

It is our misfortune that no opinion upon the so-called trust has at present much value. The movement is too new, it is too vast, it is above all too undeveloped. People are frightened by the new phenomenon—so many were alarmed a century ago by a quickened tendency of business to pass into corporations.

I assume that no answer is possible to my subject, "Are the New Combinations Dangerous?" unless that measure of control is secured which is represented by (a) complete publicity, (b) removal of tariff privileges, (c) the ending of special railway favors. I should defend this opinion not upon theoretical grounds, but upon such practical experience as one may observe already on the effect of the new combinations.

Given an absolute publicity of facts, and the one dominating danger, overcapitalization, is already half met. If the trust movement spreads, as now seems likely, by far the larger part will go to the wall from sheer speculative bravado.

The people meanwhile will be rapidly educated, and above all the banks will be swift to learn the lesson, and refuse to underwrite if the venture is too imprudent in its risks. Only those trusts will survive that are prudently organized and deal with a product which lends itself to the conditions imposed by the new combination.

No industrial event ever gave a more magnificent occasion for education upon what is deepest in the so-called social question. The essence of the new combination is that it is a more cunning and more powerful machine applied to industry. That means that it carries in it the very heart of the social question.

The pithiest formula I could give of the social question (on its material side) is this: It is the struggle for the advantages of applied science and invention to industry. At bottom this is the fight in our great strikes.

The coming contest in our municipalities is accurately this: Who is to control the vast machinery, such as lighting and transportation? This has come to be the deepest struggle in trades unionism. Socialism itself cannot be better defined than by its attitude toward machinery.

The new combinations that survive are not likely to act differently in this respect from the weaker corporations which preceded them. Again, it is said they will corner things generally, put up prices and prevent the consumer from getting the advantage of the economics made, as we are told is the case with nails, glass, tinsplate, etc. I will not deny the danger, but I beg to submit one observation from industrial history:

Whenever a great change has come in economic evolution there is naturally extreme danger connected with the new undertaking, because traditional methods cannot be depended upon.

The dangers of disaster are extreme, and only men of great boldness, willing to take larger risks, come to the front. It is this type of man that has caught the wave as it rose, and made, if he succeeded, enormous profits. Human wit has never yet prevented this, and it is more than doubtful if it would be well to do it if we could.

Once more, it is said of the trusts, they will raise havoc with our politics. That this is a far graver peril than any economic one is too



THE TRUST OCTOPUS

Frank Beard.

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clear. Recognizing the magnitude of this danger, and with no desire to minimize it.

I express this hope—the trust that stays will bring the very ablest men to the front. They will very soon have to carry on business in an atmosphere of public opinion thoroughly alert and aroused upon these issues. It appears to me unlikely that men of first ability will so fail in tact as to disregard and affront an alarmed, suspicious and powerful public opinion.

Nor have I the slightest question that if it become plain to the people that the combinations manipulate politics to their own private ends and persist in this they will have themselves to thank for driving the country further and faster into socialism than any and all forces that have ever shown themselves in our public life.

DR. HENRY C. ADAMS, OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN.

TRUSTS AND BUSINESS ORGANIZATIONS.

Whatever the trust problem may be, it has to do with business organization, and on this account the first question that suggests itself is one that pertains to the science of economics, and from that we are carried to the stupendous question of political organization and legislative procedure.

He who believes in local government will not readily consent to the proposition that the Federal Congress should assert exclusive authority over commercial and industrial conditions. Nor, on the other hand, will he who appreciates the significance and the beneficent results of a world's market consent to the suggestion that the business transactions of a State concern should not extend beyond the borders of a State.

Turning to a consideration of the current tendency toward monopoly in industries which naturally are subject to competitive control, it has been stated that the explanation of this tendency is found in the conditions under which manufacturing and commercial enterprises are carried on.

These conditions are the fact that railways do discriminate in favor of large shippers; the extension of commercial relations beyond the jurisdiction of the States has resulted in confusion of law and uncertainty of procedure; the unsatisfactory condition of the laws of incorporation is one of the elements in the conditions by which trusts are fostered, and, finally, the fact that whatever else may be determined

upon, provision should be made by the States for an efficient, comprehensive and harmonious control over the auditing departments of such industries as choose the trust organization for the prosecution of business.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL E. C. CROWE, OF MISSOURI.

TRUSTS A SOURCE OF GREAT APPREHENSION.

It has been well said, "The recent rapid formation of trusts, the rush of industrial monopoly, is the source of great public apprehension. It seems to be working a stupendous revolution, the end of which is not clearly foreseen.

"The gathering storm may prove a destroying cyclone or but a precursor of a better industrial day. Be this as it may, it is now possible and wise to inquire into the legal status of the monopoly corporation and to take stock of the resources with which organized society is equipped to meet this modern form of feudalism."

The clear distinction between public and private employments and business and the full appreciation of the complete protection of the right to contract and of the vested rights of property is absolutely essential to be kept in mind to have a fair view of the trust question and its effect on our people and business, and the remedies that may be proposed for any evils that may result from trusts.

If we must have the trading business corporation I suggest that laws be enacted by the sovereign States declaring the members of the corporation responsible to the same extent as the members of a copartnership for the debts or acts and liabilities of a corporation.

Protection, equality and justice will reign in business transactions under the regime where equality of liability follows equality of opportunity, and this equality, guided by the ever-present power of competition, will regulate in a healthy manner the business interests of the country.

Therefore I think that the check of financial responsibility, individually, should be placed upon the shareholders of private business trading corporations.

The trust is a profitable field in capital and hence capital will seek trusts; but the trust is becoming a dictator of trade. Its powers are not limited by charter or public opinion. It enters all branches of industry; it reduces the price of the raw material it buys, and raises the price

of the product it sells; its movements are secret, silent, unerring and all-powerful.

But the vast profits of the trust will ever tempt wealth and enterprise. The aim of capital to seek profit will be ever a menace to the security of the trust investor. The struggle to obtain the special benefits for the few by the trust managers and the battle of equal opportunity for all in business is the point of interest, and the State should bend its energies to adjust this at once, for herein lies the danger to our land.

OPINIONS OF THE VALUE OF THE CONFERENCE ON TRUSTS.

REV. J. H. O. SMITH, UNION CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

CONFERENCE A VALUABLE CONTRIBUTION TO CIVILIZATION.

The Civic Federation has made a valuable contribution to civilization in arranging the assembly which has been discussing the trust problem.

The best of spirit prevailed and the sentiment of the convention was altruistic throughout. At no time could the worker complain of unfair treatment, while the attacks made upon great combinations of capital were directed against the institutions for which the people themselves are in a large measure responsible, and not against the men who compose the corporations.

Man was the consideration more than money, but all seemed to recognize that wealth is an important ally when properly distributed.

The American Government itself is a combine for rich and poor. The rich must not be robbed to benefit the poor, and the poor should not be compelled directly or indirectly to bear the burdens of the rich.

The speakers regarded capitalist and laborer as partners in industry and each entitled to his share of the profits. The closing days of the nineteenth century are electric with forces that make for righteousness.

Labor's complaint that it cannot get a hearing has been answered this week, and the representatives of labor will go home happy because of the serious consideration given their cause in this epoch-making assembly.

REV. W. H. CARWARDINE, ADAMS STREET M. E. CHURCH.

THE TRUST CONFERENCE A SPLENDID EXPRESSION OF INDEPENDENCE OF THOUGHT.

The great trust conference was a splendid expression of American independence of thought and freedom of discussion. Every phase of

the question was considered, and each representative of economic belief was present except one.

The business man was conspicuously absent. We ought to have heard from one of the great trust organizers.

The trust is the legitimate outcome of competition. No power on earth can prevent the natural combination of capital as society is now organized. It is the inevitable result of the evolution of commercial enterprise.

The tendency of civilization is to centralize. Modern inventions have largely removed the limitations of time and space. The world is getting closer together. As men and nation centralize the struggle of existence becomes on the one hand keener, and fraternity, mutuality of interests and co-operation are emphasized.

The very dangers that seemingly threaten us from the struggle for commercial supremacy are the symptoms that underlie the trend of world forces toward a higher and better civilization.

I see the hand of God in all this. From the Gehenna of competition we are moving toward the Arcadia of co-operation. Out of this struggle will come better conditions for all.

REV. R. A. WHITE, STEWART AVENUE UNIVERSALIST
CHURCH.

IT WAS A NOTABLE GATHERING.

It was a notable gathering. Its influence must be vast. It advanced no startlingly new ideas. It seemed woefully lacking in facts. Assertions were numerous enough that trusts raised prices or lowered them, elevated or depressed wages, were dangerous or valuable, but facts to prove the assertions were not in great evidence.

One important thing this conference has brought prominently into view. Labor organizations and organizations of capital rest upon practically the same industrial conditions. It will henceforth be difficult for the labor organizations to denounce the organization of money. Organized capital can scarcely with consistency denounce organized labor. Each seeks to reduce competition by organization.

In the main the vital bearing of trusts upon manhood was seldom under discussion. But here is really the heart of the matter.

Opinion was strong that the trust is the prelude to a vast industrial slavery. The free and independent small manufacturer, trader and

laborer disappearing to give place to the hired servants of an all-powerful corporation.

No graver danger confronts this nation than a propertyless class so environed by industrial conditions as to make ambition fruitless and hope vain.

GOVERNOR H. S. PINGREE.

BENEFITS OF THE CONFERENCE.

The principal benefit, to my mind, was the revelation it gave us of the position which the advocates of the trust, or rather the trusts themselves, would take. Even an ordinary observer could not fail to notice that the managers of trusts and their agents, the newspapers, had carefully planned their line of defense at the conference.

It was equally apparent that they recognized that the trust is on trial. So it was that at the conference the trust was defended, and skillfully, too, by corporation lawyers, professors, economists and theorists generally. On the other hand, the anti-trust side was just as ably presented by practical business men, farmers and leaders of labor interests.

Cockran placed the dollar above the man—that is, such is the logical outcome of his reasoning and his position. Bryan placed the man above the dollar. The former is the commercial view, and therefore selfish and narrow. The latter is the humanitarian view.

Mr. Cockran is undoubtedly an orator. The trust could hardly have chosen a more effective champion. He held his audience spellbound and charmed by the beauty of his diction. One could not have condemned bad corporate management in more scathing terms than he did.

He threw bouquets at the laboring men. This was done with a purpose.

It is evidently the plan of the trusts first to make laboring men believe their own salvation is in a fostering of the trust, and, second, to intimidate them or modify their zeal by claiming that labor unions are in fact trusts and that warfare on trusts is warfare on labor unions.

I predict that labor will not be deceived.

Mr. Bryan's answer to Mr. Cockran that trusts enthrone money and debase mankind is complete and sufficient.

I favor a federal law prohibitive of monopolies, with the machinery necessary to make it effective, with state laws to supplement it.

I refuse to be cowed by rules of political economy. The trust can be

abolished by law. Public sentiment will compel it. In the absence of a uniform state, a federal law is necessary. It should be a drastic law.

I have no sympathy with the sentiment of regulation. That is the remedy of trusts. It would result in their regulating themselves as they saw fit. The people want no more farces like the interstate commerce commission.

No benefit will come from taming wild snakes. Of course, if the people had in their employ snake-charmers like Mr. Cockran, with his powerful oratory, it might be different. But the trusts are the only ones able to retain the services of such talent.

REV. JENKIN LLOYD JONES, D. D.

REFLECTS GREAT CREDIT ON THE CIVIC FEDERATION.

The Trust Conference held in Chicago last week is to be put down as one of the most significant civic events of the year. It reflects great credit upon the Civic Federation of Chicago for the bold conception and the efficient execution of the plan. It also reflects great credit upon the speakers, all of them men of note, most of them men of special training, experts in their respective lines.

They spoke frankly, earnestly and with a dignity that commanded courteous respect from the audience, from the public and from each other, however widely they might differ.

It was also an occasion of great hopefulness. To recognize the situation, to honestly face the perplexity, is in this case more than half the battle.

We are safe in affirming:

1. That the trust problem is pre-eminently the economic problem of to-day.

2. That it must engage in the immediate future the attention of legislators; that it cannot be kept out of politics. It is inevitably one of the issues in the coming presidential campaign.

3. That in some form or another it must come under State and national control and direction.

4. That all are agreed that illegitimate inflation of stock, expansion of values, is one element in the growth of trusts at the present time and that this element is now and always will be simply a crime and violation of the laws of honesty and a sin against the public.

5. All are further agreed that absolute publicity of the books and

financial methods of the trust is one of the first safeguards against these frauds.

6. That the principle of combination is economically correct and that is the result of general evolution of life and knowledge, hence in some way or another combination not competition is "to be the industrial and economic law of the future."

7. That only in so far as combinations advance the general interests of the community and exhilarate the industrial life of the world can they be tolerated.

In short, all the speakers assumed the truth of Emerson's dictum that "that cannot be good for the bee that is not good for the hive;" in other words, that the interests of the individual must be made subservient to the interests of the whole.

These are but preliminary and general affirmations, but even these go a great ways toward clearing the horizon.

CHRISTIAN SOCIALISM AND TRUSTS.

Miss Frances E. Willard, at the London W. C. T. U. Convention in 1897, said:

"I have become an advocate of such a change in social conditions as shall stamp out the disease and contagion of poverty even as medical science is stamping out leprosy, small-pox and cholera; and I believe the age in which we live will yet be characterized as one of those dark, dismal and damning ages when some people were so dead to the love of their kind that they left them in poverty without a heartache or a blush.

"Poverty is a disease; it is a degradation; it has no right to be. * * * In the past we have comforted ourselves with looking upon it as the effect of wrong-doing, but have now aroused ourselves to the study of it as a cause. We are determined to burn out to its last infectious atom the stench of the slums. * * *

"Full well I know that a majority of those who read these lines will first of all call me a crank, and then find leaping to their lips His words who said, 'The poor ye have always with you.' By such evasions is Christ blasphemed, who stated to the people of that time one of the blackest facts in their hypocritical record, but whose gospel is the gunpowder of poverty; and one of the ground principles of whose earthly church, God-made, was this, that they had all things in common."

This she called Christian socialism or Christianity applied. By it she

would conquer the new infidelity which says Christ's teachings are not practicable.

In her last great address at Buffalo, in 1897, she declared:

"I would take, not by force, but by the slow process of lawful acquisition through better legislation, as the outcome of a wiser ballot in the hands of men and women, the entire plant that we call civilization, and all that has been achieved on this continent in the four hundred years since Columbus wended his way hither, and make it the common property of all the people, requiring all to work enough with their hands to give them the finest physical development, but not to become burdensome in any case, and permitting all to share alike the advantages of education and refinement.

"I believe this to be perfectly practicable; indeed, that any other method is simply a relic of barbarism. I believe with Frederick Maurice, of England, that it is infidel for any one to say that the law of supply and demand is as changeless as the law of gravitation, which means that competition must forever prevail. I believe that competition is doomed.

"The trust, whose sole object it is to abolish competition, has proven that we are better without than with it the moment any corporation controls the supply of any product. What the socialist desires is that the corporation of humanity should control all production.

"Beloved comrades, this is the frictionless way, it is the higher law; it eliminates the motives for a selfish life; it enacts into our every-day living the ethics of Christ's gospel. Nothing else will do it, nothing else can bring the glad day of universal brotherhood."

COMPETITION, TRUSTS AND SOCIALISM.

The New York Tribune editorially says:

"The capitalist and captain of industry in these later days has set himself to demonstrate that the theories of the socialist are sound. After some centuries of adherence to the principle that individual competition brings the best results and the greatest progress for the individual and for society, suddenly many thousand employers and capitalists rush out of business, give up the positions they occupy and the plants they own in order to avoid competition, and set themselves to prove that society can be best and most cheaply served, and the workers and managers from highest to lowest can get better returns, if all productive work in each branch is performed by a single centralized body controlling prices

and wages at pleasure, abolishing agents and middle-men, restrained by no competition, and responsible only to society as a whole.

“If this theory is true, does it not follow as a matter of course that society as a whole might better take possession of the plants and control the business, and absorb for itself the profits of production or the gains by cheapening production, at its pleasure?”

“The philosophy of the competitive period in human development has been sustained by the most rapid and healthful progress ever known thus far, but the socialist answers that better yet is attainable.

“Grant that this past stage of development was necessary, its best fruitage is a higher stage in which the costs and the losses of individual competition can be avoided, and in each branch of service all can freely do their best for the benefit of all.

“Abolish the spur of competition, driving each to seek the latest inventions and the best devices, for they have been secured.

“Take from traders and manufacturers the intense pressure of battle against each other, and give all of them a sure profit for a regular service to society.

“Let the multitude of employes be also emancipated from the tyranny of competition, which closes some works and drives others to reduce wages, and let them all have their regular pay for service to society, increased by the elimination of the losses through competition.

“When experience proves, as the socialist holds it will prove, that the greatest progress and the highest conditions yet attained are not comparable to those to be attained by abolishing competition, then no man but an idiot will question the wisdom of society as a whole taking control of all the processes of trade and industry, and the harmonious adjustment of all, with power to cheapen products or enlarge profits in each, as may best serve the general welfare.

“If the modern combination proves that competition is no longer a benefit, but a curse, that individual struggling for success is no longer needed to evolve the best inventions and devices and bring them into use; that the monster corporation can work more cheaply and at the same time more wisely and ably in handling many establishments of different kinds, far apart and under different circumstances, than the individual owners who have created them; that it can prevent the frequent stoppage of the weaker works while the stronger continue to thrive; that society no longer needs any defense against monopoly, because the monopoly must always cheapen in order to enlarge business, and that workers, consumers and employers will all gain by elimination of compe-

tion, then, indeed, the socialist has only to demand the logical completion of the journey.

“There will be no sense in leaving the big corporations to blunder along, sometimes losing and sometimes hurting society by unwisdom, when society itself can appropriate their plants, direct their labor, make and bear its own blunders and pocket its own gains.”

DR. F. W. GUNSAULUS, CENTRAL CHURCH, CENTRAL MUSIC HALL.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

What both capital and labor need to learn is that the golden rule is not only not the vague and unpractical dream of an idealist, but that it is the authoritative utterance of Him who has been seen to be the voice of this very nature of which political economy talks.

Now, then, if it is true that the golden rule is practical, if co-operation as well as competition is the energy in civilization, if right is might and it is safe to trust it, our labor reformers as well as our capitalists have some mighty changes to make in their programmes and a new spirit must often inform their endeavors.

I promise to be practical. Take for example the fact that labor is always likely to forget in its struggles the sacredness of labor.

Every dollar in bank or in the business of manufacture is so much labor—labor of a nature like that which the laborer is performing; labor done and embodied, coined, if the money is righteous money; labor which has purchased so much of the circulating medium of exchange.

The capitalist must be told that his business has grown, not by competition, as he supposes, but rather by co-operation; that these laborers have made their uncoined labor co-operate with his coined labor; that if he complains of hard times they feel it too, and that they have not shared adequately with his good times.

BISHOP SAMUEL FALLOWS, REFORMED EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

THE BALEFUL TRUST.

Words are constantly being exalted or debased, limited or enlarged. Some of the best words once used by purists of language have become modern slang, and words which began as slang are now classic terms.

One of the most important words, “trust,” expressive of confidence

in God and man, is rapidly degenerating into one of the basest, indicative of the robbery of human rights and the distrust of men by man.

The modern baleful trust is a monopoly in its intention, and in its actuality as far as possible, of the raw product, the means of production, the finished product, and is the merciless master of the producer. It begins with self and ends with self. It has neither heart nor conscience nor soul. It will lie and cheat and steal. It will crush human effort, hopes, aspirations and desires with all the remorselessness of an irresponsible, oriental despot.

This is not the language of heated rhetoric. It but feebly describes the model trust, which is the car of Juggernaut in a Christian land.

The Christ of the working God, Himself a workingman, is in the midst of the world's activities to-day, proclaiming through those who truly love and serve Him: "See that you all do justly, love mercy and walk humbly before God, for one is your master, and only one, and ye all are brethren."

ADDRESS OF HON. W. BOURKE COCKRAN.

[Delivered at the Trust Conference at Chicago, 1899.]

If an ordinary industry capitalizes for \$5,000,000, knowing that it could not pay dividends upon \$1,000,000, and then without any positive falsehood deceives, by what is commonly called finance 'scenery,' so as to induce the public to buy at a fictitious value, I call that a swindle, and it would be called a swindle if it is perpetrated against a shoe dealer on the Bowery, where it is often called an operation. Now, my friends, the remedy for all evils, in my judgment, is the original remedy which I suggested—publicity, publicity.

The hatred of corporations, which, as I say, is not wholly justified, is not discreditable to the public opinion of America. In fact, I lay it down as a cardinal rule, which I think any person can follow with perfect safety, that wherever you find a general opinion on any subject in America there is always a pretty good ground for it. The distrust of corporations arises not, in my judgment, from any well-considered dislike to corporate entities.

My friend from Texas, whose eloquent periods moved this body as I have not seen it moved, on the first day of our session, was careful to distinguish between corporations which acted for the public good and those which acted for the oppression of the public. I am not quite sure



"THEY WERE INJURED, ROBBED AND OUTRAGED UNTIL DEPRIVED OF PROPERTY AND CREDIT AND THEN SENT OVER THE PRECIPICE OF INSOLVENCY IN A CONDITION SO ROTTEN THAT THEIR FALL WAS NOISELESS."

HON. BOURKE COCKRAN.

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THE TRUST HOG SENT OVER THE PRECIPICE OF INSOLVENCY

that I understood the distinction from his words, but I think he and I perfectly sympathized in our feelings.

We do not object to the principle of coöperation. Corporate existence is the natural evolution of the partnership; it is a scheme by which men, strangers to each other, can coöperate in production; while partnership was a scheme limited to men who knew each other and were compelled to work together. But the management of corporations has been the blackest page in all our history.

The public indignation, unfortunately, which ought to be expended upon the corporate management which is responsible for this shame, has too often been visited upon the stockholders and the corporations themselves, who have been the victims of that infamy. It is a chapter which is perhaps the blackest, as I have said, in our history, this whole question of corporate management. If you read the details of it it will fill you with a sense of shame for your country.

You have only got to look back to the history of the panic of 1873, and the history of the panic of 1893, and the corporate management that preceded that panic, to find corporations wrecked and looted by those to whose hands they were intrusted—their treasuries empty, worthless property sold to them, that were but small and thin disguises of truth. They were injured, robbed and outraged until deprived of property and credit, and then sent over the precipice of insolvency in a condition so rotten that their fall was noiseless.

Now all this story of infamy and of wrong and of perfidy and of fraud has not brought one hour of shame or humiliation to those who have perpetrated it. They are walking the streets to-day, their heads high in the world of finance. To the best informed the story is only partially known; to the vast mass of the people it is a sealed book.

Why, we talk about the corruption of municipal corporations. Well, they probably are corrupt—certainly not more so than they are believed to be. But the government of corporations, notwithstanding that year after year we see evidences of the recklessness with which it has been conducted, the fraud which has characterized its management—I don't believe that in the whole history of jurisprudence there has been a case in which a director has been compelled to answer for it.

These frauds are perpetrated in insidious methods. The public is fooled as to the value of the stock by specific statements; interest is paid upon bonds which has never been earned, and the public believes them solvent; it pays its fixed charges and the public buys the stock, even though no dividends have been paid, believing that dividends are

soon to be paid because the fixed charges are met; interest is paid on the preferred stock which never has been earned that the common stock may be floated; but when the collapse comes, when the ruin is complete, in nine cases out of ten the engineers of this ruin are appointed the receivers by the courts in order to conduct the plan of reorganization.

ADDRESS OF COL. WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN.

[Delivered at the Trust Conference at Chicago, 1899.]

The real cause of trusts is our long period of falling prices, caused by the rising dollar, due to bad financial legislation. The loss on investments, declines in property, profitless business, and the necessity for preventing further losses, have forced combinations to hold up or increase prices. Such losses, declines and necessities would not have occurred but for rising dollars and the attendant fall in the level of prices.

The high tariff has aided monopoly, for no one can dispute that an import duty enables a trust to charge for its product the price of a similar product; plus the tariff.

I want to start with the declaration that monopoly in private hands is indefensible from any standpoint and intolerable.

I make no exceptions to the rule. I do not divide monopolies in private hands into good monopolies and bad monopolies. There is no good monopoly in private hands. There can be no good monopoly in private hands until the Almighty sends us angels to preside over us.

In 1859 Abraham Lincoln wrote a letter to some people at Boston, and in the course of the letter he said: "The Republican party believes in the man and the dollar, but in case of conflict it believes in the man before the dollar."

Man is the creature of God and money is the creature of man. Money is made to be the servant of man—(applause)—and I protest against all theories that enthrone money and debase mankind.

Lincoln warned us against monopoly, and Lincoln was right.

I protest in the beginning against settling every question upon the dollar argument. I protest against the attempt to drag every question down to the low level of dollars and cents.

If you will go about over the country you will see where the people have subscribed money to establish enterprises, having come under the control of the trusts, have been closed up, and stand now as silent monuments to the wisdom of the trust system.

We get ideas from the animals about us. We used to protect property, down in Iowa, by putting rings in the noses of hogs. Why did we do that? So that while they were getting fat they would not destroy more than they were worth. And the thought came to me that one of the purposes of government was to put rings in the noses of hogs.

The farmer cannot inflate the value of his land by watering the value of that land. The merchant in the store cannot inflate the value of the goods upon his shelves. Why should the corporation be permitted to put out stock that represents no real value?

In my judgment, when you take from monopoly the power to issue stock not represented by money you will go more than half way toward destroying monopoly in the United States.

We have been placing the dollar above the man; we have been picking out favorites in government; we have been bestowing upon them special privileges, and every advantage we have given them has been given them to the detriment of other people.

When God made man as the climax of creation he looked upon his work and said that it was good, and yet when God got through the tallest man was not much taller than the shortest, and the strongest man was not much stronger than the weakest. That was God's plan.

We looked upon his work and said that it was not quite as good as it might be, and so we made a fictitious man that is in some instances a hundred times—a thousand times—a million times—stronger than God made man.

When God made man he breathed into Him a soul and warned him that in the next world he would be held accountable for the deeds done in the flesh, but when we made our man-made man we did not give him a soul, and if he can avoid punishment in this world he need not worry about the hereafter.

The trust is the natural outgrowth of unnatural conditions created by man-made laws. There are some who would defend everything, good or bad, on the ground that it is a part of destiny.

Put the industrial system of this nation in the hands of a few men and let them determine the price of finished products and the wages of labor paid, and you will have an industrial aristocracy beside which a landed aristocracy would be an innocent thing, in my judgment.

Place the food and clothing, and all that we eat and wear and use, in the hands of a few people, and instead of being a government by the people, it will be a government of the syndicates, by the syndicates, and for the syndicates.

Establish such a system and on the night before election a man will be notified not to come back on the day after election, unless the policy of trusts' candidate is successful.

MAYOR S. M. JONES OF TOLEDO LOOKS ON TRUSTS COMPLACENTLY.

I wish to say that I am inclined to regard the growth of these organizations within the last few months rather complacently.

I believe in a large program for society. I believe it to be our duty and privilege in this republic to find a plan big enough to provide for all the people, and I see in the growth of the trust an indication of the growing movement toward collectivism.

I believe in brotherhood. The trust is the American brotherhood (limited). The trust is preparing the way, showing society the great benefits that may be derived through the association in industry, and the great economic value of association, both in production and distribution. An invention that lightens the burden of the world toilers and makes it possible for one man to do the work of twelve is called a labor-saving machine. Does it matter whether the machine is made of wood and iron or composed of organizations and associations of men? If the result is the same it is a labor-saving machine. In this sense the trust is a labor-saving machine.

The triumph of the trust is one of the marvels of the closing years of the nineteenth century; but it is an economic development, strictly in the line of progress, and our problem is not how to destroy them, but to use them for the good of all. Like the prototype, the labor-saving machinery, constructed of wood and iron, they have come to stay.

What shall we do with a trust, with the continually increasing army of unemployed thrown out by these organizations? I reply we must organize government in the interest of all, for the good of all; so that we may utilize the economic side of the trust.

We must leave off the word (limited) from the great American brotherhood that I have referred to and must own and operate the trust for the benefit of the people, as we now own and operate the post-office trust. The profit that accrues to the organizations known as trusts belong to society and may be properly called the "increment of associated organizations."

Equality of opportunity or brotherhood is the goal for which the

race is struggling, and the trust, while purely selfish in its inspiration, is the expression of the great social spirit now stirring the hearts of the people.

The movement toward municipal ownership, toward public ownership, toward coöperation of every sort, indicates the channel through which the people are to come into the possession of their own. When they are thoroughly enlightened, they will simply retake, in a perfectly orderly way, the properties that have passed out of their hands and become private property. The people will own and operate their own trust; its name will be the Coöperative Commonwealth.

THE EVILS OF THE TRUST.

The Rev. Father Ducey, pastor of St. Leo's Roman Catholic Church of New York City, spoke on the Evils of the Trust at his midnight mass sermon, December 31, 1899.

He termed it a Twentieth Century sermon. He said:

"I have presented to you from time to time the great demand of humanity in the closing quarter of the nineteenth century, and have dealt with all the social and economical questions enunciated by our common brother, Jesus Christ, in the interest and for the happiness of humanity. Prophets and reformers are always despised factors in the social economy of this world, but always recognized factors in the economy of Jesus Christ. Every question which I have enunciated from the altar in the past nine years has been affirmed by the utterances and Encyclicals of that marvelous Pontiff, Leo XIII.

"For the last twenty years the tyranny of the money power has been growing in this Republic, and I believe there is permitted more freedom of speech in Great Britain, in its House of Commons and its House of Lords, than we are allowed to exercise in this country.

"The monarchy of Great Britain is less tyrannical than the money and trust power in these United States, in my judgment. In the last few years this power has attempted to control the educational institutions of this country. It has used its powers to drive from the larger universities unselfish and sacrificing professors. It has throttled the liberty of speech, and in the great centers of the Middle States the press, with rare exceptions, has been silent.

"But a few years ago a man who was president of a university and presumed to express convictions upon certain public questions was ousted from his position for expressing those convictions by a great

money power, which is attempting to control the Government of this country, the judiciary and even the very centers of non-Catholic thoughts in the pulpit, and is dictating to men how they must think and how they must speak, but they must not think or speak as God wishes them to speak or their own consciences direct them.

"Moreover, this power perverts the truths of Holy Scripture and, like the devil, quotes Scripture to suit its own purpose. The great question for solution in the nineteenth century, according to the Encyclical of Leo XIII. is that 'a remedy must be found, and found quickly, or the good people will be driven into rebellion and violence.'

"This closing year of the nineteenth century must find teachers of Christianity keenly alive to the demands of the people and to their rights and justice in equity. I believe firmly that a great crusade of moral evolution and development will manifest itself in the coming decade of the twentieth century, and will be prefaced in preparation by the just and fearless utterances of men in public life and the pulpits of God, demanding justice for the people.

"The men who are now attempting to control the industrial and mental forces will be pushed to the wall and the rights of the people will be asserted, and that which God has given them grasped from the hands of their oppressors as successfully as Moses grasped justice for the Hebrew people from the tyrannies and oppressions of the Pharaohs.

"I hope that every member of this congregation will realize his obligation to live as the epistle directs him to live, justly and godly, and to protest against the covetousness and luxury of the unjust and tyrannical oppression by the corrupt corporation powers of the times in which we live."

CHAPTER XXIX.

MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP.

(From "Municipal Monopolies.")

Under private ownership of electric lights, Vincennes, Ind., population 12,000, pays \$96 per year per street arc. Cost of coal per ton sixty-five cents.

Under city ownership of electric lights, Bowling Green, Ky., population 12,000, pays \$56.03 per year (which includes 7 1-2 per cent for interest and depreciation) per street arc. Cost of coal per ton \$1.28.

Under private ownership of electric lights, Racine, Wis., population 27,000, pays \$98.50 annually for each street arc lamp.

Under public ownership of electric lights, Decatur, Ill., population 27,000, pays \$50.00 for the same service, which includes 7 1-2 per cent for interest and depreciation of plant.

London, Ohio, with a population of 5,000, furnishes its own electric lighting service at a cost of \$57.58 per street arc per year, which charge includes 7 1-2 per cent for interest and depreciation. Cost of coal \$1.81 per ton.

Pomeroy, Ohio, population 5,500, doesn't do it that way. They pay a private company \$89.00 per street arc per year. Coal eighty-seven cents per ton.

Under private ownership, Danville, Ill., population 16,000, pays \$80 annual rental for street arc lamps. Cost of coal per ton sixty cents.

Under public ownership, Hannibal, Mo., population 16,000, pays yearly \$40.79 for each street arc, which also includes 7 1-2 per cent for interest and depreciation of plant. Coal \$1.40 per ton.

Under private ownership of the electric lighting system, Waukesha, Wis., population 8,000, pays \$78 per year for each street arc.

Under public ownership, Marietta, Ohio, population 8,273, furnishes itself with street arcs at a cost of \$44.50 each per annum, which includes 7 1-2 per cent for interest and depreciation of plant.

Under private ownership, Lebanon, Pa., population 18,000, pays an annual rental of \$104 for each street arc lamp. Coal per ton \$1.65.

Logansport, Ind., population 18,000, does differently. The city owns the plant and it costs them \$24.44 per street arc per year, which includes 5 per cent interest and depreciation of plant charges. Coal per ton \$1.65.

Under private ownership, Big Rapids, Mich., population 5,200, pays \$41 per annum for each street arc. Plant operated by water power.

At South Haven, Mich., the municipality owns the electric plant and furnishes the same service to citizens for thirty-five cents per lamp per month.

The electric lighting plant at Muskegon, Mich., is owned by a corporation which charges \$1.00 per month per incandescent light.

At Three Oaks, Mich., the city owns the plant and charges thirty-five for the same service.

A private company furnishes consumers of electric lighting at Ironwood City, Mich., with incandescent lights at \$1 each per month.

At Shelby, Mich., the city owns the plant and an incandescent light costs thirty cents per month. But then Ironwood people have money to throw at the birds.

Fairman, Mich., is served with electric lights by a corporation which charges twenty-five cents per incandescent light per month. That is the lowest charge made in the State by a private company.

Wyandotte, Mich., owns a municipal plant and furnishes incandescent lights at a cost of 16 2-3 cents per light per month. That is the lowest charge in the State made by either a public or private plant. The public plants average 30.4 per cent lower charges than the private ones do.

Under public ownership, Brainerd, Minn., population 5,701, pays \$12.50 for the same service, which charge includes 5 per cent for interest and depreciation. Water power is used.

Under private ownership of electric lights, Watertown, N. Y., population 20,000, pays \$82.12 per annum rental for street arcs. Water power is used.

Under public ownership, Bangor, Maine, population 20,000, pays \$58.04 per annum for street arcs, which includes 5 per cent for depreciation of plant. Water power is used.

Under private ownership, Fulton, N. Y., population 5,000, pays \$60 per annum rent per street arc. Water power is used. This price is too high because of the peculiarly cheap power employed.

Under public ownership, Niles, Mich., population 5,000, pays \$25.48 for the same service, which includes 5 per cent for interest and depreciation of plant. Water is the power used.

Under private ownership, Sacramento, Cal., population 35,000, pays \$123 per annum rent for each street arc. Water power is used.

Under public ownership, Topeka, Kan., population 35,000, pays

\$59.73 for the same service, which includes 5 per cent for interest and depreciation charges. Coal \$2.00 per ton.

Under private ownership, Dallas, Texas, population 50,000, pays \$100 per annum rent for each street arc. Coal \$3.75 per ton.

Under public ownership, Galveston, Texas, population 50,000, pays \$84.73, which includes 5 per cent for interest and depreciation of plant. Coal \$4 per ton.

Under private ownership, Chillicothe, Ohio, population 15,000, pays \$75 per annum for the light of each street arc. Coal \$2 per ton.

Under public ownership, Alameda, Cal., population 15,000, pays \$56.08 for the same service, which includes 5 per cent for interest and depreciation of plant. Coal \$6.25 per ton. (Six dollars and twenty-five cents per ton.)

Under private ownership of electric lights, Elyria, Ohio, population 10,000, pays \$75 per year per street arc. Coal per ton \$1.40.

Under city ownership, Columbus, Ind., population 10,000, pays \$59.42 for the same service, including 5 per cent interest and depreciation charge. Coal per ton \$1.69.

Under private ownership, the citizens of Bessimer, Mich., pay \$1 per month for incandescent electric lights.

Under public ownership, the citizens of Stanton, Mich., pay fifty cents for the same service.

The citizens of Greenville, Mich., believe in the private ownership idea and pay a corporation \$1 per month for each incandescent light they use. The company utilizes water power.

People living in Marshall, Mich., practice city ownership and pay the municipality thirty-eight cents for the same service that Greenville citizens pay \$1 for. The city plant at Marshall is run by water power.

Citizens of Calcaska, Mich., patronize a private company in purchasing electric lights and an incandescent light costs them \$2.50 per month.

MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP.

BY FRANK PARSONS.

I. THE HEART OF THE MATTER.

Private monopoly means

1. Privilege, unequal rights, breach of democracy.
2. Congestion of wealth and opportunity.
3. Antagonism of interest between owners and the public, producing extortion, inflation, fraud, defiance of law, corruption of government.

4. The sovereign power of taxation in private hands, and the ultra-sovereign or despotic power of taxation without representation and for private purposes.

Regulation, though capable of affording some relief, cannot attain a complete solution, because it cannot eliminate privilege, congestion of benefit or antagonism of interest, and the motives to corruption, fraud and evasion of law are intensified and evil is driven deeper into the dark.

Public ownership, in the true sense, will abolish privilege and remove the antagonism of interest between monopolists and the public which is the tap root of monopoly evils. Public ownership alone can attain the maximum diffusion of benefit, and realize the ideals of democracy. Only the people have a right to sovereign power, wherefore only the people have a right to own a monopoly which involves the power of taxation. Only public ownership can transform the monopolistic power of taxation without representation and for private purposes, into a just and proper power of taxation with representation and for public purposes.

Justice and manhood require public ownership of monopolies. The change of monopoly from private to public ownership and control means a change of purpose from dividends for a few to service for all. It is a fundamental maxim of business that property is to be managed in the interest of its owners. Public utilities ought to be managed in the public interest and not in any private interest, and therefore ought to be owned by the public.

The same managers who serve the interests of a small body of stockholders now would serve the interests of a large body if the ownership were transferred to the public. Monopoly is not bad, but private monopoly is; make the monopoly public and you keep the good and get rid of the evil. Monopoly we are bound to have; it is an economic necessity; the only question is: Shall the monopolies own the people or shall the people own the monopolies?

II. PRACTICAL STEPS TOWARD PUBLIC OWNERSHIP.

Secure the following:

1. Publicity of the accounts and transactions of corporations, monopolies and combines, in order that we may know exactly what the real investment, operating cost, salaries, wages, depreciation and profits are. The law should provide for direct inspection and audit by public officers and for full publicity of the results. The public, which supplies the franchises and the patronage, is of right a partner

in the business and entitled to a knowledge of the inside facts. This knowledge is needed to fully prepare the way for the following.

2. Effective prohibitions and penalties against stock watering and inflation of capital, and taxation of the maximum, free or market value of corporate securities, instead of allowing the companies to tax the people in rates on the basis of face and market values, while paying back to the public a small tax on the actual value, or, in most cases, a small fraction of the actual value of the plant. This will help to squeeze the existing inflation out of monopolistic capital, especially if the tax rate be made progressively higher in proportion to the width of separation between the maximum face or market capitalization and the structural value of the plant. This measure will have the additional advantage of enlarging the public revenues during the process of cutting down overgrown capitalization.

3. Reduction of rates by legislatures, councils, commissions, etc., to the point where (after paying operating cost, depreciation and taxes) they will yield simply a reasonable profit on the actual present value of the capital the owners have put into the business. This will check extortion, diminish the funds available for corruption and wealth congestion, squeeze the remaining water out of corporate capital and prepare the way for public purchase at reasonable prices. (The amount the owners have put into the business less depreciation.)

4. Progressive taxation of large incomes and inheritances, land values and other properties exceeding a moderate individual holding. This will help to check the concentration of wealth, diminish the corruption fund, return to the people a part of the money unfairly taken from them in monopoly taxes, etc., and provide ample funds for the public purchase or construction of gas and electric plants, street railways, telephone systems, etc. By perfectly just and lawful methods we can meet the cost of buying the monopolies by making the monopolists pay that cost out of the moneys they have captured from the people through unearned rents, excessive rates and unjust legislative grants—we can do it by means of progressive taxes levied in accordance with the principles laid down by Judge Cooley, John Stuart Mill, Francis A. Walker and other eminent authorities, culminating in the equitable maxim, "Equality in taxation means equality of sacrifice." The eminent scientist, Alfred Wallace, advocates a strong progressive tax on incomes and inheritances. He believes that 10, 20, 30 and 40 per cent of the surplus above the same number of thousands in the incomes of rich men should go to the public treasury.

CHAPTER XXX.

HISTORIC SKETCH OF THE PARTIES.—REPUBLICAN, DEMOCRATIC, PROHIBITION AND POPULIST PLATFORMS OF 1900.

Ever since the American nation was founded under the new Constitution there have been two rival political camps, the one standing for a strong centralized government, the other for individual and State rights. In the Federalist, Whig, and Republican parties the dominant idea has been supremacy of the general government—the Nation is paramount, the State subordinate; while the old Republican, and later the Democratic party, favored State sovereignty to more or less extent. Their fundamental characteristics may be concisely set forth.

The logical outcome of the Federalist doctrine would be a government highly aristocratic. It is sometimes termed "Paternalism." It means a large measure of power in the hands of the executive, exercised for the general good, and, at times, it requires the sacrifice of individual and local interests for the sake of society. In keeping with this idea is the theory of the government ownership of railroads, telegraphs, etc.

The opposite tendency—the State vs. the Nation, individual vs. public interests—this is virtually the Democratic position. While the body politic must have a head, individual liberty is the main thing. Individual importance is emphasized. Government is but an instrument for the carrying out of the people's will. The majesty of the commonwealth pales in the presence of the superior claims of man.

Along these lines the two leading political parties in the United States have differed throughout their history, and still differ.

The Federalist party was in power during the first three administrations (1789-1801). Washington, Adams and Hamilton were its leaders. Alexander Hamilton had rendered valuable services to his country in the Revolutionary War and had taken a prominent part in the Convention of 1787. He thoroughly understood the needs of the young republic. He saw the weakness of the Articles of Confederation and tried to obviate the evils resulting from the lack of federal authority. He had a masterly grasp of political principles and advocated a strong national government. While it was not Hamilton's notion or wish to have the new nation a reproduction of Old World monarchies, he had

imperialistic yearnings—the imperialistic view being that the citizen exists chiefly for the glory and grandeur of the Nation. However, the danger of absolutism was guarded against by the makers of the Constitution. In general, it may be said that the Whigs and the Republicans of later days in turn became the inheritors of Federalist traditions and watchwords.

The leaders of the old Republican party (sometimes called the Democratic-Republican party) were Jefferson, Madison and Monroe. In striking contrast to the views of Hamilton was the political philosophy of Jefferson, who stood for popular sovereignty, universal suffrage, democratic simplicity and education for all. While in the Virginia legislature, Jefferson had opposed slavery, the feudal law of entail, and compulsory taxation for the support of the clergy. Later he criticised and opposed the nationalizing measures of the Federalists.

Meanwhile the anti-Federalist or Republican sentiment was growing, and so great was Jefferson's popularity that he succeeded Adams as President. His party, the old Republican, remained in power twenty-four years (1801-1825)—Jefferson, Madison and Monroe each serving two terms. At the start, Jefferson was inclined toward free-trade, as opposed to Hamilton's protective policy; and ever since, commercial freedom has been one of the cardinal doctrines of the Democrats, while the Whigs and later the Republicans have held to protection. Other issues have from time to time divided them and then passed into history. The tariff question continues unsettled, and Hamilton's influence is felt to-day in the halls of Congress.

Once in the presidential chair, Jefferson soon learned how difficult it is to make theory and practice coincide. He violated his own teaching in the matter of the Louisiana Purchase. Acting in the interests of the Nation, he overstepped the powers of the executive as laid down in the Constitution; and other presidents have found it necessary in emergencies to act speedily, without waiting for Congress to meet and pass bills. Jefferson was a lover of simplicity, and his administration was marked by the absence of pomp and ceremony. He was approachable and unconventional. This was a change from Washington's dignified reserve and stately manner.

The Federalist party dissolved after 1816, and the second election of Monroe (in 1820) was all but unanimous. Now began in earnest the great conflict with slavery, which was to agitate men's minds the next four decades. Henceforth party lines became mixed and confused. Some of the party leaders changed their principles under pressure of

circumstances and drifted away from their accustomed moorings.

The result was the election of John Quincy Adams, whose political creed was a combination of Jeffersonian and Hamiltonian dogmas. It does not follow that these men were inconsistent because they held what had hitherto been considered conflicting views. Times were changing and the country was rapidly developing. They became impressed with the fact that a different policy was then needed.

Henry Clay, although he had been a Jeffersonian Republican, was the champion of protection and commercial independence. He favored a United States Bank (as Hamilton had proposed) and internal improvements. He had the interests of the whole country at heart, and his counsels made for harmony. His name will always be remembered in connection with measures characterized as "compromise legislation." It was largely through Clay's efforts that the Union was preserved in this stormy transition period. If civil war had been precipitated in the thirties, the outcome might have been different from what it was in the sixties.

Some of the old Federalists and others who were for legislation calculated to build up the country at large supported the Adams administration (1825-29). They became known as National Republicans, and arrayed against them were the Democratic Republicans led by Andrew Jackson, who was elected by an overwhelming majority in 1828. During Jackson's administration (1829-38) the names, Whigs and Democrats, came into vogue and were applied to men belonging to the two leading party organizations of that period.

At this stage matters reached a crisis in the struggle for supremacy between the States and the Nation. The South wanted free-trade, while the North favored the Protective policy. The precedence of national to sectional welfare was discussed with an intensity of vehemence and rancor hard for us to realize sixty years after.

The Nullification Act of South Carolina in 1832 was the natural result of the reasoning of John C. Calhoun, who felt that "any State could nullify the laws of Congress when it deemed them unconstitutional." "The supremacy of State rights in opposition to a central government"—this was the main idea of Calhoun's speeches, which paved the way for secession in 1860. On the other hand, Clay and Webster stood for the Union. Owing to this commanding influence and to Jackson's decisive action, trouble was averted for the time, but the question of State's rights would not down.

The abolition movement was not gaining strength, yet most of the

party leaders of those days did not then foresee that it was to become a controlling factor in politics. William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Charles Sumner, and other men who came to the front in the forties and fifties, with clearer vision perceived the inevitable outcome of the struggle. Resistance to the encroachments of the slave power—in that phrase may be summed up the greater part of United States history the next two or three decades.

The Democrats were successful in 1836, electing Martin VanBuren, who was president only one term (1837-41). It was an era of wild speculation, followed by financial depression. The people were determined for a change, and in the noisy campaign of 1840 the Whigs won their first victory, electing William Henry Harrison of Tippecanoe renown. He died a month later, and was succeeded by the Vice-President, John Tyler, of Virginia. It was a stormy administration, there being no end of quarreling between the President and the Whig leaders.

Clay, the Whig nominee in 1844, was defeated by a combination of trickery and morality. He was something of a "political trimmer," and "unwisely he undertook to please all sides." Thus he lost the votes of the anti-slavery element in the Whig party. The Democrats were again in power during the administration of James K. Polk (1845-49).

The Whigs were for the last time in power during the administration of Zachary Taylor and Millard Fillmore (1849-53). Taylor's election was partly due to his success as a general in the Mexican War. He died before his term of office expired.

The next two administrations—those of Franklin Pierce (1853-57) and James Buchanan (1857-61)—were Democratic.

In the years 1850-53 the Whig party went to pieces over the burning question of slavery. Its career of usefulness was practically over. The time for conciliation had passed and no half-way measures would do. Its great leaders were dead, and new men were coming into prominence—men who had more pronounced convictions regarding the wrong of slavery. In 1854 they organized the new Republican party and in 1856 nominated John C. Fremont for President. This party was composed of fragments of the Whig party and various factions known as Free-Soilers, Know-Nothings, etc.

The memorable campaign of 1860 resulted in the election of the Republican nominees—Abraham Lincoln, of Illinois, and Hannibal Hamlin, of Maine. The platform had planks relating to a homestead law, a protective tariff, and to secession and disunion.

In 1860 the Democratic party was split over the slavery question,

and there were two tickets. The Northern Democrats put up Stephen A. Douglas for President and Herschel V. Johnson for Vice-President, while the Slave States supported John C. Breckenridge for President and Joseph Lane for Vice-President. The result, of course, was defeat for both tickets.

In 1864 Lincoln was renominated and Andrew Johnson, a war Democrat of Tennessee, was the choice of the Republicans for Vice-President. "The platform approved the unconditional prosecution of the war and proclamations aimed at slavery, the proposed 13th amendment abolishing slavery, the policy of President Lincoln, the construction of the Pacific railroad, the redemption of the public debt, and the enforcement of the Monroe Doctrine in Mexico." Events pointing to the speedy and successful ending of the war insured Lincoln's election. The nation's heart was horror-stricken by his assassination (April 14, 1865). Thus Johnson was left unexpectedly at the helm in a most critical time of history. The new President and Congress could not agree, and his impeachment trial followed. He served out his term and in many ways obstructed the policy of Republican leaders. The verdict of time has been to the effect that Congress was to blame as well as the President for their failure to work together harmoniously.

It was with a forlorn hope, if any, that the Northern Democrats met in Chicago (in August, 1864), where George B. McClellan was nominated for President and George H. Pendleton for Vice-President. The less said about the platform the better. The party was not only beaten in this election, but in the succeeding years of 1865 and 1866 it failed in nearly all of the State elections.

At the Republican National Convention of 1868, Ulysses S. Grant was unanimously nominated for President with Schuyler Colfax as his running mate. The platform "fully approved the reconstruction policy of Congress; declared that the public faith should be kept as to the national debt, not only according to the letter, but according to the spirit of the laws by which it was contracted, but that the rate of interest should be reduced whenever it could be done honestly, and condemning the acts of President Johnson in detail. Nothing was said of the tariff."

While the Democrats were hopelessly at sea in regard to most public questions, they were united in opposing the reconstruction policy of Congress. Their candidates, Horatio Seymour and Francis P. Blair, were snowed under at the election of 1868. However, the Congressional electors of 1870 showed Democratic gains.

In the meanwhile there were defections in the Republican ranks, due to troubles with the recently enfranchised negroes and with carpet-baggers. These troubles and blunders caused the Liberal-Republican bolt of the early seventies. Notwithstanding "an opposition led by the two great towers of strength—in 1864-5—Sumner and Greeley, the Republican party was again returned to power. The standard-bearers in 1872 were Grant and Henry Wilson, of New Hampshire. "Its platform reviewed the past achievements of the party; demanded the maintenance of 'complete liberty and exact equality in the enjoyment of all civic, political and public rights throughout the Union;' commended Congress and the President for their suppression of Ku-Klux disorders, and promised to adjust the tariff duties so as 'to aid in securing remunerative wages to labor, and promote the growth, industries and prosperity of the whole country.'"

At the Liberal-Republican convention of 1872 Horace Greeley and B. Gratz Brown, of Missouri, were nominated. They were also the nominees of the Democratic national convention, held soon afterward. Greeley was not an acceptable candidate to many Democrats, who failed to vote at this election. The party lost, too, in the State elections and in the next Congress had only 88 representatives. In the elections of 1874 there was a "tidal wave" in several Northern States, which went Democratic. The Southern vote was solid.

The Republican candidates for 1876 were Rutherford B. Hayes, of Ohio, and William A. Wheeler, of New York, who were declared elected by the Electoral Commission. The opposing candidates, Samuel J. Tilden and Thomas A. Hendricks, who received a majority of the popular vote, were by many considered to be elected. In fact, it is still believed and charged by some that Tilden was defrauded of the Presidency. It is noteworthy that the Electoral Commission appointed to investigate disputed returns was composed of eight Republicans and seven Democrats, who were all influenced by partisan bias.

At the Republican national convention, which met in Chicago (June, 1880), a determined effort was made to nominate Grant for a third term. After the thirty-fifth ballot there was a sudden stampede to James A. Garfield, of Ohio. The party's choice for Vice-President was Chester A. Arthur, of New York. The platform declared for protection to American labor and against the doctrine of State's rights, polygamy, and Chinese immigration. Scarcely four months after his inauguration President Garfield was assassinated, and the Vice-President succeeded him after his death in September, 1881.

The Democratic candidates of 1880 were Winfield Scott Hancock and William H. English. The party platform is summed up in these words, "Home rule, honest money, consisting of gold and silver, and paper convertible into coin on demand; the strict maintenance of public faith, State and national, and a tariff for revenue only; the subordination of the military to the civil power, and a general and thorough reform of the civil service."

The Republican nominees of 1884, James G. Blaine and John A. Logan, made an exceptionally strong ticket, which failed of election by a very close vote. It is claimed that platforms cut but little figure in this exciting campaign.

For the first time since the Civil War the country had a Democratic administration. The men who had the distinction of being the party's successful standard-bearers were Grover Cleveland, who had been elected Governor of New York in 1882 by an enormous majority, and Thomas A. Hendricks, a well-known statesman of Indiana. During this administration (1885-1889) the Senate remained Republican, but the House was Democratic.

In 1888 the Republicans nominated Benjamin Harrison, of Indiana, and Levi P. Morton, of New York. On the issue of a high or low tariff the campaign was fought, with the result that Cleveland and his running mate, Allen G. Thurman, of Ohio, were defeated. The Republicans were in control in Congress and passed the McKinley Bill, a high-tariff measure, in 1890.

In 1892 Harrison was renominated, with Whitelaw Reid, of New York, as the nominee for Vice-President. The campaign was fought on the issue of the McKinley Act, as that of 1888 had been fought on the Mills Bill.

Again Cleveland was elected President and Adlai E. Stevenson, of Illinois, was Vice-President. During the greater part of this administration (1893-7) the country suffered from great business depression. The Government was running behind in its expenses, the Wilson Bill reduced its income, and the Income Tax was declared unconstitutional. Resort was had to bond issues, which were disposed of to a syndicate of New York financiers.

In the campaign of 1896 the Republican candidates for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency were William McKinley, of Ohio, and Garrett A. Hobart, of New Jersey. The platform declared for gold, protection, and Cuban independence. They were elected after a hard-fought

struggle waged by the friends of sound money against the hosts battling for "free silver."

The Democratic nominees were William J. Bryan, of Nebraska, and Arthur Sewall, of Maine. Bryan took the stump and made hundreds of speeches. Arguments for gold and arguments for the unlimited coinage of silver at 16 to 1 formed the staple of everyday conversation for months.

The Twelfth Republican National Convention was held in Philadelphia June 17-19, 1900.

William McKinley, of Ohio, was the unanimous choice of the convention for President, receiving the entire number of votes cast—926.

Theodore Roosevelt, of New York, was the unanimous choice of the convention for Vice-President, receiving 925 votes, he, himself, as a delegate, not voting.

The next Democratic convention was held in Kansas City, Missouri, July 4-7, 1900.

On July 5, William Jennings Bryan received the unanimous nomination for President.

On July 6, Adlai E. Stevenson received 559½ votes on the first ballot for Vice-President, a majority of the votes cast. The nomination was immediately made unanimous. The count shows that David B. Hill received 200 votes and Charles A. Towne 122½ votes.

HISTORY OF THE PROHIBITION PARTY.

In 1872, James Black, of Pennsylvania, received a popular vote for President of 5,608, as the candidate of the Temperance party. Four years later the Prohibition party cast 9,522 votes for Green Clay Smith, of Kentucky. In 1880 the veteran Neal Dow was the candidate, polling 10,305 votes. In the great campaign of 1884 the Prohibition party became the leading third party, polling 151,809 votes for John P. St. John. This vote was increased to 249,907 in 1888, which was the vote cast for Clinton B. Fisk; once again the Prohibitionists led the minor parties. The Prohibitionists did even better in 1892, when they polled 264,133 votes for John Bidwell; in this year, however, they were surpassed by the Populists, who cast 1,041,028 for General Weaver. In 1896 the Prohibition vote, cast for John Levering, fell to 132,007, being slightly smaller than that for the Palmer and Buckner ticket.

At the National Prohibition Convention held in Chicago, June 27-29, 1900, John G. Woolley, of Chicago, was nominated for President, and Henry B. Metcalf, of Pawtucket, Rhode Island, for Vice-President.

REPUBLICAN PARTY PLATFORM FOR 1900.

The following is the Full Text of the Platform Adopted by the Above Party June 20, at Their National Convention, Philadelphia.

PREAMBLE.

The Republicans of the United States, through their chosen representatives, met in national convention, looking back upon an unsurpassed record of achievement and looking forward into a great field of duty and opportunity; and, appealing to the judgment of their countrymen, make these declarations:

The expectation in which the American people, turning from the Democratic party, intrusted power four years ago to a Republican Chief Magistrate and a Republican Congress, has been met and satisfied. When the people then assembled at the polls, after a term of Democratic legislation and administration, business was dead, industry paralyzed, and the national credit disastrously impaired. The country's capital was hidden away and its labor distressed and unemployed. The Democrats had no other plan with which to improve the ruinous conditions, which they had themselves produced, than to coin silver at the ratio of 16 to 1.

PLEDGES FULFILLED.

The Republican party, denouncing this plan as sure to produce conditions even worse than those from which relief was sought, promised to restore prosperity by means of two legislative measures—a protective tariff and a law making gold the standard of value.

The people, by great majorities, issued to the Republican party a commission to enact these laws. This commission has been executed, and the Republican promise is redeemed.

Prosperity more general and more abundant than we have ever known has followed these enactments. There is no longer controversy as to the value of any government obligations. Every American dollar is a gold dollar or its assured equivalent, and American credit stands higher than that of any nation. Capital is fully employed and everywhere labor is profitably occupied. No single fact can more strikingly tell the story of what Republican government means to the country than this—that, while during the whole period of 107 years, from 1790 to 1897, there was an excess of exports over imports of only \$383,028,497, there has been in the short three years of the present Republican administration an excess of exports over imports in the enormous sum of \$1,483,537,094.

TRIUMPH IN WAR.

And while the American people, sustained by this Republican legislation, have been achieving these splendid triumphs in their business and commerce, they have conducted and in victory concluded a war for liberty and human rights. No thought of national aggrandizement tarnished the high purpose with which American standards were unfurled.

It was a war unsought and patiently resisted, but when it came the American government was ready. Its fleets were cleared for action. Its armies were in the field, and the quick and signal triumph of its forces on land and sea bore equal tribute to the courage of American soldiers and sailors and to the skill and foresight of Republican statesmanship. To ten millions of the human race there was given "a new birth of freedom," and to the American people a new and noble responsibility.

TRUE TO McKINLEY.

We indorse the administration of William McKinley. Its acts have been established in wisdom and in patriotism, and at home and abroad it has distinctly elevated and extended the influence of the American nation.

Walking untried paths and facing unforeseen responsibilities, President McKinley has been in every situation the true American patriot and the upright statesman, clear in vision, strong in judgment, firm in action, always inspiring, and deserving the confidence of his countrymen.

In asking the American people to indorse this Republican record and to renew their commission to the Republican party, we remind them of the fact that the menace to their prosperity has always resided in Democratic principles and no less in the general incapacity of the Democratic party to conduct public affairs.

The prime essential of business prosperity is public confidence in the good sense of the government and in its ability to deal intelligently with each new problem of administration and legislation. That confidence the Democratic party has never earned. It is hopelessly inadequate, and the country's prosperity when Democratic success at the polls

is announced halts and ceases in mere anticipation of Democratic blunders and failures.

GOLD STANDARD.

We renew our allegiance to the principle of the gold standard and declare our confidence in the wisdom of the legislation of the Fifty-sixth Congress, by which the parity of all our money and the stability of our currency on a gold basis have been secured.

We recognize that interest rates are a potent factor in production and business activity, and for the purpose of further equalizing and of further lowering the rates of interest we favor such monetary legislation as will enable the varying needs of the season and of all sections to be promptly met in order that trade may be evenly sustained, labor steadily employed, and commerce enlarged.

The volume of money in circulation was never so great per capita as it is to-day. We declare our steadfast opposition to the free and unlimited coinage of silver. No measure to that end could be considered which was without the support of the leading commercial countries of the world. However firmly Republican legislation may seem to have secured the country against the peril of base and discredited currency, the election of a Democratic President could not fail to impair the country's credit and to bring once more into question the intention of the American people to maintain upon the gold standard the parity of their money circulation. The Democratic party must be convinced that the American people will never tolerate the Chicago platform.

AGAINST TRUSTS.

We recognize the necessity and propriety of the honest co-operation of capital to meet new business conditions, and especially to extend our rapidly increasing foreign trade, but we condemn all conspiracies and combinations intended to restrict business, to create monopolies, to limit production, or to control prices, and favor such legislation as will effectually restrain and prevent all such abuses, protect and promote competition, and secure the rights of producers, laborers, and all who are engaged in industry and commerce.

PROTECTION.

We renew our faith in the policy of protection to American labor. In that policy our industries have been established, diversified, and maintained. By protecting the home market the competition has been stimulated and production cheapened. Opportunity to the inventive genius of our people has been secured and wages in every department of labor maintained at high rates, higher now than ever before, always distinguishing our working people in their better conditions of life from those of any competing country.

Enjoying the blessings of American common school, secure in the right of self-government, and protected in the occupancy of their own markets, their constantly increasing knowledge and skill have enabled them finally to enter the markets of the world. We favor the associated policy of reciprocity so directed as to open our markets on favorable terms for what we do not ourselves produce in return for free foreign markets.

FOR LABOR.

In the further interest of American workmen we favor a more effective restriction of the immigration of cheap labor from foreign lands, the extension of opportunities of education for working children, the raising of the age limit for child labor, the protection of free labor as against contract convict labor, and an effective system of labor insurance.

MERCHANT MARINE.

Our present dependence upon foreign shipping for nine-tenths of our foreign carrying is a great loss to the industry of this country. It is also a serious danger to our trade, for its sudden withdrawal in the event of European war would seriously cripple our expanding foreign commerce. The national defense and naval efficiency of this country, moreover, supply a compelling reason for legislation which will enable us to recover our former place among the trade carrying fleets of the world.

PENSIONS.

The nation owes a debt of profound gratitude to the soldiers and sailors who have fought its battles, and it is the government's duty to provide for the survivors and for the widows and orphans of those who have fallen in the country's wars.

The pension laws, founded in this sentiment, should be liberal and should be liberally administered, and preference should be given wherever practicable with respect to employment in the public service to soldiers and sailors and to their widows and orphans.

CIVIL SERVICE.

We commend the policy of the Republican party in maintaining the efficiency of the civil service. The administration has acted wisely in its effort to secure for public service in Cuba, Porto Rico, Hawaii, and the Philippine Islands only those whose fitness has been determined by training and experience. We believe that employment in the public service in these Territories should be confined so far as practicable to their inhabitants.

It was the plain purpose of the fifteenth amendment to the constitution to prevent discrimination on account of race or color in regulating the elective franchise. Devices of State governments, whether by statutory or constitutional enactment, to avoid the purpose of this amendment are revolutionary and should be condemned.

Public movements looking to a permanent improvement of the roads and highways of the country meet with our cordial approval, and we recommend this subject to the earnest consideration of the people and of the Legislatures of the several States.

We favor the extension of the rural free delivery service wherever its extension may be justified.

In further pursuance of the constant policy of the Republican party to provide free homes on the public domain, we recommend adequate national legislation to reclaim the arid lands of the United States, reserving control of the distribution of water for irrigation to the respective States and Territories.

We favor home rule for and the early admission to Statehood of the Territories of New Mexico, Arizona, and Oklahoma.

WAR TAXES.

The Dingley act, amended to provide sufficient revenue for the conduct of the war, has so well performed its work that it has been possible to reduce the war debt in the sum of \$40,000,000. So ample are the government's revenues, and so great is the public confidence in the integrity of its obligations, that its newly funded 2 per cent bonds sell at a premium. The country is now justified in expecting and it will be the policy of the Republican party to bring about a reduction of the war taxes.

ISTHMIAN CANAL.

We favor the construction, ownership, control, and protection of an isthmian canal by the government of the United States. New markets are necessary for the increasing surplus of our farm products. Every effort should be made to open and obtain new markets, especially in the Orient, and the administration is warmly to be commended for its successful effort to commit all trading and colonizing nations to the policy of the open door in China.

In the interest of our expanding commerce we recommend that Congress create a Department of Commerce and Industries in the charge of a Secretary with a seat in the Cabinet.

The United States consular system should be reorganized under the supervision of this new department upon such a basis of appointment and tenure as will render it still more serviceable to the nation's increasing trade.

The American government must protect the person and property of every citizen wherever they are wrongfully violated or placed in peril.

We congratulate the women of America upon their splendid record of public service in the Volunteer Aid Association, and as nurses in camp and hospital during the recent campaigns of our armies in the Eastern and Western Indies, and we appreciate their faithful co-operation in all works of education and industry.

FOREIGN POLICY.

President McKinley has conducted the foreign affairs of the United States with distinguished credit to the American people. In releasing us from the vexatious conditions of a European alliance for the government of Samoa his course is especially to be commended. By securing to our undivided control the most important island of the Samoan group and the best harbor in the Southern Pacific every American interest has been safeguarded.

We approve the annexation of the Hawaiian Islands to the United States.

We commend the part taken by our government in the peace conference at The Hague.

BOER WAR.

We assert our steadfast adherence to the policy announced in the Monroe doctrine. The provisions of The Hague convention were wisely regarded when President McKinley

tendered his friendly offices in the interest of peace between Great Britain and the South African Republic.

While the American government must continue the policy prescribed by Washington, affirmed by every succeeding President and imposed upon us by The Hague treaty, of non-intervention in European controversies, the American people earnestly hope that a way may soon be found, honorably alike to both contending parties, to determine the strife between them.

PHILIPPINES.

In accepting by the treaty of Paris the just responsibility of our victories in the Spanish war, the President and the Senate won the undoubted approval of the American people. No other course was possible than to destroy Spain's sovereignty throughout the Western Indies and in the Philippine Islands.

That course created our responsibility before the world and with the unorganized population whom our intervention had freed from Spain, to provide for the maintenance of law and order, and for the establishment of good government, and for the performance of international obligations.

Our authority could not be less than our responsibility, and wherever sovereign rights were extended it became the high duty of the government to maintain its authority, to put down armed insurrection, and to confer the blessings of liberty and civilization upon all the rescued peoples.

The largest measure of self-government consistent with their welfare and our duties shall be secured to them by law.

PLEDGE TO CUBA.

To Cuba independence and self-government were assured in the same voice by which war was declared, and to the letter this pledge should be performed.

The Republican party upon its history and upon this declaration of its principles and policies confidently invokes the considerate and approving judgment of the American people.

PLATFORM OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY ADOPTED AT KANSAS CITY, MO., JULY 5, 1900.

We, the representatives of the Democratic party of the United States, assembled in national convention, on the anniversary of the adoption of the Declaration of Independence, do reaffirm our faith in that immortal proclamation of the inalienable rights of man, and our allegiance to the Constitution framed in harmony therewith by the fathers of the Republic. We hold with the United States Supreme Court that the Declaration of Independence is the spirit of our Government, of which the Constitution is the form and letter.

We declare again that all governments instituted among men derive their just powers from the consent of the governed; that any government not based upon the consent of the governed is a tyranny, and that to impose upon any people a government of force is to substitute the methods of imperialism for those of a republic. We hold that the Constitution follows the flag, and denounce the doctrine that an executive or Congress, deriving their existence and their powers from the Constitution, can exercise lawful authority beyond it, or in violation of it.

We assert that no nation can long endure half republic and half empire, and we warn the American people that imperialism abroad will lead quickly and inevitably to despotism at home.

PORTO RICO LAW DENOUNCED.

Believing in these fundamental principles, we denounce the Porto Rico law, enacted by a Republican Congress against the protest and opposition of the Democratic minority, as a bold and open violation of the nation's organic law, and a flagrant breach of the national good faith.

It imposes upon the people of Porto Rico a government without their consent, and taxation without representation. It dishonors the American people by repudiating a solemn pledge made in their behalf by the commanding General of our army, which the Porto Ricans welcomed to a peaceful and unresisted occupation of their land. It doomed to poverty and distress a people whose helplessness appeals with peculiar force to our justice and magnanimity.

In this, the first act of its imperialistic programme, the Republican party seeks to commit the United States to a colonial policy, inconsistent with Republican institutions, and condemned by the Supreme Court in numerous decisions.

PLEDGES TO THE CUBANS.

We demand the prompt and honest fulfillment of our pledge to the Cuban people and the world that the United States has no disposition nor intention to exercise sovereignty, jurisdiction, or control over the island of Cuba, except for its pacification. The war ended nearly two years ago, profound peace reigns over all the island, and still the administration keeps the Government of the island from its people, while Republican carpet-bag officials plunder its revenues and exploit the colonial theory, to the disgrace of the American people.

THE PHILIPPINE QUESTION.

We condemn and denounce the Philippine policy of the present administration. It has involved the Republic in unnecessary war, sacrificed the lives of many of our noblest sons, and placed the United States, previously known and applauded throughout the world as the champion of freedom, in the false and un-American position of crushing with military force the efforts of our former allies to achieve liberty and self-government. The Filipinos cannot be citizens without endangering our civilization; they cannot be subjects without imperiling our form of government, and we are not willing to surrender our civilization or to convert the Republic into an empire; we favor an immediate declaration of the nation's purpose to give to the Filipinos first, a stable form of government; second, independence; and, third, protection from outside interference such as has been given for nearly a century to the republics of Central and South America.

The greedy commercialism which dictated the Philippine policy of the Republican administration attempts to justify it with the plea that it will pay, but even this sordid and unworthy plea falls when brought to the test of facts. The war of criminal aggression against the Filipinos, entailing an annual expense of many millions, has already cost more than any possible profit that could accrue from the entire Philippine trade for years to come. Furthermore, when trade is extended at the expense of liberty the price is always too high.

We are not opposed to territorial expansion when it takes in desirable territory which can be erected into States in the Union and whose people are willing and fit to become American citizens.

We favor trade expansion by every peaceful and legitimate means. But we are unalterably opposed to the seizing or purchasing of distant islands to be governed outside the Constitution and whose people can never become citizens.

We are in favor of extending the Republic's influence among the nations, but believe that influence should be extended, not by force and violence, but through the persuasive power of a high and honorable example.

The importance of other questions now pending before the American people is in no wise diminished, and the Democratic party takes no backward step from its position on them, but the burning issue of imperialism growing out of the Spanish war involves the very existence of the Republic and the destruction of our free institutions. We regard it as the paramount issue of the campaign.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

The declaration in the Republican platform adopted at the Philadelphia convention, held in June, 1900, that the Republican party "steadfastly adheres to the policy announced in the Monroe doctrine" is manifestly insincere and deceptive. This profession is contradicted by the avowed policy of that party in opposition to the spirit of the Monroe doctrine to acquire and hold sovereignty over large areas of territory and large numbers of people in the Eastern hemisphere. We insist on the strict maintenance of the Monroe doctrine and in all its integrity, both in letter and in spirit, as necessary to prevent the extension of European authority on this continent and as essential to our supremacy in American affairs. At the same time we declare that no American people shall ever be held by force in unwilling subjection to European authority.

OPPOSITION TO MILITARISM.

We oppose militarism. It means conquest abroad and intimidation and oppression at home. It means the strong arm which has ever been fatal to free institutions. It is what millions of our citizens have fled from in Europe. It will impose upon our peace-loving people a large standing army and unnecessary burden of taxation and a constant menace to their liberties.

A small standing army with a well-disciplined State militia are amply sufficient in time of peace. This republic has no place for a vast military service and conscription.

When the nation is in danger the volunteer soldier is his country's best defender. The national guard of the United States should ever be cherished in the patriotic hearts of a free people. Such organizations are ever an element of strength and safety.

For the first time in our history and co-eval with the Philippine conquest has there been a wholesale departure from our time-honored and approved system of volunteer organization. We denounce it as un-American, un-Democratic, and un-Republican, and as a subversion of the ancient and fixed principles of a free people.

TRUSTS DENOUNCED.

Private monopolies are indefensible and intolerable. They destroy competition, control the price of all material, and of the finished product, thus robbing both producer and consumer. They lessen the employment of labor and arbitrarily fix the terms and conditions thereof, and deprive individual energy and small capital of their opportunity for betterment. They are the most efficient means yet devised for appropriating the fruits of industry to the benefit of the few at the expense of the many, and unless their insatiate greed is checked all wealth will be aggregated in a few hands and the Republic destroyed.

The dishonest paltering with the trust evil by the Republican party in State and national platforms is conclusive proof of the truth of the charge that trusts are the legitimate product of Republican policies; that they are fostered by Republican laws, and that they are protected by the Republican administration in return for campaign subscriptions and political support.

We pledge the Democratic party to an increasing warfare in nation, State, and city against private monopoly in every form. Existing laws against trusts must be enforced and more stringent ones must be enacted providing for publicity as to the affairs of corporations engaged in interstate commerce and requiring all corporations to show, before doing business outside the State of their origin, that they have no water in their stock and that they have not attempted and are not attempting, to monopolize any branch of business or the production of any articles of merchandise, and the whole constitutional power of Congress over interstate commerce, the mails, and all modes of interstate communication shall be exercised by the enactment of comprehensive laws upon the subject of trusts.

Tariff laws should be amended by putting the products of trusts upon the free list to prevent monopoly under the plea of protection.

The failure of the present Republican administration, with an absolute control over all the branches of the national Government, to enact any legislation designed to prevent or even curtail the absorbing power of trusts and illegal combinations, or to enforce the anti-trust laws already on the statute books, proves the insincerity of the high-sounding phrases of the Republican platform.

Corporations should be protected in all their rights and their legitimate interests should be respected, but any attempt by corporations to interfere with the public affairs of the people or to control the sovereignty which creates them should be forbidden under such penalties as will make such attempts impossible.

We condemn the Dingley tariff law as a trust-breeding measure, skillfully devised to give the few favors which they do not deserve and to place upon the many burdens which they should not bear.

INTERSTATE COMMERCE LAW.

We favor such an enlargement of the scope of the interstate commerce law as will enable the commission to protect individuals and communities from discriminations and the public from unjust and unfair transportation rates.

DECLARATION FOR 16 TO 1.

We reaffirm and indorse the principles of the national Democratic platform adopted at Chicago in 1896 and we reiterate the demand of that platform for an American financial system, made by the American people for themselves, which shall restore and maintain a bimetallic level, and as part of such system the immediate restoration of the free and unlimited coinage of silver and gold at the present legal ratio of 16 to 1, without waiting for the aid or consent of any other nation.

CURRENCY LAW DENOUNCED.

We denounce the currency bill enacted at the last session of Congress as a step forward in the Republican policy which aims to discredit the sovereign right of the national

Government to issue all money, whether coin or paper, and to bestow upon national banks the power to issue and control the volume of paper money for their own benefit.

A permanent national bank currency, secured by Government bonds, must have a permanent debt to rest upon, and if the bank currency is to increase with population and business the debt must also increase. The Republican currency scheme is therefore a scheme for fastening upon the taxpayers a perpetual and growing debt for the benefit of the banks.

We are opposed to this private corporation paper circulated as money, but without legal-tender qualities, and demand the retirement of the national bank notes as fast as Government paper or silver certificates can be substituted for them.

SENATORS ELECTED BY THE PEOPLE.

We favor an amendment to the Federal Constitution providing for the election of United States Senators by direct vote of the people and we favor direct legislation wherever practicable.

GOVERNMENT BY INJUNCTION.

We are opposed to government by injunction; we denounce the blacklist, and favor arbitration as a means of settling disputes between corporations and their employes.

DEPARTMENT OF LABOR.

In the interest of American labor and the uplifting of the workingmen, as the cornerstone of the prosperity of our country, we recommend that Congress create a department of labor, in charge of a secretary, with a seat in the Cabinet, believing that the elevation of the American laborer will bring with it increased production and increased prosperity to our country at home and to our commerce abroad.

PENSIONS.

We are proud of the courage and fidelity of the American soldiers and sailors in all our wars; we favor liberal pensions to them and their dependents, and we reiterate the position taken in the Chicago platform in 1896, that the fact of enlistment and service shall be deemed conclusive evidence against disease and disability before enlistment.

NICARAGUA CANAL.

We favor the immediate construction, ownership, and control of the Nicaragua canal by the United States and we denounce the insincerity of the plank in the national Republican platform for an Isthmian canal in face of the failure of the Republican majority to pass the bill pending in Congress.

We condemn the Hay-Pauncefote treaty as a surrender of American rights and interests, not to be tolerated by the American people.

STATEHOOD FOR THE TERRITORIES.

We denounce the failure of the Republican party to carry out its pledges, to grant statehood to the territories of Arizona, New Mexico, and Oklahoma, and we promise the people of those territories immediate Statehood and home rule during their condition as territories, and we favor home rule and a territorial form of government for Alaska and Porto Rico.

ARID LANDS.

We favor an intelligent system of improving the arid lands of the West, storing the waters for purposes of irrigation, and the holding of such lands for actual settlers.

CHINESE EXCLUSION LAW.

We favor the continuance and strict enforcement of the Chinese exclusion law and its application to the same classes of all Asiatic races.

ALLIANCE WITH ENGLAND.

Jefferson said: "Peace, commerce, and honest friendship with all nations; entangling alliances with none."

We approve this wholesome doctrine and earnestly protest against the Republican departure which has involved us in so-called politics, including the diplomacy of Europe and the intrigue and land-grabbing of Asia, and we especially condemn the ill-concealed Republican alliance with England, which must mean discrimination against other friendly nations, and which has already stifled the nation's voice, while liberty is being strangled in Africa.

SYMPATHY FOR THE BOERS.

Believing in the principles of self-government, and rejecting, as did our forefathers, the claim of monarchy, we view with indignation the purpose of England to overwhelm with force the South African Republics. Speaking, as we do, for the entire American nation except its Republican office-holders, and for all free men everywhere, we extend our sympathies to the heroic burghers in their unequal struggle to maintain their liberty and independence.

REPUBLICAN APPROPRIATIONS.

We denounce the lavish appropriations of recent Republican Congresses, which have kept taxes high, and which threaten the perpetuation of the oppressive war levies.

SHIP-SUBSIDY BILL.

We oppose the accumulation of a surplus to be squandered in such bare-faced frauds upon the taxpayers as the shipping subsidy bill, which under the false pretense of prospering American ship-building would put unearned millions into the pockets of favorite contributors to the Republican campaign fund.

REPEAL OF THE WAR TAXES.

We favor the reduction and speedy repeal of the war taxes, and a return to the time-honored Democratic policy of strict economy in governmental expenditures.

CONCLUDING PLEA TO THE PEOPLE.

Believing that our most cherished institutions are in great peril, that the very existence of our constitutional republic is at stake, and that the decision now to be rendered will determine whether or not our children are to enjoy those blessed privileges of free government which have made the United States great, prosperous, and honored, we earnestly ask for the foregoing declaration of principles the hearty support of the liberty-loving American people, regardless of previous party affiliations.

NATIONAL PROHIBITION PLATFORM

PREAMBLE.

The National Prohibition Party, in convention represented at Chicago, June 27 and 28, 1900, acknowledging Almighty God as the Supreme Source of all just government, realizing that this republic was founded upon Christian principles and can endure only as it embodies justice and righteousness, and asserting that all authority should seek the best good of all the governed, to this end wisely prohibiting what is wrong and permitting only what is right, hereby records and proclaims:

DEFINITION OF PARTY AND ARRAIGNMENT OF PARTIES.

1. We accept and assert the definition given by Edmund Burke that "a party is a body of men joined together for the purpose of promoting by their joint endeavor that national interest upon some particular principle upon which they are all agreed." We declare that there is no principle now advocated, by any other party, which could be made a fact of government with such beneficent moral and material results as the principle of prohibition applied to the beverage liquor traffic; that the national interest could be promoted in no other way so surely and widely as by its adoption and assertion through a national policy and the co-operation therein of every state, forbidding the manufacture, sale, exportation, importation and transportation of intoxicating liquors for beverage purposes; that we stand for this as the only principle, proposed by any party anywhere, for the settlement of a question greater and graver than any other before the American people, and involving more profoundly than any other their moral future and financial welfare; and that all the patriotic citizenship of this country, agreed upon this principle, however much disagreement there may be as to minor considerations and issues, should stand together at the ballot-box, from this time forward, until prohibition is the established policy of the United States, with a party in power to enforce it and to insure its moral and material benefits.

We insist that such a party agreed upon this principle and policy, having sober leadership, without any obligation for success to the saloon vote and to those demor-

allzing political combinations, can successfully cope with all other and lesser problems of government, in legislative halls and in the executive chair, and that it is useless for any party to make declarations in its platform as to any questions concerning which there may be serious differences of opinion in its own membership, and as to which, because of such differences, the party could legislate only on a basis of mutual concessions when coming into power.

We submit that the Democratic and Republican parties are alike insincere in their assumed hostility to trusts and monopolies. They dare not and do not attack the most dangerous of them all, the liquor power. So long as the saloon debauches the citizen and breeds the purchasable voter, money will continue to buy its way to power. Break down this traffic, elevate manhood, and a sober citizenship will find a way to control dangerous combinations of capital.

We purpose as a first step in the financial problem of the nation to save more than a billion dollars every year, now annually expended to support the liquor traffic and to demoralize our people. When that is accomplished, conditions will have so improved that with a clearer atmosphere the country can address itself to the questions as to the kind and quantity of currency needed.

THE ISSUE PRESENTED.

2. We re-affirm as true indisputably the declaration of William Windom when Secretary of the Treasury in the cabinet of President Arthur, that "Considered socially, financially, politically or morally, the licensed liquor traffic is or ought to be the overwhelming issue in American politics," and that the destruction of this iniquity stands next on the calendar of the world's progress. We hold that the existence of our party presents this issue squarely to the American people, and lays upon them the responsibility of choice between liquor parties, dominated by distillers and brewers, with their policy of saloon perpetuation breeding waste, wickedness, woe, pauperism, taxation, corruption and crime, and our one party of patriotic and moral principles, with a policy which defends it from domination by corrupt bosses and which insures it forever against the blighting control of saloon politics.

We face with sorrow, shame and fear the awful fact that this liquor traffic has a grip on our government, municipal, state and national, through the revenue system and saloon sovereignty, which no other party dare to dispute; a grip which dominates the party now in power, from caucus to Congress, from policeman to President, from the rum shop to the White House; a grip which compels the chief executive to consent that law shall be nullified in behalf of the brewer, that the canteen shall curse our army and spread intemperance across the seas, and that our flag shall wave as the signal of partnership, at home and abroad, between this government and the men who defy and defile it for their unholy gain.

THE PRESIDENT ARRAIGNED.

3. We charge upon President McKinley, who was elected to his high office by appeal to Christian sentiment and patriotism almost unprecedented and by a combination of moral influence never before seen in this country, that, by his conspicuous example as a wine drinker at public banquets and as a wine serving host in the White House, he has done more to encourage the liquor business, to demoralize the temperance habits of young men, and to bring Christian practices and requirements into disrepute than any other President this republic has had. We further charge upon President McKinley responsibility for the army canteen, with all its dire brood of disease, immorality, sin and death, in this country, in Cuba, in Porto Rico and the Philippines; and we insist that by his attitude concerning the canteen, and his apparent contempt for the vast number of petitions and petitioners protesting against it, he has outraged and insulted the moral sentiment of this country, in such a manner and to such a degree as calls for its righteous uprising and his indignant and effective rebuke.

We challenge denial of the fact that our chief executive as commander-in-chief of the military forces of the United States, at any time prior to or since March 2, 1899, could have closed every army saloon, called a canteen, by executive order, as President Hayes in effect did before him, and should have closed them for the same reason which actuated President Hayes; we assert that the act of Congress, passed March 2, 1899, forbidding the sale of liquor, "in any post, exchange or canteen," by any "officer or private soldier," or by "any other person on any premises used for military purposes by the United States," was and is as explicit an act of prohibition as the English language can frame; we declare our solemn belief that the Attorney-General of the United States in his interpretation of that law, and the Secretary of War in his acceptance of that interpretation and his refusal to enforce the law, were and are guilty of treasonable nullification

thereof, and that President McKinley, through his assent to and endorsement of such interpretation and refusal on the part of officials appointed by and responsible for him, shares responsibility in their guilt; and we record our conviction that a new and serious peril confronts our country, in the fact that its President, at the behest of the beer power, dare and does abrogate a law of Congress, through subordinates removable at will by him and whose acts become his, and thus virtually confesses that laws are to be administered or to be nullified in the interest of law-defying business, by an administration under mortgage to such business for support.

FOREIGN LIQUOR POLICY CONDEMNED.

4. We deplore the fact that an administration of this republic, claiming the right and power to carry our flag across the seas and to conquer and annex new territory, should admit its lack of power to prohibit the American saloon on subjugated soil, or should openly confess itself subject to liquor sovereignty under that flag. We are humiliated, exasperated and grieved by the evidence, painfully abundant, that this administration's policy of expansion is bearing so rapidly its first fruits of drunkenness, insanity and crime under the hothouse sun of the tropics; and that when the president of the first Philippine commission said: "It was unfortunate that we introduced and established the saloon there, to corrupt the natives and to exhibit the vices of our race," we charge the inhumanity and unchristianity of this act upon the administration of William McKinley and upon the party which elected and would perpetuate the same.

5. We declare that the only policy which the government of the United States can of right uphold as to the liquor traffic, under the national constitution, upon any territory under the military or civil control of that government, is the policy of prohibition; that "to establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare and insure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity," as the constitution provides, the liquor traffic must neither be sanctioned nor tolerated, and that the revenue policy, which makes our government a partner with distillers and brewers and barkeepers, is a disgrace to our civilization, an outrage upon humanity and a crime against God.

We condemn the present administration at Washington because it has repealed the prohibitory laws of Alaska, and has given over the partly civilized tribes there to be the prey of the American grog-shop; and because it has entered upon a license policy in our new possessions by incorporating the same in the recent act of Congress in the code of laws for the government of the Hawaiian Islands.

We call general attention to the fearful fact that exportation of liquors from the United States to the Philippine Islands increased from \$337 in 1898 to \$467,198 in the first ten months of the fiscal year ending June 1, 1900; and that while our exportation of liquors to Cuba never reached \$30,000 a year, previous to American occupation of that island, our exports of such liquors to Cuba, during the fiscal year of 1899, reached the sum of \$629,655.

CALL TO MORAL AND CHRISTIAN CITIZENSHIP.

6. One great religious body (the Baptist) having truly declared of the liquor traffic "that it has no defensible right to exist, that it can never be reformed, that it stands condemned by its unrighteous fruits as a thing unchristian, un-American and perilous utterly to every interest in life;" another great religious body (the Methodist) having as truly asserted and reiterated that "no political party has a right to expect, nor should it receive, the votes of Christian men so long as it stands committed to the license system, or refuses to put itself on record in an attitude of open hostility to the saloon;" other great religious bodies having made similar deliverances, in language plain and unequivocal, as to the liquor traffic and the duty of Christian citizenship in opposition thereto; and the fact being plain and undeniable that the Democratic party stands for license, the saloon and the canteen, while the Republican party, in policy and administration, stands for the canteen, the saloon and revenue therefrom, we declare ourselves justified in expecting that Christian voters everywhere shall cease their complicity with the liquor curse by refusing to uphold a liquor party, and shall unite themselves with the only party which upholds the prohibition policy, and which for nearly thirty years has been the faithful defender of the church, the state, the home and the school, against the saloon, its expanders and perpetuators, their actual and persistent foes.

We insist that no difference of belief, as to any other question or concern of government, should stand in the way of such a union of moral and Christian citizenship as we hereby invite for the speedy settlement of this paramount moral, industrial, financial and political issue, which our party represents; and we refrain from declaring ourselves

upon all minor matters, as to which difference of opinion may exist, that hereby we may offer to the American people a platform so broad that all can stand upon it who desire to see sober citizenship actually sovereign over the allied hosts of evil, sin and crime, in a government of the people, by the people and for the people.

We declare that there are but two real parties today, concerning the liquor traffic, perpetuationists and prohibitionists, and that patriotism, Christianity and every interest of genuine Republicanism and of pure Democracy, beside the loyal demands of our common humanity, require the speedy union in one solid phalanx at the ballot-box of all who oppose the liquor traffic's perpetuation, and who covet endurance for this republic.

SUMMARY OF PLATFORM ADOPTED BY THE POPULIST CONVENTION, SIOUX FALLS, IOWA, MAY 10, 1900.

Resolved, That we denounce the act of March 14, 1900, as the culmination of a long series of conspiracies to deprive the people of their constitutional rights over the money of the nation, and relegate to a gigantic money trust the control of the purse, and hence of the people.

We denounce this act, first, for making all money obligations, domestic and foreign, payable in gold coin or its equivalent, thus enormously increasing the burdens of the debtors and enriching the creditors.

We reaffirm the demand for the reopening of the mints of the United States to the free and unlimited coinage of silver and gold at the present legal ratio of 16 to 1.

We demand a graduated income and inheritance tax, to the end that aggregated wealth shall bear its just proportion of taxation.

We demand that postal savings banks be established by the government for the safe deposit of the savings of the people and to facilitate exchange.

To cope with the trust evil, the people must act directly without the intervention of representatives, who may be controlled or influenced. We therefore demand direct legislation, giving the people the law-making and veto power under the initiative and referendum. A majority of the people can never be corruptly influenced.

The action of the administration in the Philippines is in conflict with all the precedents of our national life; at war with the declaration of independence, the constitution, and the plain precepts of humanity.

The declaration of independence, the constitution, and the American flag are one and inseparable. The island of Porto Rico is a part of the territory of the United States, and by levying special and extraordinary customs duties on the commerce of that island, the administration has violated the Constitution, abandoned the fundamental principles of American liberty, and has striven to give the lie to the contention of our forefathers, that there should be no taxation without representation.

SYMPATHY FOR THE BOERS.

We extend to the brave Boers of South Africa our sympathy and moral support in their patriotic struggle for the right of self-government, and we are unalterably opposed to any alliance, open or covert, between the United States and any other nation that will tend to the destruction of human liberty.

Out of the imperialism which would force an undesired domination on the people of the Philippines, springs the un-American cry for a large standing army. Nothing in the character or purposes of our people justifies us in ignoring the plain lesson of history and putting our liberties in jeopardy by assuming the burden of militarism, which is crushing the people of the old world. We denounce the administration for its sinister efforts to substitute a standing army for the citizen soldiery, which is the best safeguard of the republic.

FOR MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP.

We indorse municipal ownership of public utilities, and declare that the advantages which have accrued to the public under that system would be multiplied a hundred fold by its extension to natural interstate monopolies.

We denounce the practice of issuing injunctions in the cases of dispute between employers and employes, making criminal acts by organizations which are not criminal when performed by individuals, and demand legislation to restrain the evil.

We demand that United States Senators and all other officials, as far as practicable, be elected by direct vote of the people.

CHAPTER XXXI.

PORTO RICO TARIFF BILL.

For years no measure before the public for consideration has excited the general interest and discussion both before and since its passage, that has been manifested in the tariff bill for Porto Rico.

There are points of argument put forward by its defenders as well as opponents, which are worthy of consideration, many of which are not easy to controvert.

It being universally conceded that this government has power to acquire territory whether by treaty or conquest the first consideration should be for the welfare of such inhabitants as fall to our care, and the most expeditious and equitable adjustment of national affairs to suit the new order of things.

Porto Rico having come into our possession without treaty, we are not hampered in any manner in the settlement of their particular government. We are not compelled to extend the Constitution over this island. On information given by Gen. Davis, the military Governor, it is imperative that sufficient revenue be raised to pay the expenses of the government. Free trade would never produce such revenue. Indeed, unless this Government is willing to pay out of its own Treasury the needful money, such a tariff must be levied.

The most conservative estimates that can be obtained show that under the law a revenue of \$1,750,000 will be produced from the customs duties. This, with the internal revenue, will yield the sum of \$2,500,000. This is a sufficient amount to pay all the expenses of government and Postal service, together with \$325,000 for public schools. This is from a tariff equal to that of our own upon all articles imported into Porto Rico from this country, or from Porto Rico into the United States. The conservative estimate of the amount necessary for the expenses of the government of Porto Rico is placed at \$3,000,000 annually. For municipalities, another million should be added. Under the Spanish rule \$6,000,000 were required and there was nothing for schools, roads and public improvements.

The value of property of Porto Rico is placed at \$150,000,000, the tax value \$100,000,000. To raise the amount of \$4,000,000 necessary for government expenses, which would mean a tax of four per cent, would

simply be ruinous and impossible. The most prosperous State in the Union would be unable to pay it.

For this reason, its friends claim another plan was substituted. The condition of the island forbade the direct taxation of property. This latter method has prevailed without exception in all territory formerly acquired by this country. This was for the purposes of municipal expenses, while an internal revenue was placed, the proceeds of which were turned into the Treasury at Washington.

In territory like Florida, Louisiana, Washington and Oregon, the full tariff rates were imposed on all ports of entry. The whole people of the country enjoyed the benefits arising from such revenue taxes, and tariff duties which were paid into the National Treasury. In addition to these taxes the people of these Territories have been compelled to pay direct taxes upon their property sufficient to defray the expenses of municipal and territorial governments.

In the case of Porto Rico, the friends of the Bill declare, the peculiar conditions were considered, and a careful provision made to secure to the people of the island the benefit of all money paid by them into the Treasury of the island. Full tariff rates must be paid on all imports into Porto Rico by countries other than this, and full revenue taxes are to be collected the same as elsewhere in the United States. The money, thus collected from both tariff and taxes will be paid into the insular treasury, the people thereby being free from a direct tax upon their property which, under the conditions at present prevailing, would be well nigh impossible.

Even when the sum from such sources is considered, it is found not more than \$2,000,000 could be raised in this manner, there being a deficit of \$1,000,000, and it was found necessary, therefore, to impose a tax of fifteen per cent on the commerce between Porto Rico and the United States.

It will thus be seen that the sole purpose of the Bill was to relieve the people of the Island of a direct tax at the expense of this nation, a burden from which no other state or territory is exempt. The bill was conceived in a spirit of liberality and justice, as the greatest burden will fall upon the United States. Nothing more is desired than that prosperity and advancement may dwell in the island, and that Porto Rico may become, as are the other states and territories of this government, a prosperous, thriving, busy home of a happy and contented people.

On the other hand, a universal protest went up from the people of

the country as well as Porto Rico. During the time intervening between the close of the war with Spain and the treaty of peace, the island was in a condition almost insupportable. Business was at a stand-still, and every industry waiting relief from existing evils. The disappointment of the Porto Ricans who had been patient for so long under such adverse conditions, was unbounded. Tobacco decaying, while waiting for a market, precluded the hope of a better future when the bill became a law. Sugar and other exports must wait until waiting becomes but another name for starvation. All industries became involved in the closing of this country to them as a channel of trade.

The tariff bill for Porto Rico is not looked upon by its opponents as a bill for the relief of the island. It is believed to be simply a means of accustoming the American people to the powers of conquerors to govern dependencies of this government at its discretion, without regard to the limitations imposed by the Constitution, and primarily to establish a policy for the adjustment of the Philippines.

On the surface, several items of the bill appear to be favorable to the Porto Ricans, but the tenor of the whole measure nullifies the good that might accrue. The chief opposition was directed against the fact that while the Porto Ricans were adjudged sufficiently Americans to be taxed, and from whom revenues were to be collected, they were declared foreigners in so far as they are called citizens of Porto Rico and are denied the right to be called Americans. They are to remain citizens of Porto Rico, and not citizens of the United States.

The inhabitants of Alaska have no form of Territorial government, yet are citizens of the United States. The Indians are not citizens, but they are wards of the government. The phrase "Porto Rican citizenship" in the bill conveys no meaning, and there can be no construction as to their status under such designation.

The Supreme Court is likely to set the matter straight, and there is general curiosity as to the result of their treatment of it.

In the bill as first drawn, citizenship was conferred upon the islanders, but it was promptly suppressed when some one suggested that a citizen of the United States could not be excluded from its markets by a tariff. The bestowal of the term means absolutely nothing. Why should discrimination in favor of Hawaii be shown and Porto Rico excluded? Its population is less adaptable to ours, and it is scarcely in a condition for territorial or self-government. Distant from this country by over 2,000 miles of ocean, it can never become so closely allied to the people of this country as can the Porto Ricans at our very threshold. It would

be cruel to suppose that the fact of Hawaii having come voluntarily into our control after a stipulation as to citizenship and Porto Rico as the spoils of war, would be the cause of the favor shown to the former, the one so completely at our mercy, the other safe-guarded by agreement, but in the eyes of the people this difference has no significant bearing upon the question of equity, justice and good faith.

It is the destiny of some people to attract the attention of the world by the multiplicity of their misfortunes. We draw the attention of the world to their condition by the forcing of the burden of poverty upon them for two years without hope of redress or relief.

The political hopes and aspirations of no man or party shall be allowed to selfishly block the way to progress of a nation, and if they are Porto Rican citizens, then are they a nation by themselves, shut out from an opportunity to reap the fruits of their toil, their markets closed and no hope from a government the brightest star in the firmament of which has ever been called "humanity."

The passing of this bill is so cruel, so heartless, so fraught with starvation and ruin to 900,000 people, that nothing can be said in its favor. The island had a free market with Cuba and the mother country. After destroying that market we have barred our doors to them. What a prospect to view without hope, to endure for two years.

The supporters of the tariff bill declare that if Porto Rico was allowed free trade with this country, when the Philippine insurrection is ended, and the question of the tariff was to be decided, it would be impossible to place tariff condition on the Philippines different from that existing between Porto Rico and the United States. That if a state of free trade existed in the Philippines, what would hinder Germany or any other country entering her goods in the ports of the Philippines, and then sending them duty free into this country. That the difference in tariff would pay for the mileage, and leave a profit besides sufficient to make such a procedure an object: That Japan and China, with a free port of entry at their very doors, would surely enjoy the advantages offered and enter their exports to this country free of duty. Payne of New York in his speech advocating this bill says:

"The bill, by its terms, relates only to the island of Porto Rico. It cannot be taken as a precedent for any legislative action in reference to the Philippine Islands when the present insurrection shall have been overcome, except in so far as we assert in it our view of our power under the American Constitution."

CHAPTER XXXII.

WILLIAM MCKINLEY—HIS LIFE AND PUBLIC SERVICES.

WILLIAM MCKINLEY stands in the foremost ranks of the nation's greatest men. Born in Niles, Ohio, on Feb. 26, 1844, of Scotch-Irish ancestry he seems to have inherited the sterling qualities of both races. The sturdy conservatism of the former united to the sentiment and lofty patriotism of the latter combine to produce a character firm, resolute, acute, with a power of scope of vision rarely met with in any one man. Allied with this quality is a graceful and heart-reaching sense of human needs and human sympathy, making him at once resourceful in times of danger, a bulwark of defense and a man whose heart is vividly in touch with humanity. Such a man becomes the idol of a people by the sheer force of his lovable qualities, entirely apart from the prominence given him through this popular attitude on great issues, which primarily placed him before the eyes of the nation and the world.

McKinley is not strictly what is termed a college bred man. We have little record as to his early struggles. The first knowledge we gain of him is in the position of student and teacher when he had attained the age of sixteen. The following year, in May of 1861, he enlisted in the 23rd Ohio Volunteer Infantry, being mustered out as captain of the same regiment and Brevet-Major. Deciding on the profession of law as his life work he entered Allegheny College, from which he graduated. But a short time was given him for the pursuit of his private business. Nine years all told covered the time from the beginning to the end of his private life, until his election to fill the office of President.

After serving for two years as Prosecuting Attorney of Stark County, Ohio, McKinley was elected to the 45th Congress as a Republican. He was immediately accorded a foremost place by his colleagues in that body. His brilliant oratory and his sound political position made him at once a leader.

It was McKinley's Congressional record that first made him famous. Leadership was won not conceded. It was his presentation of the great Tariff Bill on that memorable day of May 7th, 1890, that crowded the House of Representatives when he opened the debate which has since become historical. His prophetic words while drawing a contrast be-

tween the effects of protection and free trade in the light of following events, seem almost inspired.

"We have now," he said, "enjoyed twenty-nine years continuously of protected tariff laws and we find ourselves at the end of that period in a condition of independence and prosperity the like of which has no parallel in recorded history of the world. In all that goes to make a nation great and strong and independent we have made extraordinary strides. We have a surplus revenue and a spotless credit. To reverse this system means to stop the progress of this Republic. It means to turn the masses from ambition, courage and hope, to dependence, degradation and despair. Talk about depression: We would have it then in its fullness. Everything would indeed be cheap, but how costly when measured by the degradation that would ensue. When merchandise is cheapest, men are poorest, and the most distressing experiences of our country—aye—of all history have been when everything was lowest and cheapest, measured by gold, and everything was highest and dearest measured by labor."

McKinley is associated in the public mind with the subject of protection. His careful study of the vexed question of finance, and his methods in relation to this subject, have always typified Republicanism. He has at all times stood for sound money, at the same time being friendly to silver, and has advocated the largest possible use, that can consistently be made, of the white metal. He is also an advocate of Civil Service Reform, but, while friendly to that measure firmly believes that an administration would meet with greater success if surrounded by those in sympathy with its views and aims.

While in Congress McKinley was a zealous champion of the laboring man, and used his earnest endeavor in favor of the eight hour law.

The Congressional career of McKinley was suddenly terminated in 1890. The Democratic party obtained possession of the Legislature, and so gerrymandered the State that after a vigorous campaign, and a stubborn fight, McKinley laid down his arms before its power, but a great career could not be long checked by such questionable practices. McKinley was nominated for Governor of Ohio in 1891. This was the great year of victories by the Democrats, and it was the leadership of McKinley alone that saved the State from democracy. His majority at this election was 20,000 while two years later, after a trial of his methods by the people, he was re-elected by a majority of 80,000.

His solicitude for the working class was very marked. His sympathy with the eight hour movement was soon shown. He was a cham-

pion of arbitration, while his recommendations of legislation to protect workmen while employed in dangerous occupations, to secure more considerate treatment, as well as personal safety, were followed by changes and new laws. The recommendation that all street cars in Ohio should be provided with vestibules to protect the motorman and conductor emanated from him and soon became a law.

No event in the history of Governor McKinley commended him more fully to the confidence and respect of the people than his honorable course at the National Convention of 1888, and again in 1892. His name accidentally mentioned acted like magic upon the members, but with resolute courage, a lofty disregard of personal ambition and of all save loyalty to the man to whom he was pledged, he refused to be moved from his position.

As a protectionist of the most uncompromising type, he had made his mark before the nation of the world. It was his name that gave strength to the Republican party when in 1896 it met in National Convention, and nominated the one man who could be, and was, elected by a vote consisting of discouraged and disgusted members of every political faith. His firm stand on the tariff question, his popularity rising as the condition of the country grew more gloomy and disastrous, caused him to receive the hearty support of the people, and he was believed to be the only man who could save the country from further calamity and lead it out of depths into which it had been betrayed. The tariff question was paramount to every other national issue. Nothing could be imagined as offering a greater contrast to what is upheld as the tenets of the Republican faith, than the condition of national affairs upon the assumption of the office of President by William McKinley.

The spirit of "reform" had been followed by a sweeping Democratic victory and when the results of that administration were viewed every heart was appalled. Where prosperity had reigned calamity and distress appeared, disaster had succeeded success, and the labor world was in a truly pitiable condition. Gradually, under the beneficent change, the affairs of the nation began to revive. The change of policy on the part of the government inspired confidence both at home and abroad, and a measure of prosperity was reached at an early date. When capital realized that McKinley was elected, and the party was in power whose name was synonymous with business success, factories resumed their work, labor, once more employed, grew hopeful, and the smile of a beneficent Providence blessed the land. All this was wrought by the

magic of a name likened to a principle which is the fundamental basis of a nation's continued success.

The Cuban question had been left for solution to the incoming administration. It was well for the United States that such was the case. In April, 1896, mediation was offered by the former President, and refused. The concentration of the Cubans, the cruel and inhuman policy of the Spanish officials, the utter hopelessness and helplessness of the natives, had appealed to the sympathies of the civilized world who looked to this nation as the proper medium through which relief might be offered. Months followed McKinley's appeal to Spain for an alleviation of their distress. Nothing but promises resulted. This country was a unit in declaring that the situation in Cuba was unendurable. The destruction of the "Maine" in Havana Harbor on Feb. 15th, 1898, added to the fury of the country. By this disaster a personal element was introduced into the question. After the report of the Board of Inquiry into the causes of the explosion, no doubt remained as to its having been caused by preconcerted design. Mass meetings were held over the entire country demanding of the President an opportunity to avenge the dead, and to force Spain to a different policy in her treatment of the Cubans.

McKinley, while his heart bled at the horrors of the situation, observed a strict conservatism which compelled the admiration of the world. He was determined to prove to the observing nations that war with Spain was to be the last resort of this country when every expedient had been exhausted. The inevitable result followed, and war with Spain was declared on April 22nd, 1898. In the months that followed McKinley pursued the conduct of the war with the same singleness of purpose which he had shown in every crisis. The integrity and reputation of the United States were passing through a crucial test which he determined should add to the glory and honor of the flag, and redound to the credit of the Republican party. That his efforts were crowned with success is evidenced by the universal commendation by the people of his own country, together with the increased respect and friendliness of foreign nations.

When the Spanish war broke out it was bitterly opposed by many. Now it is not an easy matter to find a prominent man who condemns it. When it was begun the Senate was dangerously near decreeing the independence of Cuba by an official recognition of the so-called Cuban Republic. In the light of succeeding events what newspaper or public

man of note desires the United States to immediately withdraw its forces and leave the island to its fate?

Immediately after the sweeping victory of Manila Bay, there was a great demand, that having destroyed the Spanish fleet, the vessels should be ordered to sail away and leave the island to itself. What man of humanity and patriotism would now advocate such a course? Through all the turmoil of charge and counter-charge, McKinley has pursued the course which, in his wisdom, seemed best for the future of the country, and all honor should be accorded to the man who led the country through a period fraught with gravest complications and danger but which, under his wise leadership, is once more on the placid waters of prosperity.

McKinley, in his speech at Ocean Grove in August of 1899, said:

"The flag does not mean one thing in the United States and another in Porto Rico and the Philippines. There has been doubt expressed in some quarters, as to the purpose of the government respecting the Philippines. I can see no harm in stating it in this presence.

* "Peace first, then with charity for all, an established government of law and order, protecting life and property, and occupation for the well being of the people, in which they will participate under the Stars and Stripes.

"The inhabitants will be assisted in forming a government of law and order, and protection in forming the same. In this manner this country will assure protection against the frequent domestic insurrections so prevalent in territory occupied by such races.

"The domestic institutions of the islands will not be interfered with in any manner, and the people will make their own laws and elect their own officials through the representative selected by them, and if they are capable of maintaining an orderly government, no one will interfere with them."

The government has wisely refrained from interference with the peculiar domestic institutions of the islands of Sulu. It leaves the matter to the customs and consciences of the people. England has wisely refrained from endeavoring to make a radical change in India, also her African colonies. But in India the gradual abolition of the practice of slavery under the system pursued by that government has reduced the number of slaves to much less than one million, and it is simply a question of time when the practice will have become a thing of the past.

Among a people who number many times over those whose subjects

they are, a measure radical in its effect, more especially where it touches a truly domestic institution would simply mean revolt and a waste of life and treasure. When the religion of a people encourages slavery of which it is recognized as a fundamental principle, any abrogation of its practice must be approached with delicacy and tact. They must be led gradually, and educated to have another opinion on the subject, where the effort to compel obedience to an arbitrary law would lead to increasing rebellion.

The trend of events, on this question, is in the right direction, and it remains only to exercise common sense and patience when the institution of slavery will be thoroughly eliminated from the islands.

McKinley, having signified his willingness to be present in Chicago at the Peace Jubilee, held to celebrate the close of the war with Spain, it was decided to lay the corner-stone of the government building during the time of his visit.

In a speech at Galesburg on October 7th, 1899, the Postmaster-General said of him:

"The position was forced upon McKinley. The great lesson of Lincoln's matchless career is that he bravely accepted the duty which came to him and followed where its mandates led. If he were President to-day, he would maintain the honor of the Flag, uphold the dignity of the nation and advance its high mission of liberty, humanity, and civilization as his faithful successor is doing.

McKinley, in his speech at Kewaunee, Illinois, on October 7th, 1899, said:

"The hum of industry has drowned the voice of calamity and the voice of despair is heard no longer in the United States, and the orators without occupation here are looking to the Philippines for comfort.

"As we opposed them when they were standing against industrial progress at home, we oppose them now, as they are standing against national duty in our island possessions in the Pacific."

McKinley's reception in Chicago was one of the greatest of which he has been the central figure. Hundreds of thousands thronged the streets, and the surrounding country was drained of its population to offer spontaneous welcome to the man who had done so much to uphold the institutions of the country and obey the will of the people.

In his speech on the anniversary of the great Chicago fire, October 9th, 1899, McKinley said:

"The United States never struck a blow except for civilization and never struck its colors. Has the pyramid lost any of its strength? Has

the Republican party lost any of its vitality? Has the self-governing principle been weakened? Is there any present menace to our stability and duration? These questions bring but one answer. The Republic is stronger and sturdier than ever before. Government by the people has been advanced. Freedom under the flag is more universal than when the Union was formed. Our steps have been forward, not backward. From Plymouth to the Philippines the grand triumphal march of human liberty has never paused. May we not feel assured that if we do our duty the Providence which favored the undertaking of the Fathers and every step of our progress since will continue His watchful care and guidance over us, and that the Hand that led us to our present place will not relax its grasp till we have reached the glorious goal He has fixed for us in the achievement of His end?"

Mr. McKinley's lack of sectionalism is shown in his speech at Evansville, Indiana, October 11th, 1899:

"If a Northern soldier put the flag up at Santiago, a Southern soldier—the gallant Brumley of Georgia—put it up over Manila. It rests with us to look to the future, putting the past behind us, and this government relies upon the patriotism of the country North and South to stand by the purposes of the government and follow in the pathway of its destiny."

On the same day at Vincennes, Indiana, he said:

"Not only have we prosperity, but we have patriotism, and what more do we want? We are at peace with all the nations of the world and were never on better terms or closer relations with each and every one of them than we are to-day. We have a little trouble in the Philippines, but the gallantry of the brave boys who have gone there will, I trust, soon put down that rebellion against the sovereignty of the United States."

Mr. McKinley spoke at Hoopeston, Ills., on October 11th, 1899: "We are not a military people. We love peace: We love its occupation. We are not a military government and never will become one. It is against the genius of our institutions and the spirit of our people. The government of the United States rests in the hearts of consciences of the people. It is their government. It represents them. It is the agent of their will, and while we are not a military government, or a military people, we never lack for soldiers in any cause which the people espouse."

McKinley's obligation to interfere in the Transvaal difficulty might have been expected by some, but there being a determination on the

part of this government to attend strictly to its own business precluded the possibility of such interference. Notwithstanding the sentiment of sympathy and pity which is universal throughout the country, it was obviously necessary that McKinley should pursue the policy of silence and refrain from a course which would entail difficulties and complications without end. His far-sighted wisdom soon convinced the most sympathetic that his was the politic course to pursue and the only one consistent with the policy and traditions of the country.

SUMMARY OF LIFE AND SERVICES OF WILLIAM McKINLEY.

Born Niles, Trumbull county, O., January 29, 1843; entered Allegheny College, Meadville, Pa., 1860; enlisted as private Company E, Twenty-third Ohio Volunteer Infantry, June 11, 1861; participated in battles South Mountain and Antietam, September 14 and 17, 1862, promoted from commissary sergeant to lieutenant; promoted captain, battle of Kernstown, July 24, 1864; commissioned Major by brevet March 14, 1865; studied law, law school at Albany, N. Y.; admitted to bar at Warren, O., March, 1867; elected prosecuting attorney, Stark county, Ohio, 1869; elected to Congress, 1876; re-elected to Congress for seventh time, November, 1888; inaugurated Governor of Ohio, January 11, 1892; elected President United States, November, 1896; renominated for President, June 21, 1900.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT—HIS LIFE AND PUBLIC SERVICES.

GENERAL CHARACTERISTICS: If Theodore Roosevelt had spent a lifetime in accomplishing one-third of the work which he has performed in forty years, he would still be worth serious consideration in the history of the century; as it is he seems a kind of prodigy.

He writes a book, and it becomes an authority on the subject treated; he turns his attention to politics, as Assemblyman he puts the powers of evil to rout, and ties up their hands with an "Aldermanic Bill." He fights for justice in the Civil Service Commission and wins his battle. He enters the New York police force and scours it clean. At last he heads a regiment of cowboys and college men down to Cuba, returns one of the best loved men in the army, with half a hundred brave deeds to his credit, and before six months have passed is elected Governor of New York. A record like this makes one feel that the days of Patrick Henry and Washington have come again.

To Roosevelt's power of brain is added a physical development which makes him laugh at some task which would seem Herculean to a weaker man. Yet as a boy he gave no promise of the extraordinary energy and vitality which are now his most noticeable characteristics.

BIRTH AND EARLY YEARS: He was born in New York at the old family mansion, Number 28 East Twentieth street, on October 27th, 1858, and until he was eleven years old he was pale and delicate, "with legs like pipe-stems." He was not strong enough to join in boyish sports with companions of his own age, and to avoid the rough treatment of the schools was even taught at home, though he went for a time to a private preparatory school for Harvard.

One of his experiences there he still recalls with a smile, as illustrating one of his favorite maxims, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again." He had occasion to recite the poem beginning:

"At midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk lay dreaming of the hour
When Greece her knees in suppliance bent,
Would tremble at his power."

Visitors were present and the boy was anxious to do his best. The

first two lines went off with a flourish; he started the third, "When Greece her knees"—the bottom seemed to fall out of things. His memory was blank. He started again, "When Greece her knees"—and stopped. "Grease 'em again, Teddy," the old schoolmaster called out in his sharp, shrill voice, "maybe it will go then." Teddy pulled himself together with a mighty effort and began once more and went triumphantly on to the end.

EFFORTS TO GROW STRONG: Finding the consequences of ill-health very uncomfortable the boy set to work to make himself strong. He rode horseback, ran, learned to swim, and took long tramps over the hills behind his uncle's farm at Oyster Bay. But while he was getting good, healthful exercise out of these walks he was using them also as an opportunity for studying and cataloguing the birds native to his neighborhood. It is this talent of his of making one end serve another which enables him to do double or triple work, as the case may be. His physique soon responded to such a consistent policy of self-development and incidentally he acquired the love of wood and field which made him say lately: "I belong as much to the country as to the city. I owe all my vigor to the country."

HIS PARENTS: The mother of Roosevelt was Miss Martha Bullock, from the old Southern family of Bullocks, which numbers a representative among the noted Governors of Georgia, while his father, Theodore Roosevelt, senior, was just such a man as one would argue from his son that he must have been. He believed in the gospel of work and brought up his children, two boys and two girls, in the same creed. He was a rigid disciplinarian, yet full of humor. Although he was a merchant, reform and philanthropy were among his greatest pleasures. He founded the Newsboys' Lodging House in New York and the Young Mens' Christian Association. He was also one of the founders of the Union League Club, the Orthopedic Hospital, the Childrens' Aid Society, and the Bureau of United Charities.

The wives and families of Union soldiers had reason to be grateful to him, too, for organizing the Allotment system by which their fathers, brothers, and sons were enabled to allot and send home a part of their monthly pay.

His residence was at Oyster Bay during a long part of his life. In his later years he moved to New York, with which the Roosevelt name has been so closely identified for eight generations that a street in the city is still called "Roosevelt," because it was a cow-lane running through the original Roosevelt farm. The city records contain, too,

many references to the various Aldermen, Assemblymen, Judges, Congressmen and soldiers, who have been prominent in the Roosevelt family since the good old Dutch days of Peter Stuyvesant.

HIS ANCESTORS FIGHTERS AND OF VARIED BLOODS: From Revolutionary time on, the ancestors of the "Rough Rider" have been fighters in one good cause or another. His inheritance, as well as outward circumstances have fitted him for the important part he has been called to play in the affairs of the nation.

Roosevelt is a Holland name, but the Colonel has French, Irish and Scotch blood as well, flowing through his veins in almost equal quantities. Such a composite of rare characteristics in one man is very fortunate, and is one of the secrets of Theodore Roosevelt's success in such widely different lines. His Dutch caution makes him deliberate at the outset of a plan. He weighs every difficulty and counts every cost. His French chivalry and his Irish wit make him skilful in the management of men; but, if he cannot win adherents so, his Scotch pertinacity enables him to carry his plan into execution, even if he has to reduce the whole of public opinion with a battering-ram. He shares this quietly in common with other great reformers, who are sent from time to time to renovate some corner of the world by heroic measures. Such characters come not with peace, but a sword. Theodore Roosevelt is equipped with Twentieth Century traditions and methods, it is true, yet the spirit of the past lives in him and from the long perspective of other years, the verdict will be, "The United States is a better country because this man lived, worked and died there."

HIS OPTIMISM AND GOOD ADVICE: But Roosevelt is unlike most reformers in his ability to forget care and responsibility entirely, in enjoying some simple pleasure as thoroughly as any schoolboy. It is this same wholesome optimistic view of life which makes him so valuable in his private capacity of friend and companion. He works intensely and persistently while he works, then plays as heartily while he plays. The advice he gave to the children of the Cove School at Oyster Bay is very typical of his own attitude:

"There are two things that I want you to make up your minds to. First that you are going to have a good time as long as you live. I have no use for a sour-faced man—and next, make up your minds that you are going to do something worth while; you are going to work hard and do things that you start out to do. Don't let any one impose on you. Don't be quarrelsome—but stand up for your rights. If you've got to

fight, fight, and fight hard and well. To my mind a coward is the only thing meaner than a liar.

“Work hard, but have a good time, too. If in your work you find a chance for a holiday, take it, enjoy it just as much as you can. But don’t think that you can have a holiday all your lives, because that isn’t so. You are going to work hard; you must. Be brave, but be gentle to little girls and to all dumb animals. The boy who maltreats animals is not worth having his neck wrung.”

HIS EDUCATION AND YOUTHFUL ACHIEVEMENTS: At the age of twenty Roosevelt took his degree at Harvard, a Phi Beta Kappa man in the class of 1880. He spent some time in studying at Dresden, and after a year’s trial in Europe and the East, returned to New York to make a trial of his strength in the arena of his overcrowded city. He had a good income and might have lived easily and comfortably without turning even his finger. He could take his choice between an idle existence and a career full of activity and strife. But for a man of his upbringing and ambition, one decision only was possible. Even then he had begun his work on his “Naval War of 1812,” which has since become the standard authority on that period of the nation’s history.

LAW AND POLITICS: He tried the study of law for a time with his uncle, Robert B. Roosevelt, but his active, restless spirit called so insistently for satisfaction that he could not long keep his hand out of politics, for “politics and war,” he says, “are the two biggest games there are.”

In 1882, at the age of twenty-four, he was elected to represent the Twenty-first Assembly District at Albany. The better element of the Republican party had revolted from Jake Hess, the leader of the party, had rejected the candidate he chose for them, and in spite of all of his opposition had sent Theodore Roosevelt to the Legislature.

If the old wily politicians had known what a storage battery of vehement reform was coming among them in the person of their youngest member they would have shivered with apprehension at the concussion which was to shock them out of their comfortable, well-padded routine.

ROOSEVELT A BORN COMMANDER: Some men are born to be commanders of their fellows. Theodore Roosevelt is one of them. Even as a little boy of eleven he led and his companions followed. Mr. Cromwell, a friend of those early days, in describing a voyage across the Atlantic which they made together, says of the boy Roosevelt: “An idea suddenly struck him, and turning to me he said: ‘George, go get me a

small rope from somewhere, and we'll play a fishing game.' I don't know why I went at once in search of that line without asking why he didn't go himself, but I went, and it never once occurred to me to put the question. He had told me to go, and in such a determined way that it settled the matter. Even then he was a leader, a masterful, commanding little fellow, who seemed to have a peculiar quality of his own of making his playmates obey him, not at all because we were afraid, but because we wanted to and somehow felt sure we would have a good time and get lots of fun if we did as he said."

BRINGING THE POLITICIANS TO TIME: The politicians did not know with what manner of man they had to deal. They called him "silk-stocking" and thought they could disregard him as a mere happening of a popular election. But like other great men the Assemblyman could bide his time. He studied the members gathered in that Assembly chamber till he could read them like open books. He knew who would be friends and who enemies. Then he threw down the gauntlet; the Assembly opened its eyes, gasped and sputtered and said it "would never do." Yet in two months this square-chinned Assemblyman held the Republican minority in the hollow of his hand and no one disputed his right. He delivered blow after blow until Jake Hess down in New York held his head in anguish. By dint of extraordinary pluck and hard work he succeeded in passing the famous Roosevelt Aldermanic Bill which deprived the City Council of New York of the right to veto the Mayor's appointments. This was the provision which had given Tweed and his followers such an easy opportunity of serving poor base ends. By a strange chance this bill made possible, a number of years later, his own appointment as Police Commissioner. But though it stands not as the most important piece of work he did in Albany, he accomplished so much else that the Assembly scarcely had time to draw breath between the attacks of the astonishing young man. He organized a committee to investigate the work of county officials in New York. The unhappiness of the County Clerk resulted. He had been gathering in fees to the amount of \$82,000 a year. The Sheriff, too, who had managed to obtain \$100,000 in the same manner, was a fellow-sufferer. Roosevelt continued to make them both salaried officials and many thousands of dollars were in consequence saved to the public. In spite of the gloomiest prognostications of professional politicians, his district was grateful to re-elect him twice and only refrained from sending him a further time because he had more important things to do. He fought dishonest politicians tooth and nail. He crushed under

his heel every blackmailing scheme that came within his jurisdiction. He gave no quarter to the trick man, but his friends he trusted implicitly.

ELECTED TO THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION:

By the time the Assemblyman had served his third term he had come to be of so much consequence in his party that he was sent to the Republican National Convention in Chicago in 1884. This was his first dip into national politics, and Andrew D. White, George William Curtis, and others of their class were the men with whom he was associated.

Notable successes in any line often seem to those who are watching mere accidents, and some lazy man is sure to call out from his obscure corner, "Why couldn't that have happened to me? I always was unlucky, anyway." If he could watch the long preparation, however; the tireless application and energy that precede the thing he calls "luck" he would bless the fate that withheld him from such labor. Roosevelt well deserved the victories which the world saw and wondered at, for he had made his whole previous life a school, and in it he had been faithfully learning the rudiments of politics and statesmanship, and gaining the discipline which he needed.

He studied history eagerly and retained what he learned. He knew the story of the American nation from its earliest beginning. While he was still in college he became a close student of "The Federalist," which he calls the greatest book of its kind ever written. The American patriots from Washington down were not mere historical characters, but models to be considered and intimate friends to be loved. He knew the principles upon which they worked, and could apply them when need was, yet he never neglected the study of men, for he thinks all the books in the world could not teach a man human nature.

HIS LITERARY LABORS: His literary work began with the "Naval War of 1812," published before he was twenty-three years old. With all the absorbing duties that crowded upon him immediately afterward, the natural verdict would have been that this book was the last of Theodore Roosevelt, author. The critics, after their enthusiastic praise of it, probably sighed a little at the thought of another good writer lost to the world, but he surprised them all. In seventeen years he has written more books than many another man who has made literature his profession. His "History of the Naval War" finds a place in the library of every American ship. His books on hunting are classics to hunters, and as a historian he has become famous on two continents. Although the greater part of his literary effort has been spent on American his-

tory, he has touched on almost every subject from big game hunting to authoritative papers on the discrimination of species and species of the larger mammals of the West. He has written four volumes on the "Winning of the West," a history treating of the acquisition by the American men of the territory west of the Alleghanies. The amount of energy and original research necessary for such a history were enormous, and illustrate well the Governor's infinite capacity for work. He has learned the power of using every moment to the best advantage. Jacob I. Reiss, author of "How the Other Half Lives," says that even during the important period of Governor Roosevelt's service in the New York police department, whenever there was a lull between his various duties he would write a paragraph or two on a book or an article he was preparing, with entire forgetfulness of everything but that. Again, he would catch up the work that was always lying ready to his hand and read with the utmost concentration until someone would interrupt him.

Other books written by Theodore Roosevelt are a "Life of T. H. Benton," a "Life of Governor Morris," a "History of the City of New York," a series of hero tales from American history and an "Imperial History of the British Navy" in collaboration with Captain A. T. Mahan. His volume of essays on America is a tribute to patriotism which any true son of the Union is proud to read. His last work is the picturesque, entertaining "Story of the Rough Riders." Besides these historical books he has written three bulky volumes on "The Wilderness Hunter," "Huntings Trips of a Ranchman," "Ranch Life and the Hunting Trail." Ranch life indeed has played a large part in Roosevelt's literary career, and in his political history, perhaps, as well. For after the din and heat and strife of politics, where the horizon line is no farther away than the limits of a man's day, he would seek his ranch on the outskirts of North Dakota and think; the perspective, in some way, was greater there, and he saw the solution of problems more clearly. The great solitude following the great crowd kept the balance true.

FAVORITE BOOKS: During these spaces of quiet he wrote much and read also. Among his favorite books in the wilderness were the stories of J. Fenimore Cooper, Hawthorne, and Irving, the works of Lowell, and the poems of Burns. On the rough shelf beside these were books on hunting, trapping and natural history, but the author who seemed to fit in best with the spirit of the place was Edgar Allen Poe. In speaking of him Roosevelt says: "When one is in the Bad Lands he

feels as if they somehow look just exactly as Poe's tales and poems sound."

RANCH LIFE: Intellectual pleasures, however, were not allowed to interfere with the young Assemblyman's experiencing the unusual life in all its various phases. In a flannel shirt, with his overalls tucked into alligator boots, he worked his own ranch, which was so far away from humanity—once he shot a deer from the doorway of his own cabin. When a "round-up" was in question Roosevelt was one of the first on the scene; what his men ate, he also ate, and at night he slept on the skins of buffaloes which had fallen under his bullet.

ROOSEVELT A "TENDERFOOT": When the embryo ranchman first appeared in North Dakota civilization, with his silver-mounted weapons, and his inevitable glasses, he was dubbed "The four-eyed tenderfoot." One blustering cowboy said he would like to run across such a tenderfoot; he would fill him full of holes faster than he could wink. The remark was repeated to Roosevelt, and with characteristic promptness he rode straight to his neighbor's house; after a time the two came out together. No one ever knew just what had happened, but they were friends ever afterwards. Indeed, the "tenderfoot" showed every kind of courage ever defined in the dictionary. He rose without a quaver in a meeting of reckless cowboys and scored one of them, the Sheriff, as a liar, a hypocrite and a man utterly unfit for office. The chances were ten to one that he would never live to finish his speech, but even with the Sheriff's pistol before him he did not flinch. The rest of the company sat in silence. The accused man's head dropped lower and lower and when the meeting was over his reputation was gone forever.

On another occasion cattle were stolen from Roosevelt's ranch. He followed the thieves for two weeks with the utmost boldness, though a pistol aimed from some sheltering bush might have ended his life at any moment. Finally he captured them, and had them sent to the penitentiary at Mandan for three years.

AN ENCOUNTER WITH A BEAR: Again, he was charged upon by a wounded grizzly, while he was out hunting alone.

"I held true," he says, "aiming behind the shoulder, and my bullet shattered the point or lower end of his heart, taking out a big nick. Instantly the great bear turned with a harsh roar of fury and challenge, blowing the bloody foam from his mouth, so that I saw the gleam of his white fangs, and then he charged straight at me, crashing and bounding through the laurel bushes, so that it was hard to aim. I waited until he came to a fallen tree, raking him, as he topped it, with a ball,

which entered his chest and went through the cavity of his body, but he neither swerved nor flinched, and at the moment I did not know that I had struck him. He came steadily on, and in another second was almost upon me. I fired for his forehead, but my bullet went low, entering his open mouth, smashing his lower jaw and going into the neck. I leaped to one side almost as I pulled the trigger, and through the hanging smoke the first thing I saw was his paw as he made a vicious side-blow at me. The rush of his charge carried him past. As he struck he lurched forward, leaving a pool of bright blood where his muzzle hit the ground, but he recovered himself, and made two or three jumps onward, while I hurriedly jammed a couple of cartridges into the magazine, my rifle holding only four, all of which I had fired. Then he tried to pull up, but as he did so his muscles seemed suddenly to give way, his head dropped, and he rolled over and over like a shot rabbit. Each of my first three bullets had inflicted a mortal wound."

Such instances of courage as these made Theodore Roosevelt not only respected but loved by the sturdy Western population that adores a brave man and a strong one. When the cowboys and ranchmen were ready to ride to war they knew the leader they could trust, and they found him.

RETURN TO NEW YORK: From these pilgrimages to the West, Roosevelt returned to New York and politics again, with a mind so active and a physical elasticity so perfect that turning the city upside down and back again seemed mere child's play.

In 1886 he ran for Mayor against Abram S. Hewitt. He fought hard for the principles and ideals of the Republican party, and though he lost in the race, had the satisfaction of polling the largest Republican majority ever given before in the municipal contest.

ROOSEVELT BELIEVES IN HIS PARTY: Until Mayor Strong was elected Roosevelt believed firmly in his party. "There are times," he says, "when it may be the duty of a man to break with his party and there are other times when it may be his duty to stand by his party, even though, on some points, he thinks that party wrong. If we had not party allegiance, our politics would become mere windy anarchy, and under present conditions our government would hardly continue at all. If we had no independence we should always be running the risk of the most degraded kind of despotism—the despotism of the party 'boss' and the party machine. Yet," he says again, "I do not number party allegiance among the commandments."

The voters who are behind Theodore Roosevelt know what this

means, that if the wishes of his party conflict with an honest, straightforward course, he will do what seems right and leave the wishes of his party to take care of themselves.

ROOSEVELT AS CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSIONER: After a period of private life during which he had been doggedly fighting political jobbery, Roosevelt again came into public notice in 1889, as President of the United States Civil Service Commission under President Harrison. He found a task before him after his own heart. There was great evil to correct, and in the course of it he would have as much excitement in rounding up dishonest politicians as in managing wild horses on the plains. He would need the same alertness, the same coolness and presence of mind in the crises that occurred as if he were once more meeting the wild animal at bay, gathered for the spring that would end its life, or that of the hunter. He rubbed against politicians of every kind, true and shifty, strong and weak those who were brave, and those who were ready to "knife" a man in the back. Where tact and diplomacy would win he did not fail to use them, neither did he spare force if it were necessary. He struck straight out from the shoulder and shattered the sophistries of his wheedling opponent with one blow. The spoilsman he condemned equally with the bribe-giver. He fought day and night the man who wanted office at the hand of his political friend because he had helped elect him and not because he was in any way fitted for the position he aspired to hold. Favoritism was not in the vocabulary of the new Commissioner. His duty was to enforce the Civil Service laws, and he did it so rigidly that for the first time in the history of the nation colored men as well as white in the service of the Government were rendered secure in their position.

Roosevelt served as Civil Service Commissioner for four years under President Harrison, and because of his efficiency for two years more, under Cleveland, a Democratic President. He left as a result of his six years' labor 20,000 new places brought within the scope of the Civil Service law, and 20,000 opportunities less for unscrupulous politicians to fill them.

ROOSEVELT AS POLICE COMMISSIONER: Roosevelt again in 1895 had an opportunity of proving his mettle as never before. Mr. Strong had been elected Mayor of New York on reform principles and he was gathering about him men brave, rough and fearless enough to attack the mighty fortress of corruption bequeathed by Tammany. The Mayor offered Roosevelt the position of "Street Cleaning Commissioner." This he declined. The Mayor then put him in the vanguard of action on

the Board of Police Commissioners. It was bi-partisan, made up of two Republicans and two Democrats. Roosevelt at once became its President and there followed a drama which would establish forever the reputation of any stage manager who could place it on the boards.

No time was lost—within thirty days Roosevelt had showed his hand, and the most insignificant policeman began to feel a trifle uneasy, while his superior officers on the force were in a perfect fever of alarm. Yet his policy was a very simple one. He meant to be honest and to enforce the laws as he found them on the statute books. But as far as the police force was concerned, honesty had a foreign sound. The Lexow Investigating Committee a short time before had rooted out the fact that the New York police department, known far and wide as the finest in the world, was rotten to its core. Law-breakers handed over enormous bribes to the force and received in return the "protection of the law." From Police Commissioner to the commonest policeman, all bad men were involved in a gigantic plot to levy blackmail upon liquor dealers and keepers of evil resorts. They had made distinctions between rich and poor, and sometimes, if it were to their advantage, had enforced the excise law compelling saloons to close on Sunday. The saloon-keepers, for instance, who ran a penny-a-drink saloon on Third avenue was an excellent subject to make an example of and unless he could help Tammany politically or in some other way, not an inch could he open his doors on Sundays. But his rich brother, paying high for the privilege, of course, received his customers freely all day long, while the officers on his beat winked at him.

Roosevelt swept away all distinctions with a wave of his hand. The Croesus behind the bar found to his dismay that his ducats were no longer effective. Closed and locked his doors must be, front doors, side doors and rear doors, during the forbidden hours and days, or the law would have it out with him. It was no use for him to buy over the underlings of the police corps; they knew what would happen; it had happened before; Roosevelt would make an incognito tour some time and catch them at it; they would lose their places, then what? The few honest members of the force were having their innings at last. It made no difference what a man's party was; he was judged impartially on his own merits. One of the great temptations to be neutral and inefficient where prompt action was necessary was removed by the new Commissioner. Before his day if a vicious tough tore off the tails of a policeman's coat he was obliged to replace his coat at his own expense; or if he ruined his clothes in giving chase to a law-breaker, or in any

other way, the loss was his own. Roosevelt changed all of this; he said that a new uniform for one spoiled in such service was the smallest reward a man should have.

Virtue began to have encouragement, and although the policemen feared Roosevelt at first, they began to learn before long that he was as quick to reward as to punish. A roundsman captured a dangerous burglar at the risk of his life; another saved a family from a burning building, although it seemed to mean certain death. Both were promoted to higher offices. Then some politicians came to Roosevelt and protested. "Those men," they said, "are Irish-Catholics and Democrats, and you have rewarded them, while you have just reduced two who were Americans, Protestants and Republicans."

"What do I care for that?" answered the President of the Board, with fire severe. "If they were half a dozen times Americans, Protestants, Republicans, and didn't do their duty, off would come their heads."

The enforcement of the excise law change was the hardest for the city to brook. The German laborer was disconsolate without his Sunday beer, while up town was a body of men sad-faced because they could not get their Sabbath cocktail.

Roosevelt's enemies openly condemned him. The "yellow journals" attacked him with all their scurrilous abuse; part of the Board was against him; even his friends suggested that he modify his course. His life was threatened. Dynamite bombs were left in his office. Yet his only answer to it all was: "If you don't like the law, repeal it; while it exists, I enforce it." It was as if this one man were playing a game of tug-of-war, holding his end of the rope alone against the whole city. But he wavered never. He braced himself like steel and inch by inch he gained his ground. He was not afraid to use summary measures. If a police captain would not obey, he tried his own tactics on him and arrested him. The whole police force found it expedient to carry out orders, and good conduct was at a premium.

Finally, under pressure of threatened charges by Dr. Parkhurst, Byrnes, the omnipotent superintendent of police, resigned in favor of Inspector Peter F. Colin. With this stumbling block removed, Roosevelt could make the regeneration of the police force complete. .

In a six months' campaign he had won the city; every saloon in New York obeyed the law. Crime had lessened, 2,000 new men had been appointed on the force—every one under Civil Service rules, without regard to color, race, nationality, religion or politics. For three and

one-half years the city knew what it meant to have honesty and efficiency exemplified in the most of her servants. Her citizens walked the streets safely by day, and at night slept securely under their guardianship. But at last there came an hour when the great crowd gathered in City Hall Park to watch the election returns. Towards midnight half of it turned quietly and sorrowfully away. The rest remained to "toot" horns, build bonfires, swear, curse, and drink free drinks, for the work of four years had crumbled in a day. Tammany had returned to power, and the sons of the "Tiger" were waiting to make merry in the carnage.

Roosevelt had done his best for the time, but the tyranny of Croker cannot be broken in one administration. The powers of reform had overrated their strength. They had fought fair, but their adversary never loses where foul means will win. Yet, even in the midst of defeat the upright citizens of the city were beginning to arm themselves with better weapons and if the all-powerful Croker could have looked forward into the future a few months, if he could have seen himself upon the witness stand before the Mazet Investigating Committee, with the righteous vengeance of Theodore Roosevelt, Governor, still pursuing him, he would not have smiled so complacently on the fourth of November, while his obedient subjects reinstated him in power and bent their knees before him.

At first Theodore Roosevelt was determinedly opposed to being considered a candidate for Vice-President. He did all in his power to prevent his name from going before the convention. But the demand of the delegates from almost every section was so imperative that he was forced to yield his private views and feelings to their overwhelming request.

SUMMARY OF LIFE AND SERVICES OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Born, New York, October 27, 1858; graduated from Harvard, 1880; State Assemblyman, 1882-83-84; nominated for Mayor of New York in 1886; appointed Civil Service Commissioner, 1889; President New York Police Commissioners, 1895; appointed Assistant Secretary of Navy, 1897; resigned from Navy Department in 1898 and organized "Rough Riders;" led the "Rough Riders" in the charge up San Juan Hill, July 1, 1898; elected Governor of New York November, 1898; nominated for Vice-President, June 21, 1900.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

WILLIAM J. BRYAN—HIS LIFE AND PUBLIC SERVICES.

An effort to establish a more equitable and generous administration of affairs rapidly crystallized and met with a far greater success than its most sanguine adherents dared to hope in 1896. The necessity of having a leader who had the courage to dare, and the mind to conceive of new methods, which would compel the attention of the interested public, was fortunately met by the nomination of Bryan by the Democratic party at its national convention held that year.

William Jennings Bryan was born in Salem, Marion County, Illinois, on March 19, 1860. When fifteen years of age he entered Whipple Academy at Jacksonville and graduated from Illinois College in the class of 1881, of which he was valedictorian. He attended the Union College of Law in Chicago for the next two years, studying in the office of the Hon. Lyman Trumbull. After practicing law for a time in Jacksonville, Bryan, in 1887, became a member of the law firm of Talbot & Bryan, at Lincoln, Nebraska. He was elected to Congress in 1890, and re-elected in 1892. He declined the nomination in 1894, and was nominated by the Democratic State Convention for the United States Senate by the unanimous vote of the Convention. The Legislature, however, being Republican, Bryan was defeated for the Senatorship. After his term in Congress expired, he devoted his time exclusively to spreading the doctrine of Free Silver and kindred topics.

Bryan first became a political factor in the State politics of Nebraska in 1888, and in that year declined a nomination for Lieutenant-Governor. When nominated for Congress he wrote a platform on which he ran. He won fame as a political orator, paying particular attention to the question of the tariff.

The success that attended his first political effort is remarkable. During a pause in the proceedings of the Democratic State Convention, some of the delegates who were admirers of his gift of eloquence, and also of his views, called upon him for a speech. It was not a time most favorable for success. Bryan made the best of it. Devoting himself exclusively to the tariff, he soon had the audience upon its feet. The force of his logic and argument united with his eloquence and brilliancy were irresistible and his reputation throughout the State was firmly laid.

He scored his first great oratorical success in Congress on March 12, 1892. He spoke partly as follows:

"The day will come, and that soon, I trust, when wiser economic politics will prevail than those to which the Republican party is wedded; when the laws in this country will be made for all and not for a few; when those who annually congregate about their capital, seeking to use the taxing powers for purposes of gain, will have lost their occupation; when the burdens of government will be equally distributed and its blessings likewise."

Bryan entered Congress in 1891 to fight a new battle; for he at once identified himself with the silver forces, and in the silver debates of that Congress laid the foundation for his political future.

Mr. Bland recognized the sterling worth and brilliant gifts of the young orator, and in the second term of his service Bryan was Bland's right hand man. It was not until this time that Bryan became an out and out silver leader himself. His youth was greatly against him. It was a crime of which he could not divest himself. With his smooth face, clean cut features, and sparkling eyes, there was no mercy shown him by the experienced parliamentary leaders. However, his propensity for making friends in spite of his youth and inexperience resulted in his being of service to Crisp in his canvass for the Speakership, which was rewarded later by a place on the Ways and Means Committee.

But it was in the Campaign of 1896 that he rose as the bright particular star of his party. Possessed of an unflinching determination to present the dangers of the encroachment of the Republican party upon all questions of vital importance to the great masses of the American people, he continued his efforts to arouse them to the enormity of their danger, and it is claimed that through his efforts and appeals the workmen of to-day are so well informed on affairs connected with the conduct of the government. It is claimed that not until his campaign did they enter so heartily into making a complete and intelligent investigation of the true status of their own position in the political world. The multitude of home-makers pursuing their labors, neglected their rights; in carrying the burdens of their toil they left the cares of state to the tender mercies of the few. The lesson to the workers during the years past has been severe, but it is not likely that it will be necessary to have it repeated. A clear comprehension of their own strength and power has given to the workmen a determination to settle the questions as their own consciences and hearts dictate.

Bryan's speech on the day before the National Democratic Conven-

tion on the silver coinage question and allied topics, was the direct cause of his nomination by that body. He is the youngest man who ever received a majority of votes of any influential political party, being at that time but thirty-six years of age.

In the *North American Review* for June, 1900, over his own signature he writes the following:

"In 1896 the Democrats refused to be any longer parties to their, the Republicans', duplicity, and took an open and unequivocal position, favorable to the immediate restoration of bi-metallism by the independent action of this country at the present legal ratio. This positive and definite platform was necessary because of the cunningly devised evasions and ambiguities which had been written into the platform of the two leading parties. The Republican leaders, on the other hand, continued their policy of deception and held out to the Republican bi-metallists of the West the delusive hope of an international agreement, while they openly promised the Eastern believers in monometallism that the gold standard would be maintained until an international agreement could be secured, and secretly assured them that that meant forever.

"In 1896 the money question occupied by far the greater portion of public attention. Since 1896 the same sordid doctrine that manifested itself in the gold standard had manifested itself in several new ways, and to-day three questions contest for supremacy—the money question, the trust question, and imperialism. There are several other questions of scarcely less importance, but the lines of division upon these run practically parallel with the lines which separate the people upon the three greater ones. If a man opposes the gold standard, trusts and imperialism—all three—the chances are a hundred to one that he is in favor of arbitration, the income tax, and the election of United States Senators by a direct vote of the people, and is opposed to government by injunction, and the black list. If a man favors the gold standard, the trusts, and imperialism—all three—the chances are equally great that he regards the demand for arbitration as an impertinence, defends government by injunction and the black list, views the income tax as "a discouragement to thrift," and will oppose the election of Senators by the people, as soon as he learns that it lessens the influence of corporations in the Senate."

In regard to the *Income Tax*, Bryan says:

"For many years after the Civil War the Republicans held undisputed control of the federal government and an appeal to the prejudices

and passions aroused by the conflict was sufficient answer to any criticism or complaint coming from the party out of power. During this period class legislation became the order of the day and wealth not alone sought favors from the government but seemed exempt from just burdens. When war taxes were to be reduced, the taxes bearing upon the rich were taken off first. When the income tax was about to be repealed Senator Sherman of Ohio, placed his protest on record in the following language:

“I hope that after full discussion, nobody will vote for striking out the income tax. It seems to me to be one of the plainest propositions in the world. Before the people of the United States the question is whether the property of this country cannot stand a tax of \$20,000,000 when the consumption of the people stands a tax of \$300,000,000, and I think they will quickly answer it. The property holders came here and demanded the repeal of the only tax that bears upon their property when we have to tax everything, the food of the poor, the clothing of the poor, and all classes of the people \$300,000,000.

“High duties were placed upon the necessaries of life on the ground that import industries required assistance, with the result that the owners of the aided industries grew rich while home owning decreased and tenancy increased among the consumers.’”

The issues of the campaign of 1900 Mr. Bryan holds are paramount even to those of 1896, with a full comprehension of affairs of state constantly growing worse under a Republican rule; he has devoted his time and talent to the enlightenment of the people. A large measure of success due to the naturally advancing prosperity has been put to the credit of the Republican party, but the undercurrent of facts, the changing of precedent in the laws of the land, a contempt shown by them for the spirit and traditions of the country, have been the real predominant issues secretly at work among its members.

Bryan in his patriotism reproaches the Republican party for this state of affairs in terms easy to comprehend.

“The trust question is more easily understood than the money question. The trust question was in the campaign of 1896, and the menace of the trust was then pointed out, but the warning was unheeded. Now the heavy hand of monopoly is laid upon so many that there is a growing protest against a system which permits a few men to control each branch of industry, fix the rate of wages, the price of raw materials, and the price of the finished product.

“The Ohio Republican platform recently adopted demands that ‘so-

called trusts shall be so regulated from time to time, and so restricted as to guarantee immunity from hurtful monopoly.'

"A monopoly is not hurtful to those who operate it, and if they can control the government they will be sure to decide that it is not hurtful to anyone.

"The Philippine question is even plainer than the trust question, and those who will be benefited by an imperial policy are even less in number than those who may be led to believe that they would share in the benefits of a gold standard or of a private monopoly. Here again, the Republicans dare not outline their policy. The nearest approach to a plan is outlined in the Spooner Bill, but this is far from definite. It means that when the war is over (no one knows when that will be), the President is to do something (no one knows what) and is to keep at it (no one knows how long) and that then Congress is to take some action (the nature of which no one can guess). Why this evasion? There can be but one reason for it, that the Republicans have decided upon a policy which they are not willing to outline because they dare not risk the judgment of the American people in an open contest between the doctrine that governments rest upon force and the doctrine that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed.

"* * * * * A Republic can have no subjects. The doctrine is entirely at variance with the principles upon which this government has been founded. An imperial policy nullifies every principle set forth in the Declaration of Independence.

"The Porto Rico tariff law illustrates this new doctrine. The flag is separated from the Constitution, and the Porto Ricans are notified that they must obey the laws that are made for them and pay the taxes levied upon them and yet have no share in our bill of rights or in our Constitution. No monarch or tyrant in all history ever exercised more despotic power than the Republicans now claim for the President and Congress.

"* * * * * One of the great objections to imperialism is that it destroys our proud pre-eminence among the nations. When the doctrine of self-government is abandoned, the United States will cease to be a factor in the world's progress. We cannot preach the doctrine that governments come up from the people, and at the same time practice the doctrine that governments rest upon brute force. We cannot set a high and honorable example for the emulation of mankind while we roam the world like beasts of prey seeking whom we may devour. * * *

"Surely the rapid development of plutocracy during the last few

years will arouse the people to the dangers which threaten our Republic. The warning voice of history cannot longer be disregarded. No nation has ever travelled so far in the same space of time, from democracy to plutocracy, as has this nation during the last ten years. Foreign influence, described by Washington as 'one of the most baneful foes of Republican government' has been felt as never before. Fortunes have been made more suddenly than ever before. Wealth has been concentrated in the hands of the few more rapidly than ever before. Corporate capital exerts an influence over government more potent than ever before. Money is more freely used than ever before to corrupt elections. What is to be the end? Can any thoughtful person believe that these conditions promise well for a Republic? Are we not following in the footsteps of Rome as described by Fronde?

"To make money by any means, lawful or unlawful, became the universal passion. Money. The cry was still money. Money was the one thought from the highest Senator to the poorest wretch who sold his vote in the Comitia.

"Instead of regarding the recent assault upon the Constitutional government—the attempted overthrow of American principles as a matter of destiny, we may rather consider it as the last plague, the slaying of the first born, which will end the bondage of the American people and bring deliverance from the Pharaohs who are enthroning Mammon and debasing mankind."

SUMMARY OF LIFE AND SERVICES OF WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN.

Born at Salem, Ill., March 19, 1860; graduated Illinois College, Jacksonville, 1881; graduated Union College of Law, Chicago, 1883; married to Miss Mary E. Baird, at Perry, Ill., 1884; practiced law at Jacksonville, 1883-7; removed to Lincoln, Neb., 1887; member Congress, 1891-5; received Democratic vote for Senator in Nebraska, 1893; nominated in Nebraska Democratic convention for Senator, 1894; editor Omaha World-Herald, 1894-6; nominated for President by Chicago convention day after "Cross of Gold" speech, July, 1896; traveled 18,000 miles in speaking campaign, 1896; defeated for Presidency by William McKinley, November, 1896; Colonel of Nebraska volunteers, 1898; nominated for President by Democratic National Convention, Kansas City, July 5, 1900.

CHAPTER XXXV.

ADLAI E. STEVENSON — HIS LIFE AND PUBLIC SERVICE.

Adlai E. Stevenson was born in Christian county, Ky., on October 23, 1835. His ancestors had been tillers of the soil for several generations. Adlai Stevenson's father was a Kentucky planter. The boyhood of the present nominee for Vice-President was spent on his father's estate. He attended the common school in an old log schoolhouse until he was 17 years old, when his parents removed to Bloomington, Ill., in 1852. For some time thereafter Adlai was a student in the Illinois Wesleyan University in that city, but afterward returned to Danville, Ky., where his academic career was completed at Center College, a Presbyterian institution of learning. He began studying law before his college course was finished. He returned to Bloomington, Ill., entered the office of Robert E. Williams, of Bloomington, as a law student, and at the age of 23 was admitted to the bar in May, 1857. He then removed to Metamora, Woodford county, Ill., where he began the practice of his profession, appearing frequently in the courts of Woodford and McLean counties, especially at Bloomington. In 1860 he was appointed master in chancery, which position he filled for four years.

Before young Stevenson had attained his majority he began making political speeches. He was especially prominent in what was known at that time as the Know-Nothing campaign, and made numerous addresses denouncing the proscriptive tendencies of certain parties. This enhanced his popularity among the large Irish and German population of his home county.

In 1864 he canvassed the State for the Democratic candidates for electors, of whom he was one. He was at the same time a candidate on the Democratic ticket for the office of prosecuting attorney for the twenty-third judicial district, and was elected. This position at that time had to be filled by riding through several counties on horseback or by stage.

He held this office for four years and at its expiration, having remained in Metamora ten years, returned to Bloomington in 1869, which has ever since been his home.

Mr. Stevenson did a great deal of work in helping to raise the troops from his district during the Civil War, showing himself in every particular a thoroughly loyal man to the State and the Nation. In the year

of his return to Bloomington he formed a partnership with his cousin, J. S. Ewing, which existed for many years.

Mr. Stevenson was one of the earliest advocates of currency reform, and was nominated for Congress on that issue in 1874 by the Democrats of the Bloomington district. The district was reliably Republican by about 3,000 majority, but Mr. Stevenson drew to his support many independents, and after a very exciting canvass was elected. He defeated his Republican opponent, the late General John C. McNulta, by 1,232 votes. While in the Forty-fourth Congress he served on the Committee of the District of Columbia and Territories.

In 1876 Mr. Stevenson was renominated for Congress by acclamation. This was a Presidential year, and, the party lines being very closely drawn, he was defeated by about 250 plurality. President Hayes carried the same district by nearly 3,000 majority. In the short session of the Forty-fourth Congress Mr. Stevenson took part in the exciting canvass of the electoral votes in the Tilden-Hayes contest, and was an outspoken advocate of a peaceful settlement. At the end of his term he resumed his law practice. In 1877 he served as a member of the board of visitors to West Point.

In 1878 he was again nominated for Congress in the Bloomington district by the National Greenback-Labor party. He was accepted by the Democrats and carried every county in the district, receiving 13,870 votes, against 12,058 votes for Congressman T. F. Tipton, Republican, and 134 votes for L. M. Bickmore, Prohibitionist. His own county, which in 1876 gave Hayes nearly 2,000 majority, and in 1880 gave Garfield over 2,000 majority, was carried by Mr. Stevenson.

In the Forty-sixth Congress Mr. Stevenson served as chairman of the Committee on Mines and Mining. In 1880 he was again renominated, and, although a Presidential year, was defeated by but little more than 200 votes. At the end of his term, in 1881, he again returned to his law practice at Bloomington. In 1882, the State having meanwhile been redistricted, Mr. Stevenson was again a candidate for Congress, and came within 350 votes of carrying the new district. This was his last candidacy for Congress.

In 1884 Mr. Stevenson was a delegate to the Democratic National Convention in Chicago, and after President Cleveland's election was appointed First Assistant Postmaster-General. He endeavored to put the civil service law into effect, and it was said of him that he never discharged a man for political reasons merely. But he was outspoken in his belief that, other things being equal, when reputable and efficient

Democratic applicants were candidates for these offices, it was his duty to displace the Republican holders and appoint Democrats. Mr. Stevenson's official career in the postal department gave him a national reputation for courage and integrity. He retired from this office in March, 1889.

President Cleveland nominated Mr. Stevenson, without his consent, as Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia. In the meantime a Republican President had been elected, and the Senate hung up the appointment, so that the nomination was neither affirmed nor rejected.

In April, 1892, he was elected delegate-at-large to the Democratic National Convention at Chicago and became chairman of his delegation. It was at this convention he received his first nomination for the Vice-Presidency, which resulted in his election.

As Vice-President during the next four years Mr. Stevenson made one of the most dignified and urbane presiding officers that the United States Senate has ever known. He was popular with the leaders of both parties and his rulings were admittedly non-partisan. In personal appearance he is an ideal presiding officer, being of commanding presence and over six feet tall. Since the close of the Cleveland administration, in March, 1897, Mr. Stevenson has devoted himself to his law practice, but has also been in constant demand as a speaker at important public gatherings.

Mrs. Adlai Stevenson was formerly Miss Letitia Green of Danville, Ky., the daughter of Dr. Lewis W. Green, an eminent Presbyterian minister, who was president of Center College, Danville, Ky., up to the time of his death. She was married to Mr. Stevenson in 1866. They have four children, one son and three daughters, all of whom are living. Mrs. Stevenson, though she has spent many years at the capital, has not mingled much in its society, but is quiet and retiring. She is a great-granddaughter of Joshua Fry, and has served as president of the Daughters of the American Revolution. Their Illinois home has been in Bloomington, and they have lived there when not in Washington.

It is an interesting coincidence that the Democratic ticket will be a Presbyterian one. Mr. Stevenson is a member of the Second Presbyterian Church of Bloomington, while Mr. Bryan is a member of the First Church of Lincoln.

SUMMARY OF LIFE AND SERVICES OF ADLAI EWING STEVENSON.

Born in Christian county, Ky., October 23, 1835; entered Center College, Danville, Ky., 1850; removed to Bloomington, Ill., 1851, and studied law; removed to Metamora, Ill., 1859; master in chancery of Circuit Court and district attorney, 1860-1868; nominated Democratic Presidential elector, 1864; married to daughter of Dr. L. W. Green, 1866; returned to Bloomington and opened law office, 1869; elected to Congress, 1874; defeated for Congress, 1876; elected to Congress, 1878; delegate to Chicago convention, 1884; First Assistant Postmaster-General, 1885; elected Vice-President, 1892; nominated for Vice-President by Kansas City convention, July 6, 1900.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

JOHN G. WOOLLEY—HIS LIFE AND PUBLIC SERVICES.

This orator, one of the most eloquent and convincing of our country to-day, was born in the town of Collinsville, near Cincinnati, Ohio, February 15, 1850. His parents, Edwin C. and Elizabeth K. H. Woolley, were old residents of Ohio, their parents being among the first settlers.

John G. Woolley graduated from Ohio Wesleyan College, in 1871, and attended the law school of the University of Michigan the following year. He was admitted to the bar in the Supreme Court of Illinois in 1873, in the Supreme Court of Minnesota in 1878, and in the Supreme Court of the United States in 1886, made city attorney of Paris, Ill., in 1876-77, and State's attorney, at Minneapolis, Minn., from 1884 to 1886.

Mr. Woolley, to use his own words, "became a Christian and a party Prohibitionist at the same instant," January 31, 1888, in New York City. He immediately joined the Church of the Strangers, church of the late Dr. Deems, and launched out into active Christian and Prohibition party work. Soon acquiring a reputation as a speaker of wonderful power and marvelous flexibility of language, Mr. Woolley was sought upon all occasions in Prohibition and temperance work. Since 1888 he has, on an average, made one speech a day. In the fall of 1892 he went to England, as the guest of Lady Henry Somerset, and spoke nearly every day during seven months in the cities of England, Scotland and Wales. The next year he was engaged by the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor of Illinois to lecture for 300 nights in succession on "Inalienable Rights." For several years past Mr. Woolley has been the speaker par excellence of many of the largest and most important religious, political and temperance conventions. Of his speech in Madison Square Garden at the international Y. P. S. C. E. convention in 1893, Murat Halstead, editor of the Brooklyn Standard-Union, said: "Now, Bourke Cochran (the famous New York Tammany speaker) is an orator, but he never got off anything that spun the sunshine into streak of golden fire like that."

Mr. Woolley is married, and has three sons. The best of his speeches already made—he is still making them with all the old-time fire—have been gathered and published in a volume entitled "Seed."

HENRY B. METCALF—HIS LIFE AND PUBLIC SERVICES.

Henry Brewer Metcalf was born in Boston, April 2, 1829. He was educated at the English High School in his native city. In 1856 he went to Roxbury, where he remained for eight years, very active in political work, although not a candidate for office.

In 1864 he moved to Winchester and became very active in politics as a working Republican, except in the Greeley campaign. In 1872 he moved to Pawtucket, R. I. Two years later he helped to reorganize the town government after some important annexations. In 1885 he was elected to the State Senate, and was nominated for re-election, but was defeated by liquor men and their sympathizers whom he had always vigorously opposed.

At fifteen years of age he was apprenticed to a dry-goods importing and jobbing firm in Boston, and through that channel he became interested in manufacturing, to which, since 1872, he has given his entire attention. He has held official positions in several manufacturing corporations, and is now president of the Providence County Savings Bank of Pawtucket. For twenty years he was trustee of Tufts College and is at present (1895) vice-president of the corporation.

Mr. Metcalf has been a lifelong Universalist, and, since 1891, he has been president of the national organization of that denomination. For more than sixty continuous years he has attended Sunday school, and for over thirty years has been Sunday-school superintendent.

All his life Mr. Metcalf has been a temperance man. He was one of the leaders in the Republican "anti-saloon movement," of the Law Enforcement party of Rhode Island in 1889, and of the Union party in 1890. For many years he was president of the Rhode Island Temperance Union, and in that capacity very active in the prohibitory-amendment campaign of 1886.

A Whig up to 1860, in that year he became a Republican. In 1888 he left the Republican party and called himself an Independent. In 1890 he joined the Prohibition party. In 1893 the Prohibitionists of Rhode Island nominated him for governor. In 1894 he was again named as gubernatorial candidate.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

HISTORY OF THE SILVER QUESTION.

Before 1873 there was no silver question in this country. In the early years of the Republic but little silver was in circulation in the United States, although by the Act of April 2, 1792, the coinage of the silver dollar (412.5 grains), the half dollar, the quarter dollar and the dime was authorized. The relative value of silver to gold in 1834 was 16 to 1.

"In 1870, Germany, and in 1873, the United States, passed laws demonetizing silver and discontinuing the privilege to the public of coining it at their mints. This action was followed later by the states of the Latin Union agreeing to suspend the coinage of silver, which, following the large increase in the production of silver from the mines of the United States, largely depressed its value, which, compared with gold, has averaged in the London market, for the eight years subsequent to 1875, about 1 to 18." So wrote Horatio C. Burchard, Director of the Mint, Washington, in 1883.

The era of high prices and high wages lasted for several years after the Civil War. The country was developing rapidly, especially in the West and North, and there was a great influx of immigrants from Europe. An enormous volume of European capital was poured into the United States, and flush times prevailed. This was known as "the inflation period," and the result was the panic in 1873. Then came hard times, years of falling prices and business failures, of dull trade and slackened enterprise.

The statute demonetizing silver in this country, passed in 1873, has been called "the crime of 1873." It has been asserted that there was "a world-wide conspiracy on the part of the money lenders to demonetize silver for their own individual profit," because at this time several countries—Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and the United States—either suspended silver coinage or adopted the gold standard.

Up to this time but little silver had been mined and coined in the United States. From 1789 to 1873 the entire silver-dollar coinage was only eight millions. The next two or three years the silver-mining business in the West picked up astonishingly. The yield of a single mine was \$16,000,000 in 1875. By a coincidence, some say, this rapid development of the silver industry occurred immediately after the demonetiza-

tion of silver. It is probably true that the congressmen who voted for the law of 1873, did not anticipate this sudden increase in the output of the white metal.

In January, 1875, the Resumption Act was passed. It was drawn up in the main by Senators Sherman and Edmunds, and it provided for the resumption of specie payments, January 1, 1879. The plain purport of this Act was that at this date and after, the Treasury should "redeem in coin the United States legal-tender notes then outstanding, on their presentation for redemption."

By coin, of course, gold was meant, but it occurred to some that it would be easier to redeem these notes with silver. Others favored the issuing of more greenbacks so as avert the ills attendant upon the contraction of the currency. It was a time when "fiat money" found many advocates and many more believers. This was the easy way to prosperity and it caused opposition to the resumption plans of the Administration. As a result, the Bland Bill was passed in 1877, "requiring purchase and coinage by the Government of two to four million silver dollars monthly." President Hayes' veto only delayed its enactment in 1878.

In the meanwhile the Secretary of the Treasury accumulated a stock of gold and prepared for resumption of specie payments. It is said that in December, 1878, "the premium on gold disappeared, for the first time since 1861; on January 1, specie payments were quietly resumed." It must be remembered that the success of resumption was partly dependent upon the enormous wheat crops of 1879, there being a failure in the grain harvest of this year in England and Europe. This was the beginning of better days in the United States.

In the meanwhile silver bullion was depreciating, and the silver surplus in the Treasury was increasing. In 1881 and 1882 the American grain crop was less than in 1879 and 1880, while the European crops of 1882 were extraordinarily large. The price of wheat in Chicago, \$1.40 in May, 1882, fell to 91½ cents in December. It was the same with cotton. There was reduced demand for iron, steel, and other staples. Railway freight earnings fell off. Imports were now far in excess of exports, and large shipments of gold were necessary.

At this time there was a surplus of public revenue over expenditure, more than one hundred and forty-five millions in 1882, against some seven millions in 1879. Congress now began to be extravagant, appropriating immense sums for pensions and for river and harbor appropriations. In the fall campaign of this year "legislation extrava-

gance" and "excessive revenue" were the volleying cries of the Democrats, who won in many of the State elections.

In the new Congress (of 1882-3) there was long and bitter wrangling over tariff revision. The Tariff Act of 1883,—like the revenue bills of 1872, 1894, and other years,—had the effect of upsetting business and deranging industry.

As the volume of business decreased, there was a lessened demand for money. "While, therefore, the silver currency was increasing with unaltered regularity, opportunity for its employment was decreasing even more rapidly. The question as to the movement of silver coin, in default of continuous commercial expansion, was now answered very emphatically. In 1883, as in the spring of 1880, a silver surplus again began to pile up in the Treasury. Foreign exchange moved heavily against us. Europe not only bought from the United States the smallest amount of merchandise in five years, but it sold in the American markets as large a supply of foreign goods as that of 1880, and sold in addition a heavy installment of its American securities. In March, 1884, \$12,200,000 gold was shipped to Europe; in April, \$21,000,000."

In 1884, there was a panic in New York city, where several banks failed or suspended, and financial depression prevailed throughout the country with falling prices, although the stock of money had increased more than five hundred million dollars in five years. Of this money more than two hundred millions was silver. In 1885 there was one hundred millions in idle coins stored away.

In 1886 Congress authorized the issue of silver certificates in small denominations, one, two, and five dollar bills. In two years these had replaced some thirty millions in legal tender notes. Again there was an excess of Government revenue over expenditure—some ninety millions in 1886, and \$119,612,115 in 1888. With this surplus the Government purchased outstanding bonds. As a result the circulation of national bank-notes decreased \$126,000,000 in the years 1886-90.

During these years it is asserted that the country absorbed \$200,000,000 in silver coin and certificates. Silver money had now largely taken the place of bank-notes and legal-tenders. "In 1891 the bank currency reached its lowest point since 1865."

These were years of trade expansion and "town-lot" speculation. These years of prosperity were marked by labor troubles, street-car strikes, riots and other industrial disturbances. The same years saw the gradual growth of trusts. In the meanwhile the public debt of the

United States was reduced nearly half a billion dollars, the interest-bearing debt in 1890 being \$725,000,000.

In 1890 a remarkable piece of financial legislation was passed by a Republican Congress. There being pronounced opposition to free-coinage, Mr. Windom, Secretary of the Treasury under Harrison, framed a compromise plan which has been characterized as "a political concession on the one hand, to the agrarian communities who demanded larger money circulation; on the other hand, to the silver-producing States of the Rocky Mountains and the Sierras." His plan was "that the Government should buy at the market price the entire annual silver output of the world, or as much of the output as silver-miners chose to offer; that it should store away this silver in bulk at Washington, paying for it, meantime, in notes of the United States."

For this unique measure a free-coinage act was substituted. The Compromise Silver Bill, sometimes known as the "Sherman Act," passed July 14, 1890, after a long discussion. By the terms of the Silver Purchase Bill of 1890, "the Treasury was directed to purchase 4,500,000 ounces of silver, or so much as might be offered at the market price, not to exceed \$1 for 371½ grains of pure silver, and to issue in payment therefor Treasury notes to be a legal-tender in payment for all debts, public and private, except when otherwise expressly stipulated in the contract, and when held by a national bank to be counted as a part of its reserve."

The effect of this legislation was to put into the market monthly five or six million dollars of silver currency. The price of silver per ounce suddenly advanced, from \$1.04 in July to \$1.21 in September, 1890. Then it rapidly dropped to 98 cents an ounce, and continued to fall.

Gold, being at a premium, was shipped to Europe in large quantities, and there was danger of a "run" on the gold reserve in the Treasury. Fortunately the wheat crop of the United States in 1891 was enormous, while there was a shortage in Europe, and the export of grain checked for a while the export of specie.

Early in 1892 the balance of trade was against us, and more gold went abroad. In the spring and summer there were shipments of the yellow metal to Europe at the rate of five to ten million dollars monthly. In the autumn the limit of "the hundred-million gold reserve" was nearly reached.

At the same time there was "a rapid shrinkage of gold receipts in revenue." As gold appreciated in value, it was hoarded more and more by the Government, by the banks and by individuals.

Congress made matters worse by wrangling over free-coinage and

by passing bills lessening the revenue. While economy should have been the watchword, appropriations for rivers and harbors were greatly increased.

Cleveland's election in 1892 was looked upon as a victory for the cause of "sound money," for his conservative position in respect to silver currency was well known. It must be remembered, however, that the silver Democrats were in the majority in a number of Western and Southern States.

This year the Populist party, which advocated "free and unlimited coinage of silver," polled a remarkably large vote in Kansas, Colorado, Idaho and Nevada. The Populist nominee for President, General Weaver of Iowa, received a vote of 1,042,631. In 1880, when running on "a fiat-money platform," he had polled 308,578 votes. This showed a gain in silver sentiment.

In the months of January and February, 1893, the Secretary of the Treasury had difficulty in keeping the gold reserve above one hundred millions. He left to his successor \$100,982,410 in gold and about \$25,000,000 of other kinds of money.

The new Administration had a hard problem to tackle. With the aid of the banks Secretary Carlisle tried to maintain the public credit, but the money and security markets were disordered, foreign exchange rose, and a financial panic was the outcome. "In all probability, the crash of 1893 would have come twelve months before, had it not been for the accident of 1891's great harvest, in the face of European famine."

Some powerful corporations went bankrupt, there was a run on the banks, and many were obliged to suspend. Failures of private banks and of loan and trust companies came thick and fast. Financial matters had reached a critical pass, when an extra session of Congress was called.

By a large majority the House voted to repeal the Silver-Purchase Law of 1890, "the Eastern and Middle States voting solidly against the West and South." The trade situation grew worse in the autumn, and the silver men declared that the business stagnation was due to the Repeal Bill. However, there were other causes at work, producing commercial depression—one being the hoarding of currency.

There was a heavy deficit in Government revenue, making it necessary to pay out the gold reserve for ordinary expenses. In December, 1893, it had fallen "twenty millions below the statutory limit." In January, 1894, it was less than \$68,000,000.

As Congress did nothing to relieve this embarrassing situation, the

Secretary of the Treasury, John G. Carlisle, issued "fifty million five per cent bonds, redeemable ten years after date." Subscriptions were to be paid in U. S. gold coin. The bonds were with the utmost difficulty sold, pressure being brought to bear on the New York banks, which reluctantly subscribed for \$40,000,000 worth. This expedient afforded only temporary relief, since the revenue deficit made it necessary for the Government to pay out several millions monthly. The surplus was soon used up, and the export of gold noticeably increased in the spring, owing to the recall of foreign capital invested in this country.

In the meanwhile other factors were operating to break up the plans of President Cleveland and Secretary Carlisle. The Administration was pledged to tariff revision. It was hoped by the Democratic legislators that a reduction in the customs duties would increase the revenue. Some of the import taxes under the McKinley Act of 1890 were so high as to be prohibitive, and as a revenue raiser this protection measure was disappointing. The Wilson Bill, too, was disappointing, in that it failed to bring the desired surplus. The income-tax was expected to make up for deficiencies, but the Income-Tax Law of 1894 was declared unconstitutional, and no public income was derived from this source.

Again it became necessary to issue bonds, because of the depleted gold reserve, which in October, 1894, had fallen to nearly fifty-two millions. "An endless chain of loans seemed to be needed to keep the Government running. This could not go on forever. A crisis was reached in the first week of February, 1895. There was then but forty-one millions of specie in the Treasury, and the suspension of gold payments was looked for. Something had to be done speedily.

The Bond-Syndicate arrangement of 1895, by which the Belmont-Morgan banking houses undertook to supply the Treasury with gold and keep it supplied, "involved one of the most remarkable experiments in the history of finance." It was no easy matter, and failure was predicted. More bonds were sold, this time on exceptionally favorable terms to the bankers, who profited by the transaction to the extent of several millions. However, they kept their part of the contract in preventing gold withdrawals from the Treasury for a while. In the summer of 1895, the gold reserve rose to one hundred millions, and more European capital now returned to the United States and a better condition prevailed.

In October the syndicate contract came to an end, and the gold supply was again reduced. For the fourth time a loan was required, and in January, 1896, the experiment was made of offering bonds "at popular

subscription to the highest bidders." It succeeded beyond expectation. The bonds sold readily and at a premium, so that the Government realized more than their face value, \$100,000,000. It was the beginning of better times. But they had been a long time in coming; and, while passing through the disagreeable experience of hard times, the people had done some thinking on finance. The Horr-Harvey debate in Chicago (July, 1895) intensified public interest in monetary matters.

The prominence of the silver question in the presidential campaign of 1896 is easily accounted for. Cleveland had had a world of trouble in maintaining the gold reserve, and the country had suffered the ills of commercial depression. Some said that what was needed for a revival of trade was more money. An increase in the volume of the currency would bring higher prices and prosperity would follow in the wake of higher prices. Gold had appreciated in value, and the single standard—gold alone to be used as redemption money—was hard on debtors. The point was made by the silver men that bimetallism, the double standard, would be better. Thus Cleveland's desperate efforts in behalf of the gold reserve could have been avoided. With silver and gold, the reserve of coin could be more easily maintained, and the public credit need not be disturbed by the scarcity of one metal so long as there was an abundance of the other metal. The argument sounded plausible, and many were captivated by it.

On the other hand, it was claimed that the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1 would be a risky experiment. It meant the driving out of the dearer metal. Gold would be drawn elsewhere, and we would not have bimetallism but monometallism. Under the new regime we would have the silver standard. While international bimetallism might work successfully, if America, Great Britain, France and Germany would agree to bring it about, the United States would inevitably fail in the attempt. The silver men were confident that we could go it alone.

The result of the election was interpreted as an endorsement of the gold policy of the Republicans, who were victorious at the polls. Confidence was again restored, and idle capital was forced out into the channels of trade, quickening industrial development. Along with increased activity of business came higher prices, which was the thing especially to be desired by the silver advocates. They had dwelt on the evils and hardships of falling prices. Now the gold regime had brought rising prices and what are called flush times. The dismal outlook pictured

by the silver men did not come true, and the silver question was retired to the background.

It should be remembered that other issues came to the front, and the discussion of trusts and expansion displaced the financial question in popular interest. The increased output of gold made it possible to increase the volume of currency fast enough to meet the enlarged demands of business enterprise, so that the silver agitator has found few willing to listen to him in the closing years of the nineteenth century.

With the passage of the Gold Bill of 1900, controversy on the silver question practically ceased. No one can write the history of the future, but there is no probability that the next Congress will undo this piece of financial legislation—whoever may be elected President.

No resume is attempted here of legislation in McKinley's administration, which has been one of the most eventful in our nation's history. The Dingley Bill and the Gold Standard Act were in keeping with Republican principles. The leading questions of the hour relate to trusts and expansion. The Spanish-American War and its aftermath of fighting in the Philippines have brought us face to face with new problems and difficulties. What the outcome will be time alone can tell. The world will watch with interest our first experiment in governing tropical dependencies. While our foreign policy has grown, the strained relations of capital and labor require the most earnest consideration of the statesmen of both parties.

SUMMARY OF PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES FOR 1900.

REPUBLICAN.—For President, William McKinley of Ohio; for Vice-President, Theodore Roosevelt of New York.

DEMOCRATIC.—For President, William J. Bryan of Nebraska; for Vice-President, Adlai E. Stevenson of Illinois.

SILVER REPUBLICAN.—For President, William J. Bryan of Nebraska; for Vice-President, Adlai E. Stevenson of Illinois.

POPULIST.—For President, William J. Bryan of Nebraska; for Vice-President, Charles A. Towne of Minnesota.

MIDDLE-OF-THE-ROAD POPULIST.—For President, Wharton Barker of Pennsylvania; for Vice-President, Ignatius Donnelly of Minn.

PROHIBITIONIST.—For President, John G. Woolley of Illinois; for Vice-President, Henry B. Metcalf of Rhode Island.

SOCIALIST LABOR.—For President, Job Harriman of California; for Vice-President, Max S. Hayes of Ohio.

DE LEON SOCIALISTS.—For President, Joseph F. Malloney of Massachusetts; for Vice-President, Valentine Remmell of Pennsylvania.

UNITED CHRISTIANS.—For President, Dr. S. C. Swallow of Pennsylvania; for Vice-President, John J. Woolley of Illinois.

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